

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

JUNE 1910

Three Poems

By William H. Davies

IN SPRING

WHEN Sparrows twitter in the shutes,
And Swallows lie upright on walls ;
When Linnets sing on dancing sprays,
And loud the merry cuckoo calls ;

When leafy trees will not allow
One dot of sky to see their shades ;
And, like small insects made of light,
The Dewdrops flutter on green blades ;

When hidden Violets are betrayed
By Primroses—those golden boys ;
And every thing that has a tongue,
Must fill the air with some sweet noise—

Then do I bless the hours I live
From cities where dumb Care is found ;
My eyes drink beauty all the day,
My ears must suck in every sound.

IN MAY

Yes, I will spend the livelong day
With Nature, in this month of May ;
And sit beneath the trees, and share
My bread with birds whose homes are there ;

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While cows lie down to eat, and sheep
Stand to their necks in grass so deep ;
While birds do sing with all their might,
As though they felt the earth in flight.
This is the hour I dreamed of, when
I sat surrounded by poor men ;
And thought of how the Arab sat
Alone at evening, gazing at
The stars that bubbled in clear skies ;
And of young dreamers, when their eyes
Enjoyed methought a precious boon
In the adventures of the Moon
Whose light, behind the Clouds' dark bars,
Searched for her stolen flocks of stars.
When I, hemmed in by wrecks of men,
Thought of some lonely cottage then,
Full of sweet books ; and miles of sea,
With passing ships, in front of me ;
And having, on the other hand,
A flowery, green, bird-singing land.

O HAPPY BLACKBIRD

O HAPPY Blackbird, happy Soul,
I hear in song's delirium now :
Thou dost forget the days just past,
Of cold and hunger in the snow.

Would that man's memory were the same ;
For he, alas ! must backward cast
His misery-fearing eyes and fill
The future with his troubles past.

Thou hast no gift of Hope, like Man,
To ease thee of a present pain ;
But where's a man, in all this world,
Who would not sacrifice that gain,
O happy Blackbird : for the power
To use like thee his present hour.

Two Poems

By Rachel Annand Taylor

THE BRIDE'S DREAM OF THE LOVING-CUP

I HAD a dream. Down soft green paths I came.
Great gilded flowers, and iris-leaves like swords
Were proud as flame,
Triumphing either side the rock-bound way.
Far off that emerald sea in slumber lay.
*(Most mournful chords
Of music, through my soul struck drowsily
Faint intimations of that emerald sea.)*

A broidered lilac garment like a bride
I wore : with wreaths of gold rosemary bound
The veil waved wide.
In my two hands a mighty loving-cup
Was throned : with wearied hands I held it up
*(My curls all round
The mazer dropped. The wine was red as sin,
And my still tears they fell like pearls therein.)*

Then on that green and gilded path, I wis,
Stoodst thou that never lover wast of mine.
With a king's kiss,
Amazing yet, thou kissed me o'er the Cup :
Then took the Crystal that my hands held up—
*(And drank the Wine
Commingled for the Bridegroom—strange dream-spice,
Vines of desire, and tears of sacrifice.)*

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I cannot bear the Bridegroom's eyes to meet,
My mouth unvirgined in a vision.—Slow,
Ye flute-led feet !—

Nor yet thy face, thou spoiler, lest it seem
Lighted with divination of my dream.

(And lest I know

*Why at the kiss of one that loves not me
Wild purples timbrelled through that emerald sea.)*

THE PALMER AND GRACIEUSE

“ To all the shrines of Italy
And all the saints of Spain
Through leagues and leagues, desiring God,
Have I not fared in vain ?

“ By bitter sea and burning land
Was I His Wanderer ;
Yet vainly did I find at last
The Holy Sepulchre.”

The golden Gracieuse cast wide
Her casement. Dreamily
Her guirlanded soft-sandal veils
Fell o'er the jasmin-tree.

“ I have not companied with pain,
Nor trod the Palmers' Way.
With lutes and lovely lilies I
Take sweet delight all day :

“ Yet have beholden Him you seek
Go singing thro' the dews
Like a young lover clad in white
With roses on his shoes.”

May

By John Drinkwater

LOVE brought me life in the glory of May—
 The sun shone white on the wind-white beans,
But love brought death ere the close of the day—
 The red moon rose o'er the leafy screens,
For love both giveth and taketh away.

Her lips pressed mine and our hearts were light—
 The cowslip blooms hung heavy and sweet,
Brown hands were laid on hands that were white—
 The cherry blossoms fell at our feet,
Ah ! fruitful the day, but barren the night.

Through the day the delight of love repaid—
 The bees clung close on the apple-trees,
At night remembrance of love betrayed—
 One bird's song broke the silences,
Love killeth fear and maketh afraid.

Mere chance—no more ; brief boon of a day—
 Oh, cherry blossoms, oh, wind-white beans,
Then peace no more for many a May.
 The harvest's up and no man gleans,
For love both giveth and taketh away.

France et Angleterre

Par Paul Bourget

LA direction de l'ENGLISH REVIEW me fait l'honneur de me demander mon opinion sur les rapports qui unissent actuellement la France et l'Angleterre, et mon pronostic sur l'avenir de ce rapport. L'entente cordiale—comme on a très heureusement appelé l'accord tout récent des deux pays—fut-elle uniquement l'œuvre du feu roi ? Et alors est-elle destinée à disparaître avec Edouard VII ? Ou bien, cette entente provient-elle de causes profondes qui survivront à son initiateur et contribueront à la maintenir ? S'il en est ainsi, quelles sont vraiment ces causes ? Quelles conditions doit donc remplir cette entente pour rester conforme à son origine ? Modifira-t-elle la politique intérieure des deux nations amies et dans quel sens ? Autant de questions très complexes et qu'un artiste littéraire ne semble guère qualifié pour résoudre. Aussi mon premier mouvement fut-il de répondre à la demande de l'ENGLISH REVIEW par une fin de non-recevoir. Puis, je réfléchis que précisément ce caractère d'écrivain indépendant pouvait donner une valeur à mon témoignage. C'est celui d'un Français de la classe moyenne et dont les sentiments tout instinctifs ont chance d'être ceux de beaucoup de ses concitoyens de la même classe. Voici donc quelques réflexions sur ce difficile problème international. Elles auront le mérite, à défaut d'un autre, d'être sincères, et il est bien entendu, si elles sont erronées, qu'elles n'engagent que le signataire de ces pages.

I

Un fait très significatif doit être signalé tout d'abord. Il a été si éclatant qu'il n'a pu échapper aux Anglais, même les moins avertis du mouvement des esprits en France. C'est l'unanimité

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des regrets qui ont accueilli de ce côté-ci de la Manche, la nouvelle de la mort d'Edouard VII. Il n'y a eu là aucun mot d'ordre venu d'en haut. Ca a été l'explosion spontanée d'un chagrin universellement éprouvé, un deuil public s'exprimant en dehors de toute formule officielle, le regret d'un peuple sentant qu'il vient de perdre un ami. Pour qu'un prince étranger provoque une émotion pareille dans une nation qui n'est pas la sienne, il faut qu'il ait touché dans cette nation un point vital, qu'il ait su s'associer à l'un de ses *desiderata* les plus intimes. Le geste par lequel le défunt roi est venu à nous, correspondait à quelque chose de bien profond dans la conscience française puisqu'il eut ce résultat de le rendre si populaire parmi nous. Les vrais hommes d'état—Edouard VII en fut un—procèdent ainsi. Ils ont le coup d'œil qui est celui du vrai général sur le champ de bataille, du vrai chirurgien devant le lit du patient. Ils aperçoivent derrière des apparences quelquefois si contraires, des possibilités qu'ils sont seuls à discerner. Ils accouchent la réalité, si l'on peut dire, de l'évènement qu'elle portait dans ses flancs. Ils ne l'inventent pas, cet évènement, ils le découvrent. Ils ne le créent pas. Ils l'aident à naître. Il y a douze ans, quiconque eut dit que la France désirait l'amitié de l'Angleterre eut passé pour un chimérique. C'était vrai pourtant. L'Angleterre ne le savait pas, ni la France. Le roi, lui, le savait, et que la main tendue trouverait une autre main prête à l'étreindre, et pourquoi.

C'est qu'il connaissait notre pays autrement que pour l'avoir traversé en passant. Il avait parlé à des Français de toutes conditions, avec cet art qui fut le sien au plus haut degré, d'attirer la confiance et l'abandon. Il s'était rendu compte que nous portons tous en nous, depuis 1871, une plaie qui ne s'est jamais cicatrisée. Sans métaphore, nous nous sentons tous à des degrés divers, et avec plus ou moins de lucidité, les victimes d'une situation nationale horriblement douloureuse et qui n'est pas aisément intelligible aux étrangers. Edouard VII, lui, l'avait comprise, cette douleur inavouée. Nous appartenons à ce pays qui ne peut ni accepter vraiment un acte auquel il a dû consentir dans une heure de nécessité tragique—ni le déchirer. On entend qu'il s'agit du traité de Francfort. Il domine toute

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l'histoire morale de la France depuis quarante ans, aussi bien que son histoire économique et politique.

Ni l'accepter, ni le déchirer. Il suffit de jeter les yeux sur la carte pour s'en rendre compte : avec l'organisation centralisée qui est la nôtre, Metz aux mains de l'ennemi, c'est une pointe d'épée sur le cœur du pays. Quand nous n'aurions pas un passé de glorieuse nation qui nous interdit de démissionner, quand les sacrifices faits à la mère-patrie par les Lorrains et les Alsaciens ne nous imposeraient pas le devoir sacré du souvenir, cette seule évidence expliquerait pourquoi toute tentative de rapprochement entre la France et l'Allemagne est condamnée par avance. Aucune courtoisie venue de Berlin ne prévaudra contre une évidence écrite dans notre histoire et dans la configuration du sol : une France qui n'a pas la frontière du Rhin vit à l'état de terre envahie. Elle n'a pas la clef de sa maison. Elle ne peut pas réaliser l'admirable image de l'écriture, où se trouvent ramassées en souvenir les lois même d'existence des peuples aussi bien que des individus : "Quand le fort armé garde son seuil, tout ce qu'il possède est en sûreté." *Cum fortis armatus custodit atrium suum, in pace sunt ea quæ possidet.*

La logique d'une telle situation était la guerre. C'est ici que je touche à la plaie à laquelle je faisais allusion tout à l'heure. Si le traité de Francfort eut été l'unique issue de la guerre de 1870, nul doute que les forces du pays ne se fussent tendues tout entière, à en hâter la revision. Cette funeste année fut marquée par un autre épisode : l'installation en France du régime démocratique. La visible faveur avec laquelle M. de Bismarck accueillit cette orientation de notre politique intérieure atteste sa perspicacité d'implacable ennemi. La démocratie, en effet, répugne à la guerre, par définition. Elle développe chez les nations dont elle s'empare, l'esprit d'indépendance, d'égalité, de bien-être universel. Ce sont les dispositions les plus contraires à celles que la guerre exige : discipline, hiérarchie, sacrifice. Il faut dire, à l'éloge de la France, et parce que c'est la vérité, qu'elle n'a pas vu dans la démocratie ces éléments de diminution que nous y discernons, si clairement, aujourd'hui. Ce mot a été pour elle, il reste, hélas ! pour tant de nos compatriotes abusés, le synonyme de cet autre : justice. C'est avec la plus touchante bonne foi que

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ce peuple, entraîné par un idéal généreux, a tenté dans un moment si indigne de son histoire une expérience sociale mal conciliable avec le devoir d'épée que lui inspirait sa frontière ouverte. La démocratie ne répugne pas seulement à la guerre par les façons de penser, de sentir, de vivre qu'elle développe chez les citoyens, son personnel dirigeant est trop intéressé à la paix pour ne pas s'y attacher passionnément. Toute guerre présente à un gouvernement issu du suffrage universel cette alternative : une défaite où il sombrera, une victoire où il sombrera également. Dans ce cas, c'est l'émotion populaire contre laquelle il ne pourra pas tenir. Dans l'autre, c'est le prestige d'un général triomphant qui soulèvera les masses et mettra le pouvoir civil à la disposition de militaires. Ceux qui ont accusé le gouvernement français, à diverses reprises, de vouloir la guerre l'ont inexactement jugé. Ceux qui ont accusé la France d'avoir renoncé à ses provinces conquises, l'ont calomniée. Prise entre l'obligation impérieuse de reprendre ses bastions de l'Est—comme a dit si fortement M. Maurice Barrès—et les conséquences inévitables des doctrines politiques auxquelles s'est rangée sa majorité, cette nation fière et sensible n'a pas cessé de subir un malaise dont il n'est qu'équitable de la plaindre. Elle ne le connaîtrait certes pas, si, au lendemain de ses désastres, elle était revenue à la vérité de ses traditions. Ce n'est pas sa faute, si le jugement du pays n'a pas percé l'atmosphère des sophismes dont les écrivains du XVIII^e siècle, et aussi du XIX^e, depuis Voltaire jusqu'à Victor Hugo et depuis Rousseau jusqu'à Lamartine et Michelet, l'ont enveloppée. Ils nous aura manqué en 1871 un Edmond Burke. Les Anglais ne sauront jamais ce qu'ils doivent à ce grand homme qui leur a éclairé de son beau génie l'écueil où les idées fausses de la fin du XVIII^e siècle risquaient de les précipiter. Pour reprendre la comparaison, quand un homme sent que la clef de sa maison est aux mains de son ennemi, et quand il est, pour un motif grave, empêché de revendiquer cette clef par la force, il peut encore être maître chez lui et se sentir garanti dignement contre toute intrusion humiliante, s'il a la certitude que la police de la ville est faite avec vigilance et fermeté. Dans le domaine international et sur notre continent cette police a pour équivalent ce que l'on appelait autrefois le

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concert Européen. Il fut un temps où un contrat tacite était comme passé entre les puissances pour empêcher qu'aucune d'elles ne possédât un prépondérance excessive. Nous semblions avoir hérité de la Grèce antique la sage devise : *πάντα κατὰ μοῖραν* —*tout suivant le partage*—que les sectateurs d'Eschyle reconnaissent dans la Némésis, la déesse des compensations inévitables. Il y avait là une tradition qui s'imposait aux chanceliers, en dépit des volontés et des sympathies individuelles. M. de Bismarck la connaissait bien. Tout l'effort de sa diplomatie fut d'empêcher, après son triomphe de 1870, la formation de ce concert. Il imagina d'abord de le fausser et de tourner au profit des plus fort cet instinct d'équilibre qui avait jusqu'à lors toujours fonctionné au service des plus faibles. L'Europe désirent, elle a toujours désiré, la stabilité. Il entreprit de lui faire compter le maintien de la plus meurtrière conquête comme un gage de cette stabilité. La triple alliance est le résultat, redoutable encore, de cette politique qui a pesé comme un cauchemar sur une France à la fois isolée et meurtrie. Celle-ci n'a connu le repos que le jour où l'alliance Russe lui permit d'en entrevoir la fin. Ce que cette alliance avait commencé, Edouard VII l'acheva. En se rapprochant des cabinets de Paris à la fois et de St. Pétersbourg, ce grand prince a défait ce que M. de Bismarck avait fait. La France mutilée put regarder son ancienne frontière en se disant : " Elle est ouverte, mais il en coûterait si cher qu'avant de la franchir on hésitera." Elle avait besoin de sentir qu'il y a pourtant une Europe. Elle n'oubliera jamais le roi qui lui a donné cette sensation là.

II

Elle l'oubliera d'autant moins qu'en s'associant à l'Angleterre elle a bien compris qu'elle donnait autant qu'elle recevait. Il ne s'est point agi d'un protectorat, mais d'une ligue où l'une des deux nations apportait son armée, si l'autre apportait sa flotte, et où toutes les deux ont conscience de défendre quelque chose de plus que des intérêts d'ordre politique et commercial. Les vieux pays ressemblent bien aux vieilles familles. Un patrimoine moral leur a été légué qu'ils ne sauraient abandonner

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sans déchoir et quand ils le défendent, des fibres secrets tressaillent en elle qui les avertit qu'ils sont dans leur voie. S'il n'y avait eu entre la France et l'Angleterre qu'un lien d'utilité, l'entente cordiale n'aurait pas soulevé chez nous cette sympathie qui a du coup noyé jusqu'au souvenir des rivalités les plus voisines. Edouard VII aurait été regretté comme un habile diplomate. Il l'a été comme un grand roi, parce qu'en nous conviant à nous unir à son peuple il nous a montré comme programme, tout simplement la défense de la civilisation. Je voudrais commenter cette formule *sine ira et sine studio*, ainsi que disait l'historien romain. Elle paraît orgueilleuse, martiale, aggressive. Elle n'est que juste, et si vraie.

C'est ne pas rabaisser la grandeur de l'Allemagne que de dire qu'elle représente intellectuellement, moralement, matériellement un monde différent du monde Latin et du monde Anglo-Saxon, au point d'être incommensurable avec eux. L'énergie Allemande est certes remarquable. Peut-on nier qu'elle ne soit d'une autre essence que la nôtre et que celle des Anglais ; plus rude mais moins agile ; plus patiente mais aussi plus obscure ; et, pour tout dire, plus grossière ? L'intelligence Allemande est vigoureuse et riche. Peut-on nier qu'il ne lui manque dans la science la clarté et la modération, dans la littérature et dans l'art la mesure, la finesse et, pour tout dire encore, le goût ? Quelle lourdeur, quel pédantisme, quel bourgeoisisme dans un Goethe, cet exemplaire pourtant supérieur de la culture germanique et de la culture tout court ! Quelle vulgarité, même dans un Henri Heine ! Quelle surcharge dans tous les travaux d'érudition qui nous viennent des universités d'Outre-Rhin, même quand cette érudition est la plus sûre. Quel ténèbre, quel fatras dans toutes leurs philosophies, même les plus amples ! Du grand au petit, qu'il s'agisse d'architecture ou de bijouterie, de l'installation d'un transatlantique ou de la fabrication d'un jouet d'enfant, tout, dans l'activité Allemande, porte le marque, je dirais d'une demi-barbarie si ce terme n'avait pas une physiognomie injurieuse. Produisons le. C'est un métal encore enveloppé de sa gangue, et qui n'a pas été travaillé. C'est comme une épaisseur et une pesanteur. Si l'on veut bien comprendre quel univers favoriserait un triomphe mondial du

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germanisme, il faut aller à Chicago, l'une des villes des Etats-Unis où l'immigration Allemande a été la plus forte. L'antithèse est saisissant entre cette robuste, mais dense, mais opaque cité et un coin de New England ou de Canada. Me trouvant à Sienne cette année, j'ai eu du caractère particulier du monde Germanique et de son contraste avec le génie Latin, une vision non moins évidente. Je visitais l'église de San Domenico, où se trouve les célèbres fresques de Sainte Catherine du Sodoma. Une de chapelles est consacrée aux étudiants Allemands morts pendant qu'ils suivaient les cours de l'université de la ville. Leurs blasons sont sur les murs, accablés et accablants d'emblèmes, patients et obscurs rébus d'une armature gothique et primitive, évoquant l'idée d'un monde sans grâce, sans lucidité, sans ligne. On se retourne. L'écu, d'un chevalier Italien se dessine sur une dalle. Ce n'est plus qu'une esquisse qui disparaît un peu chaque jour sous les pieds des passants, et c'est la Beauté.

En regard du chaos Germanique, de cette lourde et obscure énergie mal dégrossie, le monde Latin, c'est l'ordre hérité de Rome, l'esprit de mesure, de netteté, de sociabilité aimable. Cet esprit est si profondément mêlé au sang de la France qu'elle a trouvé le moyen de faire sortir de la plus violente des révolutions, le plus administratif des régimes. La monde Anglo-Saxon, lui c'est un autre ordre, mais l'ordre encore : l'énergie individuelle appuyée sur la tradition, l'esprit d'entreprise réglé par une maturation séculaire. Ces deux mondes ont duré. Ils se sont, à travers les âges, clarifiés et comme filtrés. Londres et Paris sont ainsi devenus deux centres de lumière. Là s'élaborent deux types de civilisation qui se complètent merveilleusement l'une l'autre. Celle-ci plus vive, celle-là plus réfléchie, l'une plus souple, l'autre plus raide mais aussi plus calculée, toutes deux ayant comme qualité suprême ce que j'appellerai, faute d'une expression plus juste, le nettoyage des temps. Ce sont des mondes comme débarrassés de leurs scories, une humanité sortie du limon. Ces deux mondes représentent un stade plus avancé d'évolution. Le monde Germanique a besoin d'eux, pour corriger ce qu'il y a en lui d'inachevé, pour adoucir ce qu'il garde de brutal, pour éduquer enfin sa vitalité encore si primitive. Le développement qu'il a pris depuis

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qu'il est arrivé à son unité doit avoir pour contre-poids une affirmation de plus en plus énergique du génie Latin et du génie Anglo-Saxon. Sinon, l'Allemand livré à lui-même risquerait d'aboutir à cette barbarie scientifique qui est le péril profond de cette race, si peu affinée dans sa patience, si incapable de nuance avec tant de sérieux. Elle aussi est nécessaire à l'œuvre commune de la civilisation, mais à sa place qui n'est pas, qui ne doit pas être, la première, à plus forte raison exclusive.

Kingship in England

By Sidney Low

IT was with a strange and striking unanimity that the Empire showed its sorrow over the tomb of King Edward VII. Conventional exaggeration is natural, it is even excusable, when monarchs die ; but there is no reason to suppose that the feeling called forth by the death of the late Sovereign was not perfectly genuine. A single wave of emotion pulsed through all classes and races in the King's dominions : it found expression everywhere and in every town and village of the Empire. There was no jarring note, as the journalists put it, in the universal tribute of regret. Hardly any person who ever walked this earth, perhaps not even the late Queen Victoria, was more widely, and, on the whole, more spontaneously lamented. The manifestation was due in part to a personal and individual cause ; it testified to the impression which the King's amiable character, his kindness, his affection for his subjects, his considerable public services, and his charm of manner, had made upon his contemporaries. It testified to something else. It showed how deep the sense of loyalty lies in the hearts of the English people, how easily it is called forth when the occupant of the Throne has won their attachment.

It is, however, worth noticing that this loyalty, this personal affection for the Sovereign, apart from a general respect for the Crown as one of our institutions, is of somewhat recent growth in modern Britain. King Edward VII. was the first king, and only the second sovereign of either sex, who has been generally popular in England for more than two centuries. Between the death of Charles II. and the later years of Victoria no English king or queen was regarded with real warmth. Charles Stuart, whether he deserved it or not, was certainly popular. But William III.

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and the first two Georges were accepted as disagreeable necessities, foreigners who could be endured because they were a defence against Papacy and despotism. There was a certain approval for "Farmer George" as a good family man, but his was not the character to rouse enthusiasm; George IV., tolerated as Prince of Wales and Regent, had outstayed his welcome before he became king; William IV. had hardly the gifts to lend dignity to the regal office. The English people, up to the accession of Queen Victoria, were loyal in the sense that they would always have fought in defence of the Throne, and would have strenuously resisted any attempt to interfere with what were supposed to be its rightful prerogatives. The Crown was part of the Constitution; and to this vague entity, which was supposed to secure him in the liberties that raised him above his fellow men, the Briton was deeply attached. But towards his sovereign personally he was inclined to be lukewarm or coldly indifferent. Outside aristocratic circles and those chiefly of one party, and the limited section of fashionable London society which had some contact with the Court, there was little of the passionate loyalty which caused pitmen and day-labourers to mourn for King Edward VII. as if they had lost a father or a son.

We do not easily appreciate how great has been the change in popular sentiment wrought during the life-time of the only two of our sovereigns who were constitutional monarchs in the full modern sense of the term. At Queen Victoria's accession the Throne was hardly treated with common civility. It is an interesting study in contrasts to turn from the newspapers of the past month to the files of those that appeared in 1820 and 1837. No Socialistic or Labour journal, however "extreme" or outspoken, would now venture to comment on a dead king of England in such terms as those in which even the *Times* permitted itself to refer to King George IV. and King William IV. The elder of these two monarchs did not, it is true, offer much occasion for commemorative panegyric. But the journalistic frankness of eighty years ago makes us rub our eyes. Imagine the most respectable and decorous of the London newspapers writing nowadays in this strain of a king lately dead, even if his Majesty had done little to earn the esteem of his subjects :

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“The truth is—and it speaks volumes about the man—that there never was an individual less respected by his fellow creatures than this deceased King. What eye has wept for him ? What heart has heaved one throb of unmercenary sorrow ? Was there at any time a gorgeous pageant on the stage more completely forgotten than he has been, even from the day on which the heralds proclaimed his successor ? If George IV. ever had a friend—a devoted friend—in any rank of life we protest that the name of him or her [the writer must have forgotten Mrs. Fitzherbert] has never reached us.”

Whether this savage epitaph was really deserved by its unfortunate subject need not now be considered. George IV. had some good points, nor was he without the capacity to inspire affection. But what interests us is the change of temper, of atmosphere, since these merciless sentences were written. “Our people would not stand it sir,” the American preacher said of the doctrine of eternal punishment. Our people, one may believe, would not now stand insults to their late sovereign over his grave, whatever his character might have been. The truth could not be told about a king of twentieth-century Britain if the truth were disagreeable. This is not due to snobbery or servility ; but to the fact that with us kingship has reached, or returned to, the point at which clearness of vision is dimmed by sentiment, so that we view the Throne and its occupants through that mist of emotion with which a lover sees his mistress, a boy his mother, a patriot his country, a soldier the general who leads him to victory.

But the sentiment is of late growth, or perhaps one should say of recent revival. The opposite feeling, that of contemptuous tolerance mingled with a certain amount of jealous distrust, prevailed for some time after the reigns of Queen Victoria’s uncles had closed. The new queen’s youth and charm began to process ; but if many people in England and Ireland regarded her with a romantic sympathy, there were many others who were in no hurry to be captivated by the glamour of the Throne. The faintest whisper that King George V. might allow himself to take a side in our party quarrels would be drowned in universal disapproval. It would be deemed unendurably bad form.

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"Our people would not stand it." But in 1837 there were no such scruples. As the queen came into office with a Whig Ministry, all that part of the country which was Tory assailed her with bullying lectures and abusive admonition. There was no thought of keeping the Sovereign's name out of the political arena. On the contrary politicians of all shades made play with it in a fashion which at the present moment we should regard as grossly indecent. The Tories angrily accused their rivals of trading on the royal favour :

"The queen is with us," Whigs insulting say,
"For when she *found us in* she let us stay ;"
It may be so ; but give me leave to doubt,
How long she'll keep you when she *finds you out*.

The Whigs replied by imputing to their opponents absurd and even treasonable designs, and insinuated that they wanted to dethrone the Queen in favour of her uncle, Duke Ernest Augustus of Cumberland, a rather scandalous personage about whom painful stories were told. The Irish repealers, partly to annoy the Tory Orangemen, made an extravagant parade of their devotion to the Sovereign. O'Connell declared that he could get in one day "five hundred thousand brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honour, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's Throne is now occupied." Outside the political parties there was a good deal of republicanism in the country, and the populace in the great cities, especially in London, was exceedingly disrespectful towards the Monarchy. Greville in his diary says that the royal entourage were rather alarmed as to the demeanour of the London crowd on the occasion of the Queen's wedding, and he is pleased to note that the young couple in their progress through the streets were treated coldly but with courtesy.*

The marriage itself can scarcely be said to have added to the credit of the Throne. There was a strong belief that Prince Albert was perpetually interfering in affairs of State, acting as the Queen's irresponsible Prime Minister, and creating difficulties

* The Queen proceeded in State from Buckingham House to St. James' without any cheering, but then it was raining enough to damp warmer loyalty than that of a London mob. . . . Upon leaving the palace for Windsor she and her young husband were pretty well received.—*Greville Memoirs*, iv. cap. 7.

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for her official advisers and generally preventing the Sovereign from behaving in a strictly constitutional fashion. There was some ground for this opinion as the Letters of Queen Victoria and other recently published documents show. The Queen was by no means inclined to allow her ministers to have their own way, especially in the department of external affairs, where she felt that her dynastic connections and the Prince's large knowledge of Continental politics gave her a title to speak with quite as much authority as English party-leaders very superficially acquainted with foreign politics and foreign history.

The full story of Queen Victoria's relations with her ministers yet remains to be told ; but we know enough to be aware that the Queen sometimes kept the country right when her statesmen would have led it wrong, and that her influence averted some adventures which might have proved extremely disastrous. Palmerston and Russell, if left to themselves, might have involved England in the Italian war of 1859 ; and they were heading straight for an open rupture with the United States over the *Trent* affair, when the Queen, on the Prince Consort's advice, prevented that misfortune by causing the Foreign Secretary's provocative despatch to be so modified that it could be accepted by the Federal Government without loss of self-respect. Again but for the Queen's determined opposition, the Cabinet, with public opinion at its back, might have committed itself to the defence of the Danes over the Schleswig-Holstein question, at the cost of a war with Austria and Prussia. During the middle portion of her reign the Queen almost acted as her own Foreign Minister and was in frequent conflict with the most assertive and energetic of her nominal advisers. The country did not know how often the Queen was right and the ministers wrong, or even when she was wrong what excuses existed for her action. It saw a statesman who posed as the exponent of the national sentiment, and could get the support of the majority in the Commons and the electorate, checked and thwarted by the Sovereign's influence and that of a Prince whose very virtues, his grave reserve, his scholarly seriousness, his cautious and critical temper, made him unpopular. The Throne shared in his unpopularity and was regarded with a certain suspicion that went

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far to counteract the respect felt for the Queen's exemplary private life. In 1854 one finds the *Daily News*, then in the prime of its youthful and radical vigour, speaking of the Prince "who had breathed from childhood the air of Courts tainted by the imaginative servility of Goethe!" The Queen thought the country was *au fond* loyal "only a little mad." But this mental aberration went to lengths which seem to us astonishing enough. "You will scarcely believe," wrote the Prince to Baron Stockmar, "that my being committed to the Tower was believed all over the country—nay even that the Queen had been arrested! People surrounded the Tower in thousands to see us brought to it."

This feeling was not quite extinguished even with the Prince's death. There was a distinct republican wave among the working classes and some other classes as well right down to the 'seventies. It is strange to remember that Mr. Chamberlain, on his first entry into the public life of Birmingham, was regarded as a republican, nor did he altogether disclaim the imputation, though he declared that Liberals and Radicals had quite enough practical reforms to strive after without wasting their time on "a very remote speculation." But he had been nominated to an Electoral Reform Congress as the delegate of a Republican Club, and he had spoken kindly of the French Commune of 1870, so that it was felt to be an awkward moment for him when as Mayor of Birmingham in 1874 he had to give an official welcome to the Prince of Wales. As might have been expected he discharged his ceremonial duties with grace and tact and expressed the opinion that the Royal visit would draw closer the ties between the Throne and the people.

Closer they have undoubtedly been drawn as the remarkable and obviously genuine outburst of national feeling which followed the death of King Edward VII. has shown. Nor did we need that manifestation to convince us that the Throne has secured the sincere attachment of the people of these islands.

Even those who would sweep away the House of Lords, remodel the House of Commons, curtail freedom of contract, nationalise industry, and abolish private property in land, even these root-and-branch reformers and destroyers leave the Throne alone. No Socialist newspaper would venture to out-

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rage the feelings of its readers by speaking with disrespect of the dead King, or of the principle of Government he embodied, nor would the least circumspect of agitators amid the dust of party strife, care to use such language about the Crown and the Sovereign as was employed by respectable journals and by politicians of good standing in the time of Melbourne, Peel, and Aberdeen.

The change has been due to several causes and some fortunate accidents. To Queen Victoria the death of Prince Albert, in the prime of his life and the full flood of his beneficent activities, was a dreadful affliction which almost crushed her to the earth, and quenched the light of her days. But looking back at the event with the callous historic eye, one can see that the loss of this wise and virtuous Prince did in fact contribute to the development of our constitutional system in its present form. Had he lived to gain a closer grasp of affairs, to see the prejudice against his foreign birth diminish, and to acquire a more unquestioned influence, it is quite likely that the Queen would have been induced to take an ever-growing share in the executive government of the country and would have been less willing to fall in with the "literary theory," as Bagehot calls it, which regulates the relations of the Sovereign with the Ministry of the day. That theory has been succinctly described by Mr. Gladstone as the substitution of influence for power. He develops the idea in some well-known sentences of his *Gleanings*. We are told that "the suggestion of the Sovereign may influence the judgment of the Minister" but not control it; for our princes must recognise that they are "rather moons than suns in the political firmament," able to shed a benign and gentle radiance, but no centres of force and heat; that the Throne must remain "sheltered within an inner and land-locked haven," and that "the mental habits which it tends to generate will be less masculine though more amiable." * According to this view of the case the Sovereign cannot originate a policy, he cannot impose it upon his ministers, he cannot even modify it. He must it is true be seized of the ministerial projects and he may criticise them unfavourably if he thinks proper. But the Minister is not bound to pay any regard to his admonitions; he may ignore them altogether, and his

* Gladstone, *Gleanings from past years*, i. 38.

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Sovereign, as I have put it elsewhere,* has not even a constitutional right to feel offended.

Whether this arrangement is in all respects desirable may be questioned; what is certain is that it never really prevailed, it was never accepted with complete good faith, until the middle of Queen Victoria's reign. The feminine subordination of the crowned ruler to the uncrowned head of a committee of one party in the House of Commons was not exhibited by the earlier Hanoverian Sovereigns, not even by the ease-loving William IV., and not by the Queen herself between the retirement of Melbourne and the death of Lord Palmerston. But when the Sovereign was a woman, no longer young, wearied of the world, broken by a sorrow whose cherished memory she could not shake off, and when the Minister happened to possess the dominating personality of a Gladstone or a Disraeli, the "literary theory" could come into closer correspondence with the facts. The limited monarchy which had so long haunted the visions of statesmen and the speculations of jurists became a reality. And with its realisation the old jealousy of the Crown disappeared. The Throne had now at last reached its "land-locked haven," and the waves and tempests of the party fight could touch it no longer.

King Edward VII., as I have said, was our second constitutional monarch, in this stricter sense, our first constitutional King. One may conceive that if he had come to the throne a dozen years earlier, and if his health had not been, as we now know that it was, considerably impaired, so that all his public duties were performed with a certain sense of effort, he too might have found some difficulty in acquiescing in the doctrine of royal subordination and ministerial omnipotence. As things were he maintained the late-Victorian tradition, and there is no reason to believe that he endeavoured in any way to interfere with the complete control of his Prime Ministers over domestic policy, though we shall no doubt discover later that he was far from approving all that was done in his name by Mr. Balfour, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Asquith. The rare and exceptional situation in which the responsibility for action and initiative may lie with the Sovereign has only arisen during the

* *The Governance of England*, p. 265.

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last few months, and we cannot tell what King Edward's decision would have been in the crisis which was maturing when he died. In his person the Throne towered serenely above the mists and vapours of political controversy, a landmark for the nation and the Empire amid the confused and angry strife of factions. In this respect it might be said to be anchored in Mr. Gladstone's waveless haven ; but there was none of that modest self-effacement, that cautious avoidance of the " masculine " attitude, which the great Liberal statesman recommended. Mr. Gladstone would apparently have bestowed on constitutional sovereigns the advice which Pericles gave to women : that their credit would stand higher the less they formed the subject of conversation in the mouths of men. The Imperial Crown of Britain was not feminine in that sense while it rested on the brows of King Edward the Seventh. No Sovereign of his age was more talked about, no prince, or potentate, or politician among his contemporaries played a more conspicuous part upon the stage of the world. The King found his opportunity in the domain of international affairs and used it with consummate art and extraordinary success. It is no dispraise of his late Majesty to assert that he had his full share of ambition, that " last infirmity of noble mind," if an infirmity it be to possess a quality without which real greatness has hardly ever been achieved. The King liked success, he liked to see things done, he admired the men who did them, he was interested in every kind of practical ability, whether it was that which had enabled a man to administer a great dominion, to lead an army, or to make a fortune.

For such a character, so keenly alive to human sympathy and approval, so eager to win applause and exhibit capacity in action, the rôle assigned to kingship in the modern English system of Government must sometimes have been irksome. But with admirable judgment the King perceived that foreign policy offered him an occasion to act in full concert with his cabinets and yet accomplish what none of them could effect. No minister possessed the King's two supreme assets, his engaging personality and his unequalled prestige as the crowned representative of the greatest Empire of the earth. When the records of his reign are produced they will show, I imagine, that he assumed

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far less responsibility for the direction of foreign policy than Queen Victoria. He did not seek to deflect the designs of his ministers or impose his will upon a reluctant cabinet. We have the express testimony of those who are in the best position to know the facts, of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour, that he did nothing of the sort. "There are people who suppose," said the ex-Premier, "that he took upon himself duties commonly left to his servants, and that when the secrets of diplomacy are revealed to the historian it will be found that he took a part, not known, but half suspected, in the transactions of his reign." But, added Mr. Balfour, "we must not think of him as a dexterous diplomatist."

It was because he was able naturally, simply, through the incommunicable gift of personality, to make all feel, to embody for all men, the friendly policy of this country, that he was able to do a work in bringing together nations which has fallen to the lot of few men, be they kings or be they subjects, to accomplish. He did what no minister, no cabinet, no ambassadors, neither treaties nor protocols nor understandings, no debates, no banquets, and no speeches were able to perform. . . . He brought home to the minds of millions on the Continent, as nothing that we could have done would have brought home to them, the friendly feelings of the country over which King Edward ruled.

This is well said and it conveys the truth, though perhaps not the whole truth. The King did not originate the system which has drawn several of the nations of Europe together and replaced isolation and suspicion by friendly understanding and a cordial desire to work in concert for the common peace of the world. The project was arranged by the ministers, the King's visits were preceded or accompanied by communications between the Foreign Offices and Chancelleries. But what the King did was to create an atmosphere, and when we have to deal with national sentiment and emotion the atmosphere is all-important. You do not become friends with a man in private life, by entering into a legal contract with him; the blue paper and the stamp may guard your interests, but they will not change his heart towards you. It is the same with nations. It was desirable to convince France, for example, and Russia that Englishmen in the mass were really anxious to be on good terms with them, that they thought the time had come to lay aside suspicions which had lost their meaning and animosities which were largely a mere tradition. Diplomacy could hardly have produced that convic-

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tion even if diplomacy could work quite freely in the light of day, which is unhappily not the case. But that is just what King Edward could and did accomplish. He was his own special envoy and ambassador-extraordinary, the high commissioner from his people to the other nations, charging himself with a task which would have been altogether beyond the powers of any diplomatist or statesman. He did not arrange the alliances and the *ententes*; but he rendered them popular, he impressed them upon the public mind at home and abroad, he made it clear that it was the obvious and sensible course for nations which had so much in common to behave towards one another like well-bred, courteous men of the world instead of like half-drunken boors or angry schoolboys, always growling and girding, and ready to strike or receive a blow.

He succeeded because of that gift of which Mr. Balfour spoke—the gift of an attractive personality joined with admirable common sense. When a number of persons in private life are in a condition of nerves and boredom, ready to quarrel out of sheer temper without knowing what they are to quarrel about, it is not the saint or the philosopher who will set them right, but the easy good-humoured man of the world, who points out to them with a well-bred smile how absurd and undignified all this fussy irritation is. As M. Hanotaux has said, King Edward showed that the code of honour and manners which regulates intercourse in society ought to be observed in international affairs. The first gentleman in Europe, the glass of fashion, and the recognised arbiter of taste, brought home to the general intelligence the idea that perpetual bickering was really bad form. Why should not the peoples behave to one another as gentlemen should, as in fact the “gentlemanly” classes in all countries do? As King Edward travelled from court to court, and from capital to capital, always smiling, frank, friendly, and sympathetic, it began to be perceived that international surliness and racial hatred, so far from being manly and generous, were extremely ill-bred and unpolished. Let us be patriots, of course, but let us not forget to be men of the world as well; and as such let us be easy, courteous, pleasant towards one another, let us act with that mutual consideration which is the essence of true politeness. This was King Edward the Seventh’s great contribution to the cause of inter-

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national concord with which his name will be associated. He deserves to be called the Peacemaker because he brought home to the mind of the average man in half a dozen countries the feeling that mutual jealousies among nations are undignified and foolish. They are not merely wicked ; but also, which is much worse, vulgar. This was the King Edward atmosphere, the atmosphere in which it was possible for Lord Lansdowne, Sir Edward Grey, and M. Delcassé, to work and produce their effects. Whether those effects were always well directed history will decide ; there are two sides to the question, and it has yet to be seen whether it was the height of wisdom to convey to the German people the impression that we were endeavouring to ring them in with a hostile network of alliances and understandings through which they could only break *vi et armis*. Germany has suffered badly from " nerves " during King Edward VII.'s reign. But even here the King's personality was operative for good. There has been an increasing tendency during the past few months to recognise, in Germany itself, that the King was in reality a Peacemaker, and that he cherished no designs adverse to the interests and security of his nephew's Empire. It may be left for King Edward's successor to complete the work and develop that distinct *rapprochement* between the two countries which is now perceptible.

So the late King showed how much the Sovereign can do, even in our own strictly " limited " monarchy, and still remain within the lines of the Constitution. There is a temptation to enlarge on this theme in its relation to internal politics at a time when the Constitution itself is threatened with reconstruction, but that for the moment is forbidden ground. Let us respect the Truce of God and avoid controversial issues till the nation has recovered its breath after that strange and sudden warning which has come in the midst of the strife. But we may turn to other aspects of the Royal office which were illustrated in King Edward's person. He showed that Monarchy is not a mere survival, an organism that has lost its uses, an appendage of the ceremonial as distinguished from the efficient part of Government. On the contrary, it has its own special function which cannot conveniently be dispensed with. It represents the nation in the eyes of the world in a peculiarly dignified and impressive fashion. No president or chancellor or minister, not even a Roosevelt or a

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Bismarck, can be easily accepted as the embodiment of the sentiment, the aspirations, the living forces of his country ; if only because he never can speak for that country as a whole. Against him there must always be ranged a great body of his fellow citizens to whom his opinions, if not his character and his principles, are repugnant. Mr. Roosevelt was a very popular president ; but there were millions of Americans who thought him the wrong man in the wrong place. Most Germans were proud of Bismarck, but many of them considered his policy disastrous. An English Prime Minister, who is conventionally assumed to have been called to his high office by the electorate, has in fact been appointed by about half that body against the determined opposition of the other half. And that moiety, more or less, so far from regarding the Premier as its spokesman and representative has on the contrary no more cordial wish than to bring about his downfall as speedily as possible.

Sooner or later the downfall is bound to come ; the ministers, the cabinet, are but the passing depositories of power ; that which they have done to-day may be undone by their successors a month or a year hence. But while ministers come and go, the Sovereign abides ; he is the permanent element amid the shifting combinations and transmutations of the parties, and his interests are those of the entire nation, of those who dislike the Government of the moment as well as those who support it. If there is a voice of Britain, as a whole, not of the Britain which is Liberal or Unionist or Nationalist or Socialist, it is from this quarter that we must be supposed to hear it. One of the problems of the future may be to find a means of making that voice articulate, of causing it to be heard above the cry of diverse and divided sections.

But if this representative character attaches to royalty in the kingdom, it is still more closely associated with it in the Empire. In the Imperial Realm the Imperial Throne is the only formal bond of union. It has no other. Not language, for that does not bring Englishmen and Irishmen into communion with those who speak Urdu in India, Arabic in the Sudan, Hausa in West Africa, French in Lower Canada, the Dutch Taal at the Cape. Not religion, since the King's Oversea subjects are Hindus, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Pagans, as well as Protestants and Roman

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Catholics. Not even common traditions and a common pride in the past, for how does that link the victors of the Boyne with the vanquished, the descendants of the conquerors of Plassy and Assaye with the descendants of those who were defeated? There is no legislative union, no commercial union, at present at least, no naval and military union, no real political union. The one thing which is shared equally by all the inhabitants of this loose confederacy of states, dependencies, and dominions, is their allegiance to the Crown. The tradesmen in Middlesex and the farmer in Manitoba, the Zulu in Natal and the Mohammedan squire in the Punjab, are all alike subjects of King George V.; to them he is the living symbol of the impalpable something which separates them—diverse and divided as they are—from the rest of the world. Apart from the Crown there is no “sovereign,” in the juristical sense, in the British Empire. The sovereignty of the “Imperial Parliament” is a legal fiction; in practice it does not exist. The Imperial Cabinet is not the “Government” of the British Empire; it does not govern Australia and Canada, it can only, in a very limited and partial sense, govern India, Jamaica, Nigeria. This is a fact of which home-staying Britons are for the most part imperfectly conscious: but those who have lived in the Oversea dominions find no difficulty in grasping it. To the citizen of the self-governing Colonies the High Court of Parliament which sits at Westminster is merely the Legislature for the British Islands just as the Parliament at Ottawa is the Legislature for Canada: the two Assemblies are, in his opinion, of equal authority and neither has any right to intrude within the domain of the other. Nor, according to this Colonial view,* have the Imperial ministers any genuine claim to act as the councillors of the Crown in the King’s kingdoms beyond the seas. In Canadian matters the King acts by and with the advice of his Privy Council for Canada, just as in the United Kingdom he acts on the responsibility of that committee of his English Privy Council which is known as the Cabinet. The King’s English Prime Minister, the King’s English Secretary for the State for the Colonies, are supposed in Great Britain to advise the King on Colonial policy. It is an hypothesis but seldom acted upon at present, and in the near future it will scarcely be acted upon

* See Todd, *Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies*, passim.

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at all ; for to the new school of constitutionalists overseas such action seems as illegitimate as if the Crown were to consult the Executive Council for Australia upon the internal affairs of England and Wales. There are many mansions in the house of the ruler of Great Britain and Ireland, who is also Emperor of India and "of the Dominions beyond the Sea, King" : many mansions, and his own stewards and seneschals in each. And for all there is no common head and chief but the wearer of the Crown himself.

The King can do no wrong : which means that the King can perform no public act for which some one of his advisers cannot be made responsible. But who is responsible for advice given when the interests of more than one of his states are concerned, or when there is a conflict of opinion among his several governments ? If he has to veto a Bill passed by a Colonial Parliament will he be allowed to do so in the future as in the past on the advice of a minister who, from the Colonial standpoint, is no more than the representative of the dominant party in English domestic politics ? We have no King-in-Council for the British Empire. Our Constitution does not at present provide for such cases ; but they are very likely to arise during the next few years, and when they do they will make new demands upon the sagacity, the tact, and the firmness of the one personage whose prerogative runs in all quarters of the Realm, the occupant of the Throne. A homogeneous, self-contained monarchy may find no inconvenience in substituting an elective President for a King by hereditary descent. But an Empire, which is also an informal confederacy of autonomous states and subject territories, is in a different situation. It is built up round the monarchical idea ; it needs a Throne, and could scarcely hold together without it ; nor indeed with it, unless the Sovereign, in face of the enlarged responsibilities thrown upon him while the Imperial Constitution is in process of evolution, can exhibit a full share of those qualities which led to the success of King Edward VII. in the sphere of international policy. More than any of his predecessors his present Majesty will be called upon to be the Empire King ; and it is fortunate that his studies, his travels, and his enthusiastic interest in all that concerns Britain as a World-Power, have prepared him to assume that high vocation.

The King

THE month of May has been a sad one for this country and for the entire English-thinking race. It has been said that the glory of kings has vanished, as that in this modern capitalistic world men have no longer time or thought for symbol, yet in all history round the long roll of dead kings and queens no monarch was more genuinely and more widely mourned than Edward VII. We have lost not only a king, a personality, but a man who, as the first gentleman in the land, was in a real and characteristically English sense the "brooch and buckle" of us all. The national conscience has been touched. Our voices are muted. The blasts of political controversy are stilled as with the beauty of a sunset's calm. And with us sympathising, understanding, the nations of the West and of the East have done him reverence without semblance or assentation.

RARELY has mankind testified to such a common soul-felt sympathy. It is a tribute we may well be proud of. The popularity of kings is often transient with the span of their mortality. But this universal utterance of sorrow has not been gilded with the pomp of lamentation. The whole world has mourned our King—our human King. Death which is the arbiter of us all has crowned him nobly with the name of England, and in the polarity of alien States and dynasties, nations and peoples, creeds and civilisations, the toll of mourning has found an echo. It was not the acclaim of martial circumstance or victory. Not as hero, as conqueror, as some dazzling figure of Royal romance have the peoples of Europe and of Asia mourned him. As no Cæsar, no warrior lord, did the hearts of men follow him to his last resting-place. He waged no wars. No more peaceful, unaffected, simple a King ever sat upon the throne of

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England. His reign was unusually short. He never sought to pose or impose. Vested with no artificial aureole of dignity such as the *Kaiser idea* in Germany or the sacrosanctity of the "Holy" Tsar of Russia, the fetish of neither Church, State, convention, nor society, the King was in many ways the simplest gentleman in these islands, and yet, as King of England, he was not only the most popular man here and on the Continent but unquestionably the most powerful personality upon the thrones of Europe, recognised universally as the dominant figure in the counsels of the world's affairs, as the first diplomatist of his age.

MORE imposing even than the fulness of pageantry of the Royal funereal procession with its galaxy of Kings and Princes, whereby we paid him parting liege, was the testimony of that vast concourse of men and women assembled along the route silent with a people's grief. Crowds are always more impressive than pageants, as mountain crags are finer than steeple spires. And the people mourned the King as a friend, as a human king. On that day the mind traversed back through the years and upon the vagaries of things and the opportunities of men and kings, and it was well with us. We thought of the simple way the King had in the performance of simple matters, which perhaps was his real genius. We thought of the opportunities he had enjoyed as King, how quickly, how sensibly he had taken them. We thought of his cheeriness, his buoyancy of spirit, his fairness and thoughtfulness; of the Prince as a young man, with something about him of bluff Hal and something of Henri of Navarre until as King he became a Catholic: of his dignified economy of words and Royal uses, of the real and human things he had accomplished; of that tactfulness, springing from the heart, which made him akin to all men.

AND we mourned more than the man, the symbol, the King: we mourn an epoch. Technically the King does not die, it is true, but the death of Edward VII. leaves the nation, leaves Europe, and the world the poorer. *Il faut vouloir vivre et savoir*

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mourir, Napoleon once said. To no man can that remark be applied with more truthfulness than to the late King. It may be said that he lived his life and knew how to die. He had in him what the French call the joy of life. Men like a man, a human being with frailties and passions and faults and imperfections, and it was this aspect of the King which rendered him so singularly popular in France where he is mourned with a depth of feeling, by high and lowly, almost commensurate with our own. In the short years of his reign he filled his post with a dignity and a success which have become celebrated throughout the world. If always King he was always a man. It has been well said that he was "King among statesmen, statesmen among kings." That is a fine achievement. There are three things which stand out very saliently in a character which in other ways present no complexities, and is, indeed, typical of the national mould; the innate simplicity of the man, which endeared him to all men; his admirable tact coupled with the *savoir faire* of a distinguished man of the world; his real and unfailing diplomatic prescience. It was this humanity of his, this simplicity of mind and manner, which abhorred fustian and circumstance, that gave him so markedly personal an advantage in his communion with men and Sovereigns; which enabled him to judge both men and affairs sanely, naturally, humanly, which with his international sympathies and predilections, his plain civic training at the side of ordinary men and women, taught him the secret of authority, which is simplicity, as it is the secret of art and nature. The grace of Majesty is no light accomplishment in these times of fierce competitive assertiveness, of scientific progress and disillusionment. It is so easy to overdo, to underplay a part; the crown of kingship is as hard to wear upon the pinnacle of the throne as it is upon the stage of artifice, yet no king wore it with more dignity and respect. The mantle of England sat upon his shoulders naturally. And now that he has gone we feel that we have lost a man as well as King, a power which was a European consideration.

Looking round upon Europe to-day, we are almost tempted to exclaim, "there are no politics," and in a sense the remark is

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true. That is the King's crowning achievement. To-day we have friends, allies, widespread, genuine sympathies, respect, and an intelligent appreciation. Yet when he came to the throne, how black, how serious was the outlook! Those were black days for us, far blacker than many in this country have ever realised. When Edward VII. ascended the throne, the Continent, intensely hostile to Britain and Briton, curled up its lips with scorn. Soon the coolness, tact, simplicity, method, and common sense of the King arrested attention. The Victorian Age had passed—men heralded that of the Hohenzollerns. It was an axiom—a Bismarckian heritage—of German policy at the time that England and France could never be reconciled, that the psychological and historical acrimony of the two peoples was unhealable, and, as a fact, the Anglophobia in France was almost as pronounced as it was in Germany. To the King's initiative, personal courage, tact, and common sense, the consummation of the *entente cordiale* must directly be ascribed. It may be doubted whether with any other personality than King Edward on the throne the *entente* ever would have been soldered together. As it was, it came so suddenly, it struck root so deeply, developed so quickly and sincerely that the Alliance was a fact almost before the rulers in Europe believed in it as a possibility; nor, for the matter of that, was it ever credited with any political, that is military, significance by Prince Bülow until the test of the Moroccan imbroglio and the negotiations leading up to the certainty of British armed support in the event of German intervention in Morocco tardily convinced the Chancellor that the interests of England and France were one and would be so conducted and defended.

WE can consider now all that this change in our relations with France denoted not only to the two interested Powers, but to European politics generally. On the King's accession the prestige of Great Britain stood lower than at any period during the last hundred years. Only fear of our Navy withheld the nations of Europe from allied invasion. We were regarded as degenerate, unwarlike, effete. England's

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"hobble-di-hoydom" was spoken of openly, our inevitable fate was the subject of public jest and surmise. We would lose our colonies first, including South Africa, and with the break-up of the Empire we would rapidly decline into opulent decadence and self-complacency until the "day of reckoning" should come. It seemed as if the glory of history had departed from us. We were misunderstood, ridiculed, reviled. Englishmen, casually travelling on the Continent, were astounded at the rudeness, the contempt, the hostility met with from rich and poor in nearly every country in Europe. For the first time since the days of King John, it was no credit to be born an Englishman. Instinctively, in some cases deliberately, the fury of the masses infected the responsibility of the rulers. At dinners, in railway trains, in private and public places English men and women were purposely singled out, talked at, marked, and even insulted. Inevitably, it had been thought that the German Emperor would step into the vacant space as the Sovereign of Europe and that the old raven of the Barbarossas would rise forth from the long sleep of centuries to challenge the pennant of the seas.

EUROPE had reckoned without the Kaiser's "prophetic uncle." The flights of the German raven proved fantastic, chimeric. Immediately at the King's succession the situation changed. The European Press changed its tone. Men began to think afresh, to consider, to conjecture. At the close of the war, reason returned; the reaction set in, and men saw with surprise that the parabolic course of German Imperial rhetoric had affected nothing in European affairs, whereas the calm, practical initiative of England's Gentleman-King had transformed the face of Europe. The navel of diplomacy shifted automatically from Berlin to London. Without theatrical display the King visited the Courts of Europe carrying in his train no mace or nostrum but the plain words of common sense. No clash of cymbals heralded his message which was the peaceful offering of a King's friendship. Germany alone kept back, misunderstood. Our policy of *laissez-faire* was over. In place of a foolish doctrine of isolation which implied

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distrust, suspicion, conceit, resentment, the King, mainly on his own account, substituted a policy of personal intercourse and understanding, of international comity and agreement, of parity of interest and sympathy.

THIS is not the time to enter into detail. As we all know, France, Italy, Spain, Russia, and largely Austria were welcomed and responded. To-day, the might, prestige, dignity, the personality of Great Britain and the English-thinking race, stand unrivalled, unchallenged. And more. The Anglophobia of Europe has been turned into reconciliation, into friendship. In the year 1910, England is as amicably accepted by the Powers and peoples of Europe as nine years ago she was rejected and hated. This is the work of the King. In the few years that he sat upon the throne he built up a real monument of victory, the victory of peace and common understanding. That is a fact which will always be associated with his name in history. A tactless King, the continuation of an insular, narrow policy of isolation and one hesitates to think what Armageddon of blood and fire might not have befallen Europe in the critical years in which he reigned. He found England in the nadir of her prestige. In nine years, unaided by gun or clarion, he left her serene, respected, even loved, feared only by those who would dispute her ascendancy.

ONLY consummate tact and great personal magnetism could have compassed this task, which was one no other living crowned head probably could have attempted. When he set forth on his mission to France—avowedly as Peacemaker with the deliberate intention to mate the two nations together—he was the most evilly caricatured figure in Europe. It was the action of a brave and far-seeing statesman. An affront in the streets, a hasty word and not only failure, but absolute hostility might have resulted, fatal to understanding or *rapprochement*. But “le bon roi Edouard” (as the French called him) knew his public. He went to them quite simply, frankly, sincerely, with that coolness of deportment, that bonhomie of mien for which he was cele-

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brated. No English statesman could have achieved what the King did naturally and almost mechanically, for statesmen are the sport of other statesmen and carry but the signet of diplomacy. There is always a grammar attaching to a diplomatist or an envoy who, at best, but acts upon instructions. The King went as the representative of the English to the French. Paris with its feminine subtlety felt instinctively the distinction. The crown, the flag, the people, as King he took them to France. It was not a matter of protocol or parchment. There were no formalities. "I am going to make a friend of France," the King is credibly reported to have said. He did so, as no representative from this country could have done.

OTHER men deserve credit, of course ; a great deal of excellent work had been done by writers and politicians, preparing the way, but the French were very suspicious of England's policy and motives. "Perfidious Albion" had a deep-rooted justification. It was his personal magnetism which carried him through, as it did all through life. And what he did was far more than effect a mere rapprochement with France, far more than the re-establishment of direct personal relations between the Crown and the kings of Europe, vitally important to the peace of the world as that change in the national diplomacy was. If by taking a human interest in men and things the King socialised (in its literal sense) the peoples of Europe ; in the domain of diplomacy he revolutionised them. He broke down definitively the flagitious policy of isolation which was the cause of our unparalleled unpopularity on the Continent, due to a not unnatural resentment at our detachment and insularity and the inevitable misunderstanding of our motives. The formalism of the Victorian era had ended by eviscerating the stomach of the national endeavour ; we had grown stern without sturdiness, dull of vision, overproud, overbearing ; things went on by rote, automatically. All that the King broke down, our sublime disregard for the policies, the beliefs, the idiosyncrasies, the arts, the very ambitions of foreign peoples, our self-complacency and ignorance of foreign tongues, our sovereign

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contempt for the architectonics of international design. He took us to Paris, to St. Petersburg, to Madrid, to Rome ; he taught us to study the " new art " and the diplomacy of Germany. He introduced many a worthy Englishman to his own stage, and humanised the whole relations of the profession. His influence socially was equally leavening. He raced as a private gentleman. He pricked the bladder of Puritanical flummery. He vitalised the whole polity and policy of Empire.

SINCE his advent to the throne the Continent has changed its opinions about us, individually and collectively. Our whole foreign policy, from one of ill-judged reticence and inaction, has become one of wise and discerning inception. Instead of an island Power ignorantly at bay and aloof we have become a leader and counsellor among the nations, no longer distrusted but trusted, no longer feared because we were hated and hated because we were feared, but credited with rational propensities. Instead of the oppressor of weaker peoples we have once more taken our place as their defenders and deliverers. The Union Jack is again saluted not with fear but with respect. Instead of the Juggernaut of a brutal and cynical Imperialism our colonial and Imperial policy is recognised as a clean and sound one. For the first time since the Crimean War foreigners are prepared to accept us as a disinterested, human, and civilising force, as a lamp in the twilight of progress. Without striking a blow our international power has crystallised into a magnificent supremacy. Nine years ago we had not a friend in Europe. Not a nation, with one or two exceptions, that did not rejoice at our discomfiture in South Africa, that would not have welcomed our defeat and humiliation. To-day we have friends, allies, sympathies, agreements. The name and tongue of an Englishman is honoured once more from west to east, among the prisoners toiling in the mines of Siberia, in the homes of the Grandees of Catholic Spain. All that has been done in the King's short reign, and it was largely the result of his own personal equation.

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ATTEMPTED with the paraphernalia of regal display in these democratic days he would have failed. Compare the methods of the King with those of the Emperor William II. The contrast is complete. The one actualised, the other mediævalised, the whole conception of modern rule and kingship. On the one hand, martial display, rhetoric, feudal fee-faw-fum, assertion; on the other, reticence, simplicity, civilian moderation, and control. Twenty years of Imperial flamboyance ended in the gravest crisis threatening the Crown since the creation of the German Empire. Nine years of practical constitutional wisdom left the King undisputed Sovereign among the Sovereigns of Europe, and England mistress of diplomacy. No more "modern" a monarch ever wore a crown. We who share in it may justly lay claim to some part in the structural activity of the last nine years, but unquestionably to the King is due the chief honour. He alone could have foiled or made the design. He did more. He initiated, he was the guide and moving spirit of, it all. As the result of the militant monarchism of the Hohenzollerns Germany is a nation of Socialists.

At home the King was equally happy, equally successful. If any phrase is needed to signalise his attitude towards the duties and dignities of the Crown it may be said that he reigned in the highest Constitutional sense by the monasticism of kingship. Things were difficult when he succeeded. The Crown had drifted apart from the Government. He restored confidence, sympathy, and intelligent copartnership. If he knew his powers, he recognised the limitations of his office. He stood outside the pale of domestic politics which, personally, were distasteful to him. Being by nature, training, and predilection a man of temperate judgment, he knew the vanity of control as no man ever knew better the virtues of discretionary confidence. In his whole attitude towards the somewhat difficult position of modern kingship he was the embodiment itself of the practical Englishman. He never transgressed the Royal prerogatives or at any time sought to. He knew that thrones rest fundamentally to-day upon the popularity of kings, as that the throne is naturally

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popular. He sat upon it as a human being, as a business man. His popularity was distinctive and just.

YET even as we mourn, the mind of Europe is awake ; for there is no break in the continuity of peoples or in the death of kings. The removal of a great central figure is always a disturbing influence. In politics especially it may be catastrophic. Already in this case the shock has been overpowering, for the time being possibly decisive. Across the bier of the King the forces of Conservatism and Liberalism have grasped hands. There is talk of a truce, even of an understanding. If so, the nation generally will have every reason to be thankful. At this juncture there are sterner things in the world than any fraught with domestic politics, undoubtedly serious, critical, even imperative as the solution to the great controversy which has convulsed the country must seem to all thoughtful adherents of the two rival parties. For the moment the strident tongue of faction is silenced. This would appear the moment for honest statesmanlike co-operation rather than for the renewal of polemical controversy. It takes two to fight ; it also takes two to make a truce. Here, the leaders can play their part with honesty and credit. A General Election is not to be thought of this year. For the immediate time the interest of England is rather outside the country than within. It is for the moment not the constituency of the Upper House that matters in the world, but the position of England towards the world. Great things have great results, but they also postulate great antitheses. That is the immediate concern of the country. It should be the concern of all politicians.

FOR if the personality of the King raised England to her present position in Europe, so may his removal depose her. There should be no fear, yet there must needs be some anxiety. The King left his country a great legacy, the fruit of his own individual effort, a trust of international and world-wide importance. It is a legacy we have to uphold. We are the allies

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of France, the friend of Russia, of Spain, of Italy, as we are the friend, though unfortunately not quite in the same reciprocal sense, of Germany and Austria. Upon this concatenation of friendly understandings the power of England and the present calm in Europe may be said to depend. It was an arrangement entered into by King and Government of interest for interest. But alliances and political understandings, like friendships and houses, are apt to decay if they are not nurtured and renovated. The fortuity of conjuncture has ever been the bane of love and politics. The stronghold that the King built has to be kept up. We shall have to play our part again in the continuity of the world's affairs, to reinsure, as it were, the nation's trust and security.

THESE are matters that must necessarily occupy the minds of our statesmen, as they most assuredly occupy the chanceries of Europe. It will be well if we call a truce upon the travail of domestic altercations which, as a fact, are but the rude give and take of honest difference of opinion. The very curtain that has fallen upon them has risen upon the horizon of diplomacy. Beyond these shores the question is the course that England will pursue in her relations with the other Powers, not the issue of the battle within. Of that we may all be sure. And there are certain international contingencies that may arise which it will be wise to anticipate and provide for. That the policy of the King towards France will be adhered to may be pronounced as axiomatic of our whole policy. Our friends across the Channel may sign to that bond without trepidation. Towards Russia our policy will continue as heretofore, as it will towards Spain and Italy and Austria. The uncertainty in the situation lies in the restless diplomacy of the German Empire. There, as with the case of King Edward, the personal moment will unquestionably intervene. There have been gratifying signs lately of a decided change in the conduct of German policy, as of a more generous and enlightened feeling of the German people towards us. That is a hopeful sign for the beginning of the new reign. Still the *ultima ratio* of diplomacy is force. It is therefore to the force behind the contrivance that

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we must look warily to. If the manner is more suave the matter behind it is growing harder. So far as we are concerned as a nation, but one consideration bars the way to confidence and friendship in Germany, which is the consideration of the growing German Navy. So long as that force increases, so automatically, no matter what it costs us, must our fleet increase too. That is our position from which we cannot budge. It is a matter of proportional armament. For a decade now the growth of the German Navy has been the decisive factor in our diplomacy and so upon the diplomacy of Europe. So long as it grows we can alter nothing. Overtures cannot emanate from us. We are on the defensive against this weapon which, if it has any meaning at all, is plainly offensive. Upon this Englishmen now are generally agreed. At this juncture it may be well to proclaim it.

THE German Emperor, in fine, may be said to have that chance which comes to men and kings but once in a lifetime and which will never return. Universal peace may seem a dream. At this time when the civilised nations of the world are literally groaning under the burden of armaments in the fierce race of "record" armies and navies it is, perhaps, fantastic to speak about it. Yet not quite fantastic either. The work of King Edward was essentially peaceful, organically, comprehensively a design of knitting understanding based on reciprocity of interest and sympathy. Working with him, dimly, unconsciously, has been the force of reason itself whether it be called civilisation or humanity; that inward power of mankind, which when it is awakened and is just and universal is stronger than any semblance or expression of authority—the will of men and peoples. And they see Europe turned into an armed camp, despite the peace congresses and public protestations of brotherhood; they see the gigantic Navy of Germany growing, rising secretly, feverishly, building wittingly, designedly, up to our own, and they see our Navy correspondingly increased. The national costs of these armies and navies already wither the social initiative of nations. Year by year the expenditure of them increases. Our income-tax stands at a war level to-day, while in Germany taxation,

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direct and indirect, is even more intense. The good of mankind is sacrificed to the god of the prospective battle. We are haunted by its idea. It is the Moloch of civilisation.

REIGNS are generally described in our history books as epochs, and in a real sense they are so. That of King Edward was a memorable one. It is over. A new reign, a new epoch, has begun, full of hope, we honestly believe, yet charged with the interest of uncertainty. The personality of the Throne will again perform its part in the cycle of things. We live in one of the most romantic of times, the romance of science. Men are actually flying, ships are sailing beneath the waves. We are speaking with peoples across the seas, literally through the air. Time, space—already they seem to be within the control of man. The Germans tell us of experiments with electricity whereby, in time, it will be possible to fight or exterminate armies, cities, and whole peoples with electric currents, like the fire of lightning, worked mechanically with a button. Fiction has grown tame before the reality of science, and it is, no doubt, due to this that the higher art of imaginative fiction, poetry, is so generally effete and inefficient. All around we find a continent of striving peoples, vital, new-born as it were; many of them better educated than we are, better fitted to fight in the lists of life, scientifically trained and marshalled by a scientific system of State supervision and control. In place of feudalism, democratic militarism now sways the nations of Europe; in place of ignorance—education; in place of class rule and authority—democracy, socialism, call it what one will; in place of religion, based largely on ignorance and superstition—enlightenment; in place of individualism—collectivism, materialism, mass control and co-operation.

THE eyes of the world are upon us, watchful, wondering. We need a period of national calm, of conscience-taking, of up-building; internationally we have once more to glide into the

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fairway of things. That all will be as it was is unlikely, here or abroad. There will be changes. King George has the sympathy of his people. One can imagine many new points of contact between the Crown and the people, of which the Royal patronage of literature and of the arts is one. It will be well for England if we can still the conscience of Party for the higher one of country until the signal flies once more in Europe that all is "fay" and tranquil.

The Handling of Words :

Meredith, Henry James

By Vernon Lee

INTRODUCTION

PERSONS interested in such matters may remember some lectures and papers of mine on Literature and Literary Style ; and more particularly some analyses of special passages of De Quincy, Landor, and Carlyle, which have appeared in the last ten years.

The present studies are of the same kind, but carried out in a more methodical, and, I may add, a more humble spirit. Three or four years ago a letter of Mr. Emil Reich to the *Times* on Statistical Tests of Literature, suggested the examination of the various sorts of words contained in pages, taken at random, from different writers. Thus, having made three groups severally of nouns and pronouns, adjectives and adverbs, and verbs and participles, I proceeded to count the number of each on an average of five hundred words. In this manner I analysed, and got others to analyse, several passages from Defoe, Fielding, Stevenson, Pater, and other writers. Such work is intolerably wearisome ; and its results depend upon an amount of repetition which this wearisomeness makes difficult. For the class of word employed naturally varies considerably with the subject-matter of each page ; so that it becomes necessary to count a great number of pages before obtaining a real average for each individual writer. While accepting the importance of this method if applied on a sufficient scale, and recommending it very earnestly to all readers who may be in want of a useful, but tiresome, discipline and task, I have preferred to study the individual differences between writers in a manner more

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endurable to myself and yielding a more definite result on a lesser amount of material.

The counting of words had not told me much; the analysis of how each individual writer employs whatever words he does use has taught me considerably more. This method is, to begin with, discriminating, while the other is wholesale; it does not matter much how many verbs Kipling may employ in a page as compared with Henry James; it does matter enormously how he chooses and combines the tenses of those verbs, and whether those verbs are of a more or less concrete or more or less abstract nature. That is to say: what we want to know about a writer is not the rough material he uses, but *how* he uses it.

This analytic, as distinguished from the mere statistical, method, has, moreover, the advantage of showing us not only how the mind of a particular writer works—and the working of a mind depends quite as much on individual character as on the subject-matter under treatment—but, what is quite as important, how that particular mode of working of the writer's mind affects the mind of the reader. For style, like every other fine art, implies a certain pattern of activity communicated by the artist—by the writer as much as by the painter, architect, or musician—to the person who listens, or looks, or reads. And the psychology of the writer is, at the same time, the psychology of the reader.

Psychology; I have at last employed the word which defines my object in undertaking (and urging other, younger, people to undertake) these studies.

The knowledge how great artists work will never, I believe, increase the number of great artists, nor even diminish appreciably the number of bad ones. If anything comes out of the six analyses I have just completed it is surely that *le style, c'est l'homme*; that the way of writing, in so far as it is not due to tradition and fashion (all writers of a given time and country being grouped together by resemblances of subject and treatment, and all groups of writers being connected with each other by filiation or collateral influence), that the individual style, in short, is an expression of the individual's modes of feeling, of

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thinking, of living : some writers being braced, balanced, unified ; others slack, full of jerks, surprises, or of what I may call air-tight compartments ; let alone some being active and logical ; others passive and diffident in their manner of seeing, feeling, dividing, combining, accentuating, in short *thinking*, a subject.

I have wanted to find out something about the mechanism, so to speak, of the writer's mind, and of its action on the mind of the reader. Later, when sufficient facts have been accumulated, and put in order on this one point, it may become possible to connect this study of the mere treatment of words with the study of the treatment of a subject ; to connect also the evidence contained in a man's style (as in his handwriting) with the evidence contained in his life, his actions as a mere human being. And in this manner we may learn something of the constitution of Man, that proper study, as Pope says, of Mankind ; meaning by *man* not the abstraction hitherto constructed and then dissected by moralists, but the varieties and classes of individuals, nay, the individuals themselves, our neighbours, parents, teachers, children, pupils, all we depend on and that depends on us ; and what does both : ourselves.

Meanwhile, while prosecuting these studies of words and of those who act, and those who are acted on, through them, it has been something to feel one's own literary understanding sharpened, one's literary appreciation increased, oneself become, if not a less bad writer, at least a better reader.

I. MEREDITH

Harry Richmond, chapter xxxvi., p. 55 of Heinemann's 2nd volume. Five hundred words taken at random. Nouns and pronouns 159 (of which half, roughly speaking, personal pronouns). Verbs and verbal participles 66. Adjectives and adjectival participles 25.

. . . "Janet, liking both, contented herself with impartial comments. 'I always think in these cases that the women must be the fools,' she said. Her affectation was to assume a knowledge of the world and all things in it. We rode over to

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Julia's cottage, on the outskirts of the estate now devolved upon her husband. Irish eyes are certainly bewitching lights. I thought, for my part, I could not do as the captain was doing, serving his country in foreign parts, while such as these were shining without a captain at home. Janet approved his conduct, and was right. 'What can a wife think the man worth who sits down to guard his house door?' she answered with slight innuendo. She compared the man to a kennel-dog. 'This,' said I, 'comes of made-up matches,' whereat she was silent.

Julia took her own view of her position. She asked me whether it was not dismal for one who was called a grass-widow, and was in reality a salt-water one, to keep fresh, with a lap-dog, a cook and a maid-servant, and a postman that passed the gate twenty times for twice that he opened it, and nothing to look for but this disappointing creature day after day! At first she was shy, stole out a coy line of fingers to be shaken, and lisped; and out of that mood came right-about-face, with an exclamation of regret that she supposed she must not kiss me now. I projected, she drew back. 'Shall Janet go?' said I. 'Then if nobody's present I'll be talked of—' said she, moaning queerly. The tendency of her hair to creep loose of its bands gave her handsome face an aspect deliriously wild. I complimented her on her keeping so fresh, in spite of her salt-water widowhood. She turned the tables on me for looking so powerful, though I was dying for a foreign princess. 'Oh, but that'll blow over,' she said, 'anything blows over as long as you don't go up to the altar'; and she eyed her ringed finger, woe-begone, and flashed the pleasantest of smiles with the name of her William. Heriot, whom she always called Walter Heriot, was, she informed me, staying at Durstan Hall, the new great house, built on a plot of ground that the Lancashire millionaire had caught up, while the Squire and the other landowners were sleeping. 'And if you get Walter Heriot to come to you, Harry Richmond, it'll be better for him, I'm sure,' she added, and natvely: 'I'd like to meet him up at the Grange.' Temple, she said, had left the Navy and was reading in London for the Bar—good news to me.

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“ ‘ You have not told us anything about your princess, Harry,’ Janet observed on the ride home.

“ ‘ Do you take her for a real person, Janet ? One thinks of her as a snow-mountain you’ve been admiring.’ ”

The first thing striking me in this quotation from *Harry Richmond* is that these five hundred words have, among them all, only two semi-colons, one of which does not even count, because it closes a quotation. Altogether the five hundred words constitute thirty sentences, counting everything closed by a full-stop as being a sentence ; of these thirty sentences, five have no comma in them ; only one, and that a quotation, begins with *and* ; not one begins with *but*, *for*, *therefore*, *consequently* or any similar expression of logical separation or connection.

In the body of sentences, *but* occurs only once : “ Oh, *but* that’ll blow over— ” ; *and* occurs twelve times : five times as a mere link in an enumeration—“ with a lapdog, a cook and a maid-servant, *and* a postman, &c.”—three times with a sense of consecutiveness, as in “ At first she was shy . . . *and* lisped—once only with the sense of connected thought : “ Janet approved his conduct *and* was right.” *For* is absent ; and so is *but*, the two causal particles, both differentiating, while they connect, and in so far betokening discrimination and logic. The absence of this class of words gives the quotation an irresponsible, unreasoning and impulsive air, and the lightness coming thereof. With this tallies the lack of weighing and analysing : the adjectives and adjectival participles and adverbs “ right—fresh—shy—wild,” &c., being direct qualifiers designating the property of a noun, but never analysing it ; adjectives showing not so much what a substantive, a thing or person, *is*, as what the substantive *does*, how it affects others. As might be expected, in these same five hundred words, I can detect only three parentheses : “ I thought, *for my part*, I could not do as the captain was doing, *serving his country in foreign parts*, while such as these,” &c., and “ a grass widow, *and was in reality a salt-water one*,” &c., and neither of these parentheses reinforce the logical coherence.

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It strikes me that in analysing style one should pay great attention to words like "of which"—"that," &c., because, referring back, as they do, implies a demand on the reader's memory and constructive attention. There is no such demand in this page of Meredith. If anything is claimed, is taxed, it is the reader's power of following short, rapid movements and of "spotting," "twigging" their relation to one another. This is an interesting point. For, despite Meredith's habit of shooting out sentences without connection, and the impulsive impression given by his lack of causal words, the reader finds himself called upon to synthesise, to judge and decide; more so, very often, than the less intellectual reader at all cares to do. The fact is that he is told a number of things at whose meaning he must make a rapid guess, much as the sportsman decides on the nature of a bird or beast by a rapid series of suppositions, an argument, a synthesis.

Take this sentence: "'Then if nobody's present,' &c., said she, *moaning queerly. The tendency of her hair to creep loose of its bands gave her handsome face an aspect deliriously wild*"—such a sentence is an unusual demand on the reader's intuition and experience: it is the flight of a bird, and he must decide what shape and habits that flight implies. It is this odd selection of what he tells and does not tell, this omission of links, which makes Meredith a sealed book to careless or unintelligent readers. While his style runs on without causal marks or logical forms, the choice of items is perpetually forcing us to spot and to conjecture. We are made to be intellectual in default of himself: to supply what his impatience and impulsiveness denies. Probably much of his wonderful vividness arises from this; we are never allowed to sit still and wait to be told; we must watch and decide while the words fly past, very much as we do in the case of certain real people, who, laconic and detached, work themselves into our soul by dint of the effort of understanding their reserve, their lack of formula, imposes on us. There is about Meredith some of the swiftness, unclutchableness, mystery of reality, just because there is so little of the connection, analysis, synthesis of contemplation.

Connected with this is the singular similarity and straightness of direction of his sentences and half-sentences, as, most typically,

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in the following saying : " I always think in these cases that the women must be the fools." There is no reason given for thinking thus ; it is direct and inevitable ; in fact, it is thought because the *I* happens to think so. In Meredith everything seems to be whatever it is *because he thinks so*, no other possibility existing in the presence of this vivacious, headlong, delightfully egoistic mind. Remark that in the sentence just quoted most people would have written : " In these cases I think that the women must be the fools " or rather " I think the women must be the fools in these cases." The first arrangement would have qualified the women being fools by *my* way of thinking, whence a chance of error ; in the second case the foolishness would have been limited to the cases in point. But, as Meredith has put it, the " in these cases " has been tucked away so close, so small, that what stands out is " I think—women fools." As a fact the literal meaning of Meredith's syntax, " I always think in these cases that the women must be the fools " is not what he conveys to us, which is : " I always think that in these cases." Yet, despite the mistake in the placing of the *that*, the sentence prances on to its unqualified and unjustifiable conclusion. Probably the habitual way of expressing such a thought would be " It always seems to me that—" but Meredith, judging by this page, eschews two forms : the oblique and the passive or deponent (false passive). The sentence after this seems an attempt, and an awkward one, to break this monotony of too many transitive verbs. " Her affectation was to assume a knowledge of the world." No one surely ever thought in such a form except for literary purposes. Meredith's meaning is " she affected to assume " ; while the literal meaning of this form implies something more, namely that every one has affectations, and that this particular one was Janet's ; or that we had been given to expect an affectation from Janet, and this, sure enough, was it.

This remark leads me to think that there is great importance in the proportion, first, of passive forms to active ; secondly, of what I may call *deponent* or false passive forms, " seems, &c." to transitive forms ; thirdly, of oblique (dative or locative) forms to direct ones with accusative or possessive. In this quotation I

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can find only one oblique statement (since the sentence about Janet's affectation is misleading, but as syntax quite direct): "The tendency of her hair to creep loose of its bands gave her handsome face an aspect deliriously wild." Here the obliqueness of the thought is further marked by the introduction of "the tendency." There is something *cryptic*, if I may be allowed such jargon, in this very plain statement, as if more were meant than meets the ear. It is as if this oddly straight-flying creature suddenly plunged. I fancy that it is such sentences which give Meredith an affected air, but also one of knowing more than he cares to tell. They must make the Philistine pause, or kick them aside as lumber. It would be interesting to examine such *cryptic* or enigmatic utterances, and the impression they leave of our dealing with unusually intuitive persons, bringing up marvellous fragmentary knowledge out of their suddenly dived-into depths; an impression due to such sudden rupture of ordinary speaking. The peculiarity exists as a positive nuisance in that very gifted *poseur* M. Barrès. In Meredith, as in Stendhal, it is doubtless genuine.

This analysis will, I hope, serve to suggest to my reader and fellow student what such studies are beginning to make clear to my mind, namely that the degree of life in a writer's style depends upon the amount of activity which he imposes upon his reader. If this activity is disconnected, discursive, of the rapidly *spotting*, *twigging* kind, the style will be living and active, but disjointed and a little enigmatic as in Meredith; if this activity is logical, we shall have a sense of orderly and harmonious energy as in Stevenson; certain other modes of activity, as revealed and as communicated by syntax, we shall have occasion to analyse in Henry James and in Hewlett.

II. HENRY JAMES

The Ambassadors, p. 127. Paragraph of 500 words taken at random, only choosing pages without much dialogue. Nouns and pronouns, 137; verbs, 71; adjectives and adverbs, 48.

"Our friend had by this time so got into the vision that he almost gasped 'After all she has done for him.' Miss Gostrey

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gave him a look which broke the next moment into a wonderful smile : ' He is not so good as you think.' They remained with him, these words, promising him, in their character of warning, considerable help ; but the support he tried to draw from them found itself, on each renewal of contact with Chad, defeated by something else. What could it be, this disconcerting force, he asked himself, but the sense, continually renewed, that Chad was—quite in fact insisted on being—as good as he thought ? It seemed somehow as if he couldn't *but* be as good from the moment he wasn't as bad. There was a succession of days, at all events, when contact with him—and in its immediate effect as if it could produce no other—elbowed out of Strether's consciousness everything but itself. Little Bilham once more pervaded the scene, but little Bilham became, even in a higher degree than he had originally been, one of the numerous forms of the inclusive relation, a consequence promoted, to our friend's sense, by two or three incidents with which we have yet to make acquaintance. Waymarsh himself, for the occasion, was drawn into the eddy ; it absolutely, though but temporarily, swallowed him down ; and there were days when Strether seemed to bump against him as a sinking swimmer might brush against a submarine object. The fathomless medium held them—Chad's manner was the fathomless medium ; and our friend felt as if they passed each other, in their deep immersion, with the round, impersonal eye of silent fish. It was practically produced between them that Waymarsh was giving him then his chance ; and the shade of discomfort that Strether drew from the allowance, resembled not a little the embarrassment he had known, at school, as a boy, when members of his family had been present at exhibitions. He could perform before strangers, but relations were fatal ; and it was now as if comparatively Waymarsh was a relative. He seemed to hear him say ' strike up then ' and to enjoy a foretaste of conscientious domestic criticism. He had struck up, so far as he actually could ; Chad knew by this time in profusion what he wanted ; and what vulgar violence did his fellow pilgrim expect of him, when he had really emptied his mind ? It went somehow to and fro that what poor Waymarsh meant was ' I told you so—

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that you'd lose your immortal soul ! ' But it was also fairly explicit that Strether had his own challenge, and that, since they must go to the bottom of things, he wasted no more virtue in watching Chad than Chad wasted in watching him. His dip for duty's sake, where was it worse than Waymarsh's own ? For he needn't have stopped resisting and refusing ; he needn't have parleyed, at that rate, with the foe."

I begin with the first sentence virtually not dialogue : " They remained with him, these words, promising him, in their character of warning, considerable help ; but the support he tried to draw from them found itself, on each renewal of contact with Chad, defeated by something else." Here I find *they—these—their—them—him—him—he*—besides an *itself*. Surely an unusual dose of pronouns, that is to say of words decidedly *personal*. And here I ask myself why I have written this word *personal* ? Am I under the suggestion of the fact of Henry James being " a novelist of personality " ? Perhaps. But also it seems to me, that pronouns, used like this, have something more personal than nouns : they become here a sort of personification. There is, at all events, an extraordinary circling round these pronouns. I feel that, had they been *nouns*, they would have undergone some transformation, not remained this selfsame something we circle about.

Circle about and among ; for we penetrate between them (one almost forgets what *they* really are, feeling *them* merely as something with which one is playing some game—pawns ? draughts ? or rather adversaries ?), finding them now as a nominative, now a possessive, now a dative. It is noteworthy that this shifting of the *case* of these pronouns gives the sentence an air of movement, more than would be given by the presence of verbs. In the two next sentences I have again the impression of an unusual abundance of pronouns, perhaps because of the two *its* : " What could *it* be, he asked himself," &c. and " *It* seemed somehow," &c. Evidently the use of pronouns implies a demand on the reader's attention ; he must remember what the pronoun stands for, or rather (for no one will consent to such repeated effort where only amusement is at stake) the

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reader will have to be, spontaneously, at full cock of attention, a person accustomed to bear things in mind, to carry on a meaning from sentence to sentence, to think in abbreviations ; in other words he will have to be an intellectual as distinguished from an impulsive or image-full person. In this sentence we get the equivalent as subject-matter, of this singular intellectuality and judicialism of form : "What could it be, . . . but the *sense* that Chad was . . . as good as *he thought*." What I mean is that the thing we are watching, almost hunting, with Strether is not a human being nor an animal, neither is it a locality we are trying to discover ; not even a concrete peculiarity we want to run to ground ; it is the most elusive of psychological abstractions : a *force*, a *sense*, in other words an intellectual residuum of experience, which, being defined, involves a comparison. The question is not : Did Chad do this or that ? but : Did Chad come up to a conception which Strether had formed ? Remark also the logical form (*by elimination*) of "what could it but be," &c.

In the next sentence we again have a comparison of degrees ; and an affirmation of logical necessity—"it seemed *somehow* as if he couldn't but be as good from the moment he wasn't as bad." I have underlined the *somehow*. For it denotes a scientific habit, accepting a fact with the reservation that at some future time an obscure part of it will be understood ; it is a sign of careful classing of known and unknown.

In the next sentence we have an acknowledged parenthesis, a forestating of a logical objection or question : "There was a succession of days, at all events, when contact with him—and in its immediate effect, as if it could produce no other—elbowed out of Strether's consciousness everything but itself." Indeed the parenthesis is a double one, for inside the fact of being told that it was the immediate effect of the contact we are also assured (lest we should stray off to other possibilities) that "it could produce no other." Nay, in the beginning of the sentence there is another clause : "at all events."

Let me stop to say that I quite understand that such qualifying sentences may, at the first critical glance, seem padding, like the "he said"—"says I"—of uneducated people ; mere

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attempts to gain time to deal with disorderly thought. But I believe that they here betoken, and provoke, a subdivision of meaning, an act of intellectual care and prudence. Similarly, take note of the expression "*succession of days*": a less analysing and classifying writer would have been satisfied with "there were days." In the next sentence after that we have "Little Bilham pervaded the scene," Little Bilham being thereby volatilised into a thin essence; the elision meaning "the fact or existence or idea of Little Bilham pervaded," &c. With, however, a proviso "*but Little Bilham became*," &c. Is this proviso going to restore to Little Bilham any of his forfeited concreteness? You little know Henry James if you think that! For the proviso proceeds to make Little Bilham into "one of the numerous forms of the inclusive relation"; nay, he grows into a complex abstraction "in a higher degree than he had originally been." What nouns we have here! *Form, Relation, Degree!* And for adjectives and adverbs, *numerous, higher* (meaning more intense) and *originally*. And if we go on to the full stop we add "a consequence promoted, to our friends' sense, by two or three incidents without which we have yet to make acquaintance." In all this sentence only two words "Little Bilham" have a concrete meaning, give a visual image; and even Strether becomes "our friend," that is to say gets considered not as anything tangible or visible, but as a relationship. Meanwhile we have added to the nouns of the first half-sentence "*consequence, friend, sense, incidents, and acquaintance*," to the adjectives nothing! And to the verbs *promoted* and *make*, which merely represent alterations of intensity and valuation in these abstract nouns. I almost believe that my analysis is less abstract than this sentence out of a novel! But now comes a change. The next sentence is not only concrete but picturesque: "Waymarsh himself, for the occasion, was drawn into the eddy, it absolutely, though but temporarily, swallowed him down; and there were days when Strether seemed to bump against him as a sinking swimmer might brush against a submarine object." Here we have an *eddy*; the eddy *swallows* Waymarsh; and he and Strether are *sinking swimmers*, bumping against *submarine objects*. But even this is qualified with

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abstractions ; it is “ for the occasion ” and “ absolutely though but temporarily,” and it is governed, if not grammatically, at least in intention, by the verb *seem*. For in the next sentence, “ The fathomless medium held them,” &c., we learn that “ Chad’s manner was the fathomless medium ”—sufficiently abstract !

There is once more a curious concreteness in the continued metaphor : “ they passed each other in their deep immersion with the round, impersonal eye of silent fish.” Of course it only *felt* like this to Strether. But it feels like this to the reader ; and this thoroughly carried out picture is probably what enables the reader to live on through more abstraction. If I may talk in an Irish manner, we seem to take a provision of breath in that concrete metaphorical world (even though a submarine one) sufficient for a continued walk in the rarefied atmosphere of the real story. This metaphor is a master-stroke. But this metaphor has awakened a sense of the concrete, and he caps it with a comparison, that of the exhibition at school “ and the shade of discomfort . . . resembled not a little the embarrassment he had known, at school, when members of his family had been present at exhibitions. He could perform before strangers, but relations were fatal,” &c.—actually rising to the dramatic point where Waymarsh, transformed into the schoolboy’s relative, seems to cry “ Strike up ! ” The tendency to concrete thought continues : “ He had struck up, so far as he actually could ; Chad knew by this time in profusion what he wanted ; and what vulgar violence did his fellow pilgrim expect of him when he had really emptied his mind ? ” Not only a repetition of the *striking up* which is now metaphorically done by Strether ; but we get “ profusion,” an expression singularly referable to concrete things ; then “ vulgar violence,” then “ fellow pilgrims,” then “ emptied his mind.”

In the next sentences we get “ bottom of things,” “ wasting virtue”—“ dip ” (in the sense of dipping in water), and finally so definite an image as “ parleying with the foe.” But all this concrete metaphor does not prevent our having had, in these hundred words or so—“ so far as he actually could ”—“ wanted ”—“ expect ”—“ really ”—“ somehow ”—“ fairly explicit ”—“ at that rate.” And it is quite proper that the most conspicuous

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sentence of these hundred words should be "I told you that you'd lose your immortal soul," for the whole business is one of souls.

What the people do has no importance save as indicating what motives and what spiritual manners they have, and how these affect the consciousness of their neighbours. And, in these five hundred words, a considerable amount of extremely vivid feeling of concrete things becomes merely so much metaphor, illustrating surely subjective relations.

"Alles Tangible," one might say, paraphrasing *Faust*, "ist nur ein Gleichniss."

Let us now examine the subtle working of these five hundred words.

How is it that all this is not vague, *swimmy*, and merely wearisome? How is it that we have not to clutch on to the meaning as on to that of a metaphysical treatise?

Because, I think, of the splendid variety, co-ordination, and activity of the verbal tenses.

In the first sentence, "They remained with him, these words, promising him, in their character of warning, considerable help"; there is the passage from one real nominative (*these words*) to another (*their character*), through the "promising him," followed immediately by a change of active into passive, "but the support he tried to draw from them found itself . . . defeated by," &c. Then the sudden interrogation—"What could it be," &c.—and the concatenation of parenthetically placed verbs, pressing on each other, "but the sense, constantly renewed, that Chad *was*—quite in fact insisted on being—" &c. Here the parenthetical holding back merely hurls the meaning along with accumulated force. The immediately following sentences, "It seemed somehow as if he couldn't but be," &c., "There was a succession of days," &c., "Little Bilham, once more," &c., seem to me perfect models of clearness and cogency. The sense is abstract, far-fetched; but how the fine ordering of the verbs forces us to go right through, with no gaping or wondering, no shirking of any part of the meaning. It is useless to go through the whole five hundred words because the remark would always be the same. With what definiteness this man sees his way through

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the vagueness of personal motives and opinions, and with what directness and vigour he forces our thought along with him ! This is activity, movement of the finest sort, although confined to purely psychological items. And it is in virtue of this strong, varied, co-ordinated activity forced on to our mind, that we fail to feel the otherwise degrading effect of what is, after all, mere gossip.

These are storms in tea-cups ; but under the microscope of this wonderful writer, what gales, currents, eddies, whirlpools, Scylla's seadogs ready to tear, and Charybdis yawning ! We may wind up by repeating that we, like Strether, " waste no virtue in watching Chad."

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Night and Morning in Florence

By Arnold Bennett

I

AMID the infantile fluttering confusion caused by the arrival of the Milan express at Florence railway station, the thoughts of the artist as he falls sheer out of the compartment upon the soft bodies of hold-alls and struggling women, are not solely on the platform. This moment has grandeur. This city was the home of the supreme ones—Dante, Leonardo, Michael Angelo and Brunelleschi. You have entered it. . . . Awe? I have never been aware of sentiments of awe towards any artist, save Charles Baudelaire. My secret attitude to them has always been that I would like to shake their hands and tell them briefly in their private slang, whatever their private slang was, that they had given immense pleasure to another artist. I have excepted Charles Baudelaire ever since I read his correspondence, in which he is eternally trying to borrow ten francs from some one, and if they cannot make it ten—then five. There is something so excessively poignant, and to me so humiliating, in the spectacle of the grand author of *La Charogne* going about among his acquaintance in search of a dollar, that I would only think about it when I wished to inflict on myself a penance. It is a spectacle unique. Like the King of Thule song in Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*, it resembles nothing else of its kind. If the artist does not stand in awe before that monumental enigma of human pride which called itself Charles Baudelaire, how shall the artist's posture be described?

No, I will tell you what occupied the withdrawn and undefiled spaces of my mind as I entered Florence, drifting on the stream of labelled menials and determined ladies with their teeth

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hard-set : Was it more interesting for an artist to be born into a great age of art, where he was beloved and appreciated, if not wholly comprehended, by relatively large masses of people ; where his senses were on every hand indulged and pampered by the caress of the obviously beautiful ; where he lived among equals, and saw himself continually surrounded by innumerable acts creative of beauty ; and where he could feel in the very air a divine palpitation—or, on the other hand, was it more spiritually voluptuous for the artist to be born into a stone age, an age deaf and dumb, an age insensible to the sublime, ignorantly rejecting beauty, and occupying itself with the most damnable and offensive futilities that the soul of an artist can conceive ? For I was going, in my fancy, out of the one age into the other. And I decided, upon reflection, that I would just as soon be in the age in which I in fact was ; I said that I would not change places even with the most fortunate and miraculous of men—Leonardo da Vinci. There is an agreeable bitterness, an exquisite *tang*, in the thought of the loneliness of artists in an age whose greatness and whose epic quality are quite divorced from art. And when I think of the artist in this age, I think of the Invisible Man of H. G. Wells, in the first pride of his invisibility (not yet when he was hunted), walking unseen and seeing amid multitudes, and it is long before anybody in the multitudes even notices the phenomenon of mysterious footmarks that cannot be accounted for ! I like to be that man. I like to think that my fellows are few, and that even I, not having eyes to see most of them, must now and then be disconcerted by the appearance of unaccountable footmarks. There is something beyond happiness, and that is, to know intensely and painfully that you are what you are. The great Florentines of course had that knowledge, but their circumstances were not so favourable as mine to its cultivation in an artist. Therein lay their disadvantage and lies my advantage.

Besides, you do not suppose that I would wish to alter this age by a single iota of its ugliness and its preposterousness ! You do not suppose I do not love it ! You do not suppose I do not wallow in the trough of it with delight ! There is not one stockbroker, not one musical comedy star, not one philanthropic giver of free libraries, not one noble brewer,

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not one pander, not one titled musician, not one fashionable bishop, not one pro-consul, that I would wish away. Where should my pride bitterly exercise itself if not in proving that my age, exactly as it exists now, contains nothing that is not the raw material of beauty? If I wished to do so, I would force some among you to see that even the hotel-tout within the portals of the city of Giotto is beautiful.

II

At dinner I am waited upon by a young and beautiful girl who, having almost certainly never heard of Gabriel d'Annunzio, yet speaks his language and none other. But she wears the apron and the cap of the English parlour-maid, in plenary correctness, and, knowing exactly how I should be served in England, she humours me; and above us is a vaulted ceiling. Such is the terrible might of England. I am surrounded by ladies; the room is crammed with ladies. By the perfection of their virtuosity in the nice conduct of forks alone is demonstrated their ladyship. (And I who, like a savage, cannot eat pudding without a spoon!) There is a middle-aged gentleman, whose eye-glasses are wandering down his fine nose, lost in a bosky dell of women at the other end of the room; and there is myself; and there is a boy, obviously in hades. And there are some fifty dames. Their voices, high, and with the sublime unconscious arrogance of the English, fight quietly and steadily among each other up in the vaulting. "Of course, I used to play cricket with my brothers. But, will you believe me, I've never even seen a football match in my life!" "No, we haven't seen the new rector yet, but they say he's frightfully nice." "Benozzo Gozzoli—ye-es." It is impossible not to believe, listening to these astounding conversations, that nature, tired of imitating Balzac any longer, has now taken to imitating the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

The drawing-room is an English drawing-room—yes, with the *Queen* and the authoress of *Elizabeth and her German Garden* and a Bechstein grand. There are forty-five chairs and easy chairs in it, and fifty ladies; the odd five ladies sit low upon

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hassocks or recline on each other in attitudes of intense affection. And at the other end is a male, neither the man with the pince-nez nor the boy in *hades*, but a third who has mysteriously come out of nothing into existence. I have entered, and I am held, as by a spell, in the doorway, the electric light raining upon me, a San Sebastian for the fatal arrows of the fifty, who fix on me their ingenuous eyes—

And dart delicious danger thence

(to cull an incomparable phrase from one of the secular poems of Dr. Isaac Watts). And now there are more ladies behind me, filling the doorway with hushed expectation. For in the appalling silence, a young sad-orbed creature is lifting a violin delicately from its case on the Bechstein, at which waits a sister-spirit. "Do tell me," says an American voice, intrepidly breasting the silence, "what was that perfectly heavenly thing you played last night—was it Debussy? We thought it must be Debussy." And the violinist answers: "No; I expect you mean the Goltermann. It *is* pretty, isn't it?" And as she holds up the violin, interrogating its strings with an anxious and a critical ear, I observe that beneath the strings lies a layer of rosin-dust. Thirty years ago, in the fastnesses of the Five Towns, amateurs used to deem it necessary to keep their violins dirty in order to play with the soulfulness of a Norman Neruda. I would have been ready to affirm that observation of the cleanliness of the instruments of professionals had killed the superstition long since; but lo, I have tunnelled the Simplon to meet it again!

I go. Somehow, I depart, beaten off as it were with great loss. I plunge out into dark Florence, walking under the wide projecting eaves of Florence to avoid the rain. And in my mind I can still see the drawing-room, a great cube of light, with its crowded frocks whose folds merge one into the next, and the Bechstein, and the strains of Goltermann, and the attentive polite faces, and that sole man in the corner like a fly on a pin. I have run away from it. But I know that I shall go back to it and that my curiosity will drink it to the dregs. For that drawing-room is to the working artist in me the most impressive and the most interesting thing in Florence. And when I reflect

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that there are dozens and dozens of it in Florence, I say that this age is the most romantic age that ever was.

III

I know where I am going, for my first business in entering a town, whether Florence, Hull, or Constantine, is always to examine the communicative posters on its walls and to glance through its newspapers. There is a performance of Spontini's *La Vestale* at the Teatro Verdi. Nothing, hardly, could have kept me away from that performance, which in every word of its announcement seems to me overpoweringly romantic. The name of Verdi alone. . . . I heard Verdi late in my life, and in Italy, long after I knew by rote all the themes in *Tristan* and *Die Meistersinger*, after *Pélleas et Mélisande* had ceased to be a novelty at the Paris Opéra Comique, after even the British discovery of Richard Strauss, and I shall never forget the ravishing effect on me of the first act of *La Traviata*; no, nor the tedium of the other acts. I would go to any theatre named Verdi. Then Spontini! What is Spontini but a name? Was it possible that I was about to hear an actual opera by this antique mediocrity whom Sir George Grove might well have invented out of his own head, to fill up a volume of his dictionary? Had anybody ever heard an opera by Spontini?

The shabbiness of the *façade* and of the box-office, and of the suits of the disillusioned but genial men within the box-office—men who knew the full meaning of existence! A seat in the *parterre* for two liri—say one and sevenpence halfpenny—it is making a gift of the spectacle! The men take my two liri with an indulgent gesture, exclaiming softly with their eyes and hands: "What are two liri more or less in the vast abyss of our deficit? Throw them down!" Then I observe that my ticket is marked *posto distinto*—prominent seat, distinguished seat. Useless to tell me that it means nothing! It means much to me: another example of Italian politeness, at once exquisite and futile. Would the earls in the gate at Covent Garden, even for thirty-two liri on a Melba night, offer me a distinguished seat? . . . Long stone corridors, steps up, steps down, turnings,

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directive cries echoing amid arches, and then I am in the auditorium, vast.

It is as big as Covent Garden, and nearly as big as La Scala. It has six galleries, about a hundred boxes, and four varieties of seats on the ground floor. My distinguished seat is without the first quality of a seat—yieldingness. It does not acquiesce. It is as hard as seasoned wood can be, though roomy and well situated. And in a corner, lying against the high rampart of a box for ten people, I see negligently piled a great pyramid of ancient red cushions, scores and scores of them. And a little old ragged attendant comes and whispers alluringly, delicately in my ear: “Cuscina?” Two sous would hire it and a smile thrown in. But no, I won’t have it. I am too English to have that cushion. . . . The immense theatre, faced all in white marble, with traces here and there in a box of crimson upholstery, is as dim as a church. There are hundreds of electric bulbs, but unlighted: the sole illumination comes from a row of perfectly mediæval gas-burners along the first gallery. After all, economy must obtain somewhere. I count an orchestra of over seventy living players; the most numerous body in the place: somehow they must support life. Over the acreage of the *parterre* are sprinkled a few dozens of audience. There is a serried ring of faces lining the fifth gallery, to which admittance is tenpence, and another lining the sixth gallery, to which admittance is sixpence. The rest is not even paper.

Yet a spruce and elegant conductor rises and the overture begins, and the orchestra proves that its instruments are real; and I hear Spontini, and for a little while enjoy his faded embroideries. And the curtain goes up on “a public place in Rome,” upon a scale as spacious as Rome itself. Everything is genuine. There are two leading sopranos, one of whom is young and attractive, and they both have powerful and trained voices, and sing like the very dickens. No amateurishness about them! They know their business; they are accomplished and experienced artists. No hesitations, no timidities, no askings for indulgence because really I have only paid two liri! Their fine voices fill the theatre with ease, and would easily fill Covent Garden to the back row of the half-crown gallery. The same

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with the tenor, the same with the bass. Spontini surges onward in an excellent concourse of multitudinous sound, and I wonder what it is all about. I have a book of the words, but owing to the unfortunate absence of Welsbach mantles I cannot read it. I know it must be all about a vestal who objected to being a vestal, an account of a military uniform, and I content myself with this grand central fact. Then the stage brightens, and choruses begin to march on; one after another; at least a dozen: soldiers, wrestlers, populace, dancers, children. Yes, the show is complete even to ragamuffins larking about in the public place in Rome. I count a hundred people on the stage. And all the properties are complete. It is a complete production and an expensive production—except probably in the detail of wages. For in Italy *prime donne* with a *répertoire* of a dozen or fifteen first-class rôles seem to go about the streets dressed like shop-girls. I have seen it. All this is just as exciting to me as the Church of S. Croce, even as explained by John Ruskin with a school-master's cane in his lily-hand.

Interval! I go to the refreshment *foyer* to see life. And now I can perceive that quite a crowd of people has been hidden somewhere in the nooks of the tremendous theatre. The large *café* is crammed. Of course, it is vaulted, like everything in Florence. The furniture of the *café* is strangely pathetic in its forlornness: marble-topped mahogany tables, and mahogany chairs in faded and frayed crimson rep. Furniture that ought to have been dead and buried long ago! The marble is yellow with extreme age and use. These tables and chairs are a most extraordinary survival; in a kind of Italian Louis Philippe style, debased First Empire; or it might be likened to earliest Victorian. Once they were new; once they were the latest thing. For fifty years perhaps the management has been meaning to refurnish the *café* as soon as it could afford. The name of the theatre has been changed, but not those chairs nor that marble. And conceivably the sole waiter, gliding swiftly to and fro with indestructible politeness, is their contemporary. The customers are the equivalent of a music-hall audience in these isles. They smoke, drink, and expectorate with the casualness of men who are taking a rest after Little Tich. They do not go to the opera

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with prayer and fasting and the score. They just stroll into the opera. Nor does the conductor, nor do the players, have the air of high priests of art who have brought miracles to pass. And I know what those two sopranos are talking about upstairs. Here opera is in the bones of the rabble. It is a tradition : a tradition in a very bad way of decayed splendour, but alive yet.

For the second act the auditorium is brighter, and fuller, though the total receipts would not pay for five minutes of Caruso alone. The place looks half full and is perhaps a third full. Behind me a whole series of first-tier boxes are occupied by a nice, cheerful, chattering shop-keeping class of persons, simple folk that I like. A few soldiers are near. Also there is a man next but one to me who cannot any longer deprive himself of a cigarette. He bows his head and furtively strikes a match, right in the middle of the theatre, and for every puff he bows his head, and then looks up with an innocent air, as though repudiating any connection with the wisp of smoke that is floating aloft. Nobody minds. The curtain rises on the interior of the Temple, a beautiful and solid architectural scene, much superior to anything in the first act, whose effect was rich and complex without being harmonious. The vestal is attending to the fire. When the military uniform unostentatiously enters, I feel that during an impassioned dialogue she will go and let that fire out. And she does. Such is the second act. I did not see the third. I shall never see it. I convinced myself that two acts of Spontini were enough for me. It was astonishing that even in Florence Spontini had not been interred. But clearly, from the efficiency, assurance, and completeness of its production, *La Vestale* must have been in the Florentine *répertoire* perhaps ever since its composition, and a management selling seats at two lire finds it so much easier to keep an old opera in the *répertoire* than to kick it out and bring in a new one. I had savoured the theatre, and I went, satisfied ; also much preoccupied with the financial enigma of the enterprise, where indeed the real poetry of this age resides. Whence came the money to pay the wages of at least a couple of hundred skilled persons, and the lighting and the heating and the rent, and the

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advertisement, and the thousand minor expenses of such an affair ?

When I reached the abode of the ladies it was all dark and silent. I rang, intimidated. And one of those young and beautiful girls (no, not so young and not so beautiful, but still—) in her exotic English attire opened the door. And with her sleepy eyes she looked at me as if saying : “ Once in a way this sort of thing is all very well, but please don’t let it occur too often. I suffer.” A shame ! And I crept contrite up the stairs, and along passages between hidden rows of sleeping ladies. And there was my Baedeker lying on the night-table, and not a word in it about Florentine opera and the romance thereof.

IV

Rain still ! Florentine rain, the next morning, steady and implacable ! They come down to breakfast, those fifty ladies ; not in a cohort, but in ones and twos and threes, appearing and disappearing, so that there are never more than half a dozen hovering together over the white and almost naked tables. They glance momentarily at the high windows and glance away, crushing by a heroic effort of self-control, impossible to any but women of the north, the impulse to criticise the order of the universe. Calm, angular, ungainly, long-suffering, and morose, Cimabue might have painted them ; not Giotto. Their garb is austere, flannel above the zone and stuff below ; no ornament, no fluffiness, no enticement ; but passably neat, save for the untidy, irregular buttoning of the bodice down the spine. And note that they are fully and finally dressed to be seen of men ; all the chill rites have been performed ; they have not leapt straight from the couch into a peignoir, after the manner of Latin women—those odalisques at heart ! They are astoundingly gentle with each other, cooing sympathetic inquiries, emitting kind altruistic hopes, leaning intimately towards each other, fondling each other, and even sweetly kissing. They know by experience that strict observance of a strict code is the price of peace. In that voluntary mutual captivity, so full of enforced, familiar contacts, the error of a moment might produce a

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thousand hours of purgatory. . . . A fresh young girl comes swinging in, and with a gesture of which in a few years she will be incapable, caresses the chin of her desiccated mamma. And the contrast between the two figures, the thought of what lies behind the one and what lies before the other, inured so soon to this existence—is poignant. The girl perceptibly droops in that atmosphere ; flourish in it she cannot. And the smiles and the sweetness continue in profusion. Nevertheless I feel that I am amid loose nitro-glycerine : one jar, and the whole affair might be blown to atoms, and the papers would be full of “mysterious fatal explosion in a pension at Florence.” The danger-points are the jam-pots and the honey-pots and the marmalade-pots, of which each lady apparently has her own. And when one of them says to the maid (all in white at this hour, as is meet) : “This is not my jam—I had more,” I quake at the conception of the superhuman force which restrains the awful bitterness in her voice. A matter of an instant ; but in that instant, in that fraction of an instant, the tigress has snarled at the bars of the cage and been dragged back. It is marvellous. It is terrifying.

We talk. We talk to prove our virtuosity in the nice conduct of the early meal. I learn that they have been here for months, and that they will be here for months. And that next year it may be Rome, or more possibly Florence again. Florence is inexhaustible, inexhaustible.

I mention the opera. I assert that there is such a thing as an opera.

“Really !” Politeness masking indifference.

I say that I went to the opera last night.

“Really !” Politeness masking a puzzled, an even slightly alarmed surprise.

I say that the opera was most diverting.

“Really !” Politeness masking boredom.

The opera is not appraised in the guide-books. The opera is no part of the official museum. Florence is a museum, and nothing but a museum. Beyond the museum they do not admit that anything exists ; hence nothing exists beyond it. They do not scorn the rest of Florence. The rest of Florence simply

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has not occurred to them. Pride of the Medicis, bow before this pride, sublime in its absolute unconsciousness !

V

That morning I made my way in the rain to the Strozzi Palace, which palace is for me the great characteristic building of Florence. When I think of Florence, I do not expire in ecstasy on the syllables of Duomo, Baptistry, or Palazzo Vecchio, or even Bargello. The Strozzi Palace is in my mind. Possibly I merely prefer it to the Riccardi Palace because I cannot by paying fivepence invade it and add it up. The Strozzi Palace still holds out against the northern hordes. Filippo Strozzi, as to whom my ignorance is immaculate, must have united in a remarkable degree the qualities of savagery, austere arrogance, and fine taste ; otherwise he would never have approved Maiano's plans for this residence and castle. The dimensions of it remind you of the Comédie Humaine, and it carries rectangularity and uncompromising sharpness of corners to the last limit. In form it is simply a colossal cube, of which you can only appreciate the height by standing immediately beneath the unfinished roof-cornice, the latter so vast in its beautiful enlargement of a Roman model that nobody during five hundred years has had the pluck to set about and finish it. Then you can see that in size the Strozzi ranks with cathedrals, and that the residential part of it, up in the air, only begins where three-storey houses end.

To appreciate its beauty and its moral you must get away from it, opposite one of its corners, so as to have two *façades* in perspective. The small arched windows of the first and second storeys are all that it shows of a curve. Rather finicking these windows, the elegant trifling of a spirit essentially grim ; some are bricked up, some show a gleam of white-painted interior woodwork, and others have the old iron-studded shutters. The lower windows are monstrously netted in iron to resist the human storm. The upper windows may each be ten feet high, but they are mere details of the *façades*, and the lower windows might be square port-holes. See the two perspectives sloping away from you under the tremendous eaves, a state-entrance in the middle

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of each ! See the three rows of torch or banner holders and the marvellous iron lanterns at the corners ! Imagine the place lit up with flame on some night of the early sixteenth century, human beings swarming about its base as at the foot of precipices. Imagine the lights out, and the dawn, and the day-gloom of those ill-lighted and splendid apartments. Imagine the traditional enemies of the Medicis trying to keep themselves warm therein during a windy Florentine winter ! Imagine, from the Strozzi Palace, the ferocious altercations, and the artistic connoisseurship, and the continuous ruthless sweating of the common people, which made up the lives of the masters of Florence—and you will formulate a better idea of what life was than from any church ! This palace is a supreme monument of grim force tempered by an exquisite sense of beauty. With the exception of an intervening cornice which has had a piece knocked out of it, and the damaged plinth, it stands now as it did at the commencement. Time has not accepted the challenge of its sharp corners. It might have been constructed ten years ago by Foster and Dicksee.

I go up to one of the state entrances and peep in, shamefacedly. For it is a private house. At the far end of the archway is a magnificent iron grille, and I can see a delicately arched courtyard, utterly different in style from the exterior, fruit of another brain ; and beyond the courtyard, a glimpse of a fresco and the vista of the state entrance in the opposite *façade*. At each corner of the courtyard the rain is splashing down, evidently from high open spouts, splashing with a loud, careless, insolent noise, and the middle of the courtyard is a pool continuously pricked by thousands of rain-drops. The glass of the large lamp swinging in the draught of the archway is broken. A huge lackey in uniform strolls in front of the grille and lolls there. I move instinctively away, for if anybody recoils before a lackey it is your socialist.

Then I see a lady hurrying across the square enveloped in a great cloak and sheltered beneath an umbrella. She makes straight for the state entrance, and passes me, dripping up the archway. I say to myself :

“ She belongs to the house. Now I am going to see the

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gates yield. The lackey was expecting her." And I had quite a thrill at sight of this living inhabitant of the Strozzi Palace.

But no! She went right up to the grille, as though the lackey was in prison and she visiting him; and stopped there and stared silently into the courtyard. The lackey, dumfounded and craven, moved off. She had only come to look. This was her manner of coming to look. I ought to have divined by the solidity of her heels that she was one of ours; not one of my particular band at breakfast, but in Florence there are dozens upon dozens of such breakfasts every morning, and from some Anglican breakfast she had risen.

VI

Our breakfast took place in a palace. Not the Strozzi, not nearly so large nor so fine as the Strozzi, but a real Florentine palazzo. It has been transformed within to suit the needs and the caprices of those stern ladies. They have come, and they have come again, and they have calmly insisted and they have had their will. Hygienic appliances authentically signed by the great English artists in this *genre*! Radiators in each room! Electric bulbs over the bed and in the ceiling! Iron beds! The inconvenient height of the windows from the floor lessened by a little wooden platform on which are a little chair and a little table and a little piece of needlework and a little vase of flowers! . . . Steadily they are occupying the palaces, each lady in her nook, and the slow force of their will moulds even the granite to the desired uses.

Why do they come? It cannot be out of a passion for the great art of the world. Nobody who had a glimmering of the real sense of beauty could dress as they dress, move as they move, buy what they buy, or talk as they talk. They mingle in their heads Goltermann with Debussy, and Botticelli with Maude Goodman. Their drawing-room is full of Maude Goodman in her rich first period. . . . It cannot be out of a love of history, for they never unseal their lips in a spot where history has been made without demonstrating in the most painful manner an entire lack of historical imagination. They nibble daintily at

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crumbs of art and of archæology in special booklets which some of themselves have written and others of themselves have illustrated, and which make the coarse male turn with an almost animal satisfaction to Carl Baedeker or even the Reverend Herbert H. Jeaffreson, M.A. It is impossible that these excellent creatures, whose only real defect has to do with the hooks and eyes down their spines, can ever comprehend the beauty and the significance of that by which they are surrounded. They have not the temperament. Temperamentally, they would be much more at home in Riga. Also it is impossible to believe that they are happy in Florence. They do not wear the look of joy. Their gestures are not those of happiness. Nevertheless they can only be in Florence because they have discovered that they are less unhappy here than at home. What deep malady of society is it that drives them out of their natural frame—the frame in which they are comely and even delectable, the frame which best sets off their finer qualities—into unnatural exile and the poor despised companionship of their own sex ?

And what must be the force of that malady which drives them ! The long levers that ultimately exert their power on the palaces of Florence are worked from England. Behind each of these solitary ladies, in the English background, there must be a mysterious male—relative, friend, lawyer, stockbroker—advising, controlling, forwarding cheques and cheques and cheques, always. These ladies, economically, are the dolls of a financial system. Or you may call them the waste products of an arthritic civilisation. What a force is behind them, that they should possess themselves of another age and genius, and live in it as conquerors, modifying manners, architecture, and even perhaps language ! The cloaked lady in front of the grille shall, if you choose, fairly be likened to a barbarian on the threshold of a philosopher's dead court ; but as regards mere force, one may say that in her the Strozzi are up against an equal.

A Wind-Blown Rose

By Frederick Niven

I HAD met him at our club and we had become strong friends. People say there are no friendships like those made early in life ; but there is a friendship that follows close on that, namely friendship formed late in life by those who are in its backwaters, out of the activities and hence lonely and glad of friends of like thought that are not likely to be filched from them by life—only by Death.

“ You have often wondered, have you not ? ” he said.

“ Yes,” said I, “ I have wondered. But, of course, it is none of my business.”

“ It is like you to say that,” he said. “ But I wish to tell you. I am getting an old man, but my heart is as young as ever. Hark ! ” he said. “ Do you hear the bell ? ”

The bell was booming now over the sunlit summer city.

“ I heard it with her, so, in one of our greatest days. I must tell you.”

“ You might be sorry afterwards,” said I. “ One is not always in the mood for telling. You might even think that I had—well, pumped you.”

“ No,” said he. “ We know each other too well for that.”

And then he told it.

I do not know how students of psychology might be able to explain the thing ; to me it is merely a mystery—one kind of woman I always find rather tedious ; the kind of woman who is just, as it were, a wet-nurse, the woman who is ever faithful to the sense of motherhood and puts that before all else.

I often regretted the loss of friends of mine who had married such women. For their wives always weaned them from me.

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The wives always won. You see I never fought. I just kept on till I was dropped—till the inevitable came.

It was not that the wives disliked me, or that I gave them a creep, as an immoral man gives a pure woman a creep. But they felt that, when their husbands and I talked together, they lost a hold on their husbands. The wives always won—as is the correct thing. I do not object, nor protest. The visits of my married friends to me would be less frequent and less lengthy. The wives would sign to them to come home, thinking I could not see. It is very tedious.

It was almost a relief when my last friend was married and lost to me irrevocably. There was then no more suspense, no more of being haunted by the knowledge that sooner or later a woman would claim him, and tame him, and show him the error of his ways, and bring him to Earth. "In a wife's lap as in the grave," you remember the sweet, sad lyric, "all airy notions mix with dust."

I do not complain. Woman is here ; and such is the mission of woman, to keep the world a-going and snub those who have other interests in life—and Death.

Well, I was left alone at last. I was just making a name for myself in my profession and sometimes I would be haunted by the hunger to have a woman on my arm in the pride of my achievements, getting on then, you see, a woman on my arm and me breasting through the bloody world and she smiling by me.

You see, by that time, I had come to understand that all talk of a wife as "a companion" was the veriest sweet-seventeen-feeling-for-his-moustache *piffle*. It is not in the rules. Wives are never "companions" to men.

Still, I had hankerings for the wife business. And then I fell in love.

It is all very well to talk of "mind," and the "power of mind" ; but to fall in love is to fall in love.

I had seen her several times and she was always with a different man. I called her a flirt, and then a beast, and then a slut, and told myself that she was too disgustingly promiscuous for words, and that such women should be throttled. I began to see the merit in the women who had married and settled my old

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friends—the comparative merit. I told myself I should look out for just such a woman as they had married and get the house furnished and buy a new grand piano and some knick-knacks and settle too—always taking for granted, of course, that the woman could be found willing.

Then one day I met—this girl of whom I tell you ; I was introduced to her by a highly respectable man who had no idea of the truth of things, for she was a clever woman. She was always just “a friend” ; she had “a way with her with men that won her many friends.”

We did not say much, just the usual trivial things ; but I found one thing : she had the sense of humour !

You know what that means. She saw real humour—not the humour of a man going down two steps and then, on stepping for the level, finding there were three steps ; but the humour of turns of phrase, of quip, and that not broad, but subtle.

Then I lost sight of her. She was gone a long time out of my ken and I heard nothing of her.

When she came back again it appeared that she had been on the continent. That was a year later.

We met again in excellent, honourable company. But—well, you know how one surprises looks of eyes, expressions of faces, or veiling of expressions ? These things told me a lot.

Then I saw her again, just as of yore, always in the society of men. We met and she gradually spoke more to me. We became “friends.” I took her for a drive. I took her on the river. Ah God ! Those days on the river ! Well—I loved her !

The queer thing was, that, when I took her up, there seemed to be no one else who wanted her. When I was not with her now she was alone.

Then I noticed, walking behind her one day, overhauling her slowly, for she was walking very quickly, that she met three ladies who were friends of old—and they passed without recognition.

I made up on her and bowed.

The look in her face was as usual. She wore a calm, inscrutable face, but she could not hide her eyes from me—and they were full of something that was not exactly sadness, not exactly

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remorse. I read it as a sign that the game was up ; that she was *tapu*, marked down, that she had gone too far for any one to pretend they didn't know. Just as we came level we met one of her former men friends. He was evidently suddenly interested in something in a window and did not see us.

Now, you know me ; you know that that is just the sort of thing that tones me up like a cold bath. I felt that I was about to have an added relish in her society and hoped we might meet everybody—the just and the unjust alike.

Not that the girl was moral. She was absolutely promiscuous. And yet she fascinated me. She lured me. But she lured me in such a strange way.

I was sure that never any of her lovers had been lured just in that way. She had picked up this and that of cleverness and knowledge from her lovers. A woman of her kind picks up something from men—a wife only picks up a husband—and the result was that she could talk on affairs, which none of my married friend's wives could do for long without showing the trick.

And still she fascinated me.

But it was a curious fascination. I felt always that there was something behind this engaging picture of a woman, something which I must discover. And mind—there was no love-making so far.

Then she told me, one day, her story. I seemed to know it already ; but the curious thing was that it made my love for her no whit less intense.

I felt an infinite pity for her ; I flattered myself that if we had met earlier there would have been none of that story to tell, because it was all due to a certain abandon in her of which I took no advantage, but regretted poignantly.

Yes ; I have lain weeping no tears, the tearless sobs of a man at thought of how she had gone astray so radiantly. For this abandon of hers was, I thought, only a very minor part of her, much of good and great had been neglected, but was inherent. Only no one had watered it with real love—and a woman needs that, to attain the other possibilities in her, those that are not merely of their sex, functional.

“ You will loathe me now,” she said, having told me.

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I caressed her, almost my first caress, perhaps my first real caress.

"No," I said, and I sighed I think, for I was sad, and yet curiously joyful that she had told me.

All through her story, as she talked, I felt that she was to blame; she had made no fights, sought nothing different. Open-eyed she had gone her way of drives into places out of town where one pays and no questions are asked, of luncheons and quiet little dinners with glitter of silver and low lamps and the waiter withdrawing discreetly after the coffee and cigarettes.

She lit a cigarette after she had told me her story; but it smoked between her fingers, uncared for.

"Why have you told me?" I asked.

"Because I have seen passion in your eyes at times, and I do not wish it—that is why I've told you the kind of woman I am."

"I have known it all along," said I.

She turned and looked on me puzzled, as if afraid.

"Then you are a stranger man than I took you for. I thought you were a hesitating man—never leap before you look."

"O Lord no!" said I.

"I was right in one thing," she said. "At least, knowing my story, you will be pitiful."

"I am that already," I said, and took her in my arms and she lay back contented. I asked her, "Are you contented?" She said "yes" softly.

"And happy?" I asked.

She said "yes" gently.

Then I thought of my people: for—you may think it curious but—I wanted to have her always to look after, to bring out all the other dormant possibilities. But I thought of what my sister would say. Her discerning eyes would read this girl's soul. I thought of my mother: blind and old she would yet, touching this girl's hand, if I took her home, know all. There came to my head: "We have met late, it is too late to meet" of Elizabeth Browning. Women, I think, feel all these tragic things in life. I saw as it were my sister's eyes in the dusk of the garden where we

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sat by the little table, the silver-ware paling to the dusk and the place rich with evening rose-scent.

A cat came out and leapt into her lap and curled down, purring, to sleep.

"Yes," I thought, "she is to blame; but if there were no men to take advantage of such temperaments, and if we had met long ago, I should have waked, fully, these other things in her that made it possible for her to mix in society and talk as sensibly on any theme as my married friends' wives—and on most themes much more sensibly, on some brilliantly:" but there was always that mist came in her eyes and blinded her.

I felt stunned, unable to think what I ought to do. Was she throwing herself at me, taking me for an idiot who would take her up, make her comfortable after her butterfly ways? If so, why had she told me her story?

It was about that time that I came across the Japanese proverb: "It is a terrible thing to love a courtesan;" and I knew what the maker of that proverb must have felt. You are happy if you do not understand it. I made up my mind not to love her; but when I saw her one day talking to a young man in leggings and tweeds who had dismounted from his horse to talk to her I was filled with jealousy. I was jealous of the *amours* of a courtesan!

But I refused to show my jealousy. To show jealousy is to give the measure of one's love. She saw me pass, and bowed.

I did not call on her. We simply met again during the next days, and I talked to her just as though I had no real interest in whether she had still other "friends" of my sex or not.

We talked of various things and I was amazed at her ease, and amazed at my own ridiculous love for her, for I longed to take her to my breast and was restrained because of a curious sense of adoration for her. She seemed to me sacred, despite all I knew. She was to me as sacred as Santa Teresa or the Blessed Virgin, though I knew she had been kissed a thousand times. The quaint thing was that her face did not look evil. Her lips were not what you might conjecture. I used to think she might have posed for a picture of The Lady of Shalott.

Suddenly she turned on me and said: "Do you love me?"

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Then I told myself that I verily knew her intention. She did desire to get a home—and away from the life she had been leading.

Said I, after a moment's thought :

"I love you more than I can tell—or you understand. It is a curious thing, but thinking of you I am kept pure, life seems a good thing, and all high endeavour desirable. I feel as if I live for you ; as if all my work is done for you ; as if I could front the world—aye, and the Powers of Darkness—for your sake." And then I laughed. It was a bitter laugh I believe. "And behold," said I, "the irony of it, the ridiculous folly of it. . . . Why," I cried suddenly, "why in God's name are you what you are ? Why could you not have waited for me ? You did not know me. But did you never think that if ever a man, *the* man, were to come to you, he must be somewhere now in the wide and magic world, toiling for you——?"

I stopped then, for she lay in my arms looking before her and suddenly she shook with sobs.

And then I went upon the other tack in my mind.

"Tears," thought I, "tears ! Woman's final appeal. She thinks she has me ! She knows my helpless love for her. She knows also my loathing."

But she quickly composed herself. Then she looked up in my face and said :

"It is a pity we have met so late. You might have——" and then she said, in her queer way : "O ! Damn ! Give me a light for my cigarette. It has gone out."

She lit it and said she : "And you would do anything for me ?"

"I would," I said quite calmly. "All my heart says so But as it is I intend to say Good-bye to you for ever."

She nodded.

"Yes," she said. "I know. You will never marry any one."

"How do you know ?" I asked.

"I feel it," she said. "And you love me very, very deeply. I have never known anything like it for greatness and tenderness."

"I should think not !" I snorted. You know how a man gets angry at these comparisons or suggestions.

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"O girl, girl," I said. "When we lost sight of you for a year and you went to the continent—was that—was it?"

"Yes," she said. "Does that weigh with you?"

"No," I said. "I am fool enough to wish to look after you both for ever. But—I am going away from you instead. But if you should ever want me—it is not likely you will—write. I shall be annoyed if you do not."

"You are very good," she said. "By the way, if you had asked me to marry you, as you are mad enough to do, I should never have consented. I love you too well."

I saw her home then. She was shivering when she left me and I told her to take something hot. She looked fragile somehow.

The next I heard—she was dead of pneumonia.

The doctor had a message for me. Doctors are reticent men; but I saw that, whatever he thought, he did not despise me.

"I was to tell you," he said, "to remember your love; and I promised to give you this."

The "this" was merely an envelope containing information about her child's whereabouts.

I read it with a breaking heart. The doctor had not gone, for I had opened the envelope at once, in anxiety to know what she would have of me.

"By the way," said the doctor, "I do not think there is anything wrong. The man who has harmed is not the one to whom a dying appeal is made. Sin in itself is selfish and you cannot gather figs of thistles. I am pleased to have met you, sir. It is something to be a little God in the eyes of even——"

"No, no," I said; "do not say that."

"The others would," said he. "Then, "But perhaps you saw the other side. You must have from what she said. I did. Do you know, sir, that a doctor's life is the saddest on God's earth?"

But I had my own sadness and he left me with it.

My friend stopped, pondering. I had forgotten that he had said something about having heard a bell ring, too engrossed in his story to note the omission. I never heard about that, for

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at the moment I had another question to ask and I did not ask afterwards. After all, he had told me enough. He had, belike, heard the bell boom faint over the summer with her, he who had seen the stream flowing fastly past, but flowing ever and had had some thought of the other-worldly wonder of their union, or meeting, and of the evanescence of things and the stars being lit in the night-wind and nothing being certain. I had another question to ask.

“The child ?” I said.

“Yes,” said he, “I brought her here and got a nurse and governess. It was strange having women about after no one but James. She had my name and was to be told that her mother had died in giving her birth—that is when she was old enough to ask things and understand. Poor child ! She was a sweet child, but she was not destined to live ;

“ . . . elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses
L'espace d'un matin.’ ”

The Blesséd Well

By Una Birch

"WHICH is the way to the Well, please? S. Patrick's Well?" I asked of a white-coated herd strolling along the bank of a little river.

"Is it the Blesséd Well ye'd be after finding?" I nodded in reply. "Well it's meself will show you a little bit of the road. 'Tis a great number of people do be seeking the Blesséd Well to-day. Have ye thravelled far?"

"From Finnlough," I replied.

"Oh, back there beyant the mountains: but isn't that a great way to be coming and the day so close. Did ye walk maybe?"

"No, I came by car to the village there. Look here, please don't trouble to walk to the Well *with* me. Couldn't you just point me out the way?"

"Sure an' I could." He lifted his stick in the direction of the sea and said, "You see the grave-yard on yonder hill and the little church with no roof in it at all—just the four walls standing? It's near them trees below the grave-yard that you'll be finding the Blesséd Well."

"Thank you very much; then I'll cross the fields here and make straight for the grave-yard. The bog beyond is quite dry, I suppose?"

"It's every bit as dry as the white road itself."

"Thank you for showing me the way!" and I smiled my farewell.

"Not at all! for nothing!" said the herd with courtesy, "but I'll be coming with you a little further. You should not, and you a stranger, be thravelling the mountain alone."

Together we left the river-bank, and began to cross the little stone-walled fields.

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"Is it a long walk to go from here to the top of Croagh Patrick?" I inquired as I looked at the steep outline of its cone against the unclouded sky. The mountain of pilgrimage, the holiest spot in all Mayo, seemed close and accessible in the clear morning sun.

"Patrick's Reek, is it? It is not. You go beyond to Lachanver, and from there two hours walking it is."

"They say there is a chapel up there?"

"There is, and wasn't it a great way for the tradesmen to be going to the building? I do be minding the days when there was no chapel—four years back it may be."

"I thought of trying to get up there this afternoon," I said tentatively, but was immediately shown how absurd my idea was from a religious point of view. And who would be going up the mountain save to make a station?

"'Twouldn't be a bit of use," said the herd decisively. "It's a day's work when you get up there. They do say the stations is fifteen miles to travel. I went there meself three years ago, and it was a hard day's work and cold—the way it is up there many people do be getting chilled." Breaking off suddenly in his talk he lifted an arm, saying, "There's the Blesséd Well—and a safe journey home to ye."

When we had made our farewells, I looked round and found we had come to a place thronged with people, a place at which many paths converged on to a grave-yard surrounded by a low stone wall. The wall enclosed a few scattered monuments, a roofless chapel and a well surmounted by a cross and encircled by a ditch of shallow water. On either side of the Well's mouth was seated a woman, one old and wrinkled, one young and handsome with a child in her arms. Both were shawled, and both were smoking short clay pipes. These women seemed to be the only stationary figures in the moving crowd. Round and round them, as in some slow country dance, men and women tramped barefooted, picking up and throwing down pebbles as they went, in an unending procession. The two shawled figures held out hands for alms, never ceasing to pray aloud and to invoke the Blesséd Virgin and the Saints. The younger woman with the child droned her demand for charity to those as poorly clad as

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herself, "You wouldn't refuse me a penny for the love ye bear the Lord Jesus," and as her brown fingers closed over the coin, she droned again in joyless accents: "May God reward you! May you never want!" Thus the younger woman; the elder, with more fire and more rhetoric, chanted, "May the Blesséd Virgin, the glorious Queen of Heaven, and all the blessed saints of God protect you from sickness, temptations, and from all the fears that have ever terrified your heart! May you never be deaf nor dumb, and may you be as well this day twelvemonth as you are the day. May you be saved from a sudden and unprovided death, and may you shine like a glorious star in Heaven at the last. God bless all your family in the four corners of the world, wherever they may be, in their going out and coming in. . . ."

Every moment fresh pilgrims arrived along the bohireens and by the footpaths in the fields. They came walking, riding, pillion-wise, or in side-cars; old men, old women, young men, young women, in shawls, bonnets, "bowlers," straw hats. All sat down upon the grass, removed their shoes and stockings before approaching the Well, all save one proud widow in a silk dolman, who preferred to walk with lifted skirts in elastic-sided boots at the edge of the waters of healing, and to kneel only in the clean dry spots upon the rocks. A woman standing by me in the road, which had in it pools of muddy water, was standing barefooted in a dirty puddle when another pilgrim, hurrying towards the Well, accosted her, saying with evident anxiety, "Does the holy wather begin here?"

"It does not," said my neighbour. "I'm only cooling my feet. Don't be minding this wather here at all."

A master of the ceremonies, himself a peasant, was directing the devotions of the pilgrims. To me order appeared out of confusion as the ritual gradually formulated itself in my mind. As each person approached the Well the master of the ceremonies called out, "Once round the Blesséd Well in the Name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and then kneel down facing the Well and say seven Hail Marys, seven Our Fathers and a Creed!" A decent interval ensued, during which the director lit a pipe and looked around on the newcomers.

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Presently he turned to his flock and questioningly said : " Ye're done ? Well then, ye'll take seven stones in yer hands and go round the Well seven times, dropping a stone every time till they're all gone. Then ye'll go round another seven times saying what prayers ye like."

Immediately began a groping for loose stones upon the ground, and those who had collected their handful first started on their round, conscientiously dropping one each time they passed the mouth of the Well. One modernist inquired why it was necessary to take the stones, as he could count, and the director answered :

" Why should you take the stone, is it ? Well ye might be doing it to random, but I won't let ye ! "

Individuals were not neglected by this patient person, for, turning to a woman warmly dressed in red frieze and heavy shawl, he asked, " Have you been round twice seven times, mum ? Then ye'll kneel on the stones there and say five Hail Marys, five Our Fathers and a Creed." Then to a girl rising from the said stones : " Finished, dear ? Then ye'll go to the Rock beyond and say three Hail Marys, three Our Fathers and a Creed."

On " the Rock beyond " works of supererogation were performed. Women twisted round upon the pivot of their knees : some kissed the face of the rock ; some prayed aloud with foreheads pressed against the stone. As they rose from the Rock further directions were issued.

" Go you now to the Abbey and say seven Hail Marys, seven Our Fathers for the souls of them that do be buried in this holy place."

The authority of the director was never questioned. Pathetically eager to perform the station correctly, the people were continually asking of him private instruction to supplement or confirm the general orders. All inquiries he answered with consistent kindness and sympathy :

" Have ye dropped seven stones, mum ? Then ye'll be going round another seven times saying what prayers ye like." Then in a loud whisper to a pretty younger woman : " Is it for yourself or for the dead ? For the dead, is it ? Then 'tis to the

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Abbey ye must be going." Then to an uncertain and foolish looking youth, "Now, young man, I've been watching you. Turn you about as the sun turns to the West three times, and say one Hail Mary, one Our Father, and a creed for the Holy man who put the cross upon this Blesséd Well."

As the pilgrims returned from the Abbey, they were directed to walk through a ditch of water along the wall of the grave-yard. A child was stationed at the end of the ditch to point out where the pilgrims ought to take the water. The proud widow affected not to understand the orders or the child's gestures, and left magnificently for her side-car before completing the station.

Meanwhile, under the broiling August sun, the humbler pilgrims went round and round in all their Sunday finery, weltering in fur tippets, thick shawls and frieze skirts. One man hopped round on crutches, having lost a leg by amputation, and knelt with astonishing agility and balance upon his only knee when the moment came for him to pray.

As I leant over the wall watching the people at their devotions, and the children sitting on the graves trying on the boots of their elders, or filling them up with grass, fragments of talk fell on my ear: "May you have the benefit of your station, mum," said one old man to a woman passing him. The drone of the younger begging woman, "You'd never refuse me a penny for the love ye bear the Lord Jesus," went on continuously, and was sometimes answered: "No, I'll not, but ye must have patience," replied one country woman fumbling in the recesses of her skirt for a blue linen bag, whence a halfpenny was extracted and given. One woman, afraid of not kneeling in the most holy places, kept asking the exact spot on which her knees were to rest. "Is it this stone here on which I should be kneeling, and should I be washing my face with the blessed water?" One woman secured a mug and proceeded to pour some of the holy water into a bottle: then, sniffing the mouth of it suspiciously, she held it out for a neighbour to sniff: "Is it washed out that it is? or is it the whisky that's in it?"

"'Tis hard to be minding your prayers in this crowd," one woman said to me; "Glory be to God, but it's a fine day," another remarked.

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When the pilgrims had walked through the rivulet towards the Well, had turned three times with the westering sun and had said a prayer for the holy man who had put the cross upon the Well, they were free to go. Many, however, did not go, but performed the station again and again for the intention of others, relations, friends who had not been able or willing to come.

Having loitered the summer's morning away by the Well, I set out in the afternoon to climb Patrick's Reek. A long and stony track led up the shoulder of the mountain to a ridge, from which the cone itself like a pyramid sprang into being. An old woman driving a pannier-laden donkey came along the track to gather turf. We spoke about the mountain. Indeed, it was a holy place and many was the time she had walked the road to the Reek above in the old days. Many years earlier there had been "stations" at different points on the way up, at which devotions were performed. These are still to be recognised in crumbling wells and mounds of stone, round which the pious who remember the early days still tread paths.

I asked more about those old days, and what the mountain pilgrimage meant. She said how that S. Patrick had stopped and prayed at each of those ruined stations, and how that "he had fasted forty days and forty nights upon the Reek for our indulgence," and how that he, being after this great while thirsty, walked down the mountain to the south, and how that a blessed Well had sprung up below at Kilgeever to quench his thirst. Then, going back to her own rememberings, she told me how in girlhood she had cut the coarse grass on the slopes of the Reek for thatch, and tying up the bundle had sent it rolling before her into the valley. The turf never "travelled of itself" that way. All her life had been spent going up and down that mountain, and may God rest her feet at the last, for she has no one to toil for her, and she an old and weary woman.

Presently I began the steep climb up the cone. Under me were loose friable slabs of stone, lavender grey in colour, which shifted with a dry, scraping noise as I trod. At last this crumbling path emerged upon a small plateau, whereon was perched a little chapel. A murmur of voices saying the Rosary aloud came to me upon the air, and I saw a group of shawled figures kneeling

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at the chapel door. The view from this mountain top was astounding in its extent and clearness. To the west the islets of Clew Bay, the dark coast of Mallarannee and the serrated cliffs of Achill. To the south the dark mountains of Mayo, holding in their crater-like hollows deep unruffled tarns. Below were shallow lakes and rivers, stretches of bog-land and patches of cultivation. Flat lands extended eastwards to the spires of Tuam. And this was the place from which S. Patrick had exorcised all evil spirits and noisome reptiles from Ireland. On some days of the year, hundreds, no, thousands of persons, men and women, for the good of their souls, climb the path by which I climbed. Mass is said in the tiny chapel with doors flung wide. Sometimes in cloud and rain, when the whole visible world vanishes, sometimes on sunny days like this, but whatever the day, hot or cold, wet or fine, the pilgrims tread the elliptical path about the summit fifteen times, in honour of the Blesséd Virgin and of S. Patrick.

The sun was halfway down the sky when I left the mountain to take one last look at the Blesséd Well. Once there I was glad to sit awhile, and let the sights and fancies of the remote bohireen take possession of me. The tethered horses, the cars with shafts in the air, the throng of simple folk, the eagerness and seriousness of the faces, the murmured prayers, the welcoming of the stranger in their midst, the invocation of the beggars, all struck me with a new meaning. And above, towering over all, the high grey cone of Patrick's Reek, and in the near distance the stark mountains of Connemara.

The human side so touching, so blind, so earnest, set against a background of inhuman magnificent mountains, giving in an instant an overwhelming sense of the futility of human living and human striving. Even the often repeated chant, "May you shine like a glorious star in heaven at the last!" seemed but a mocking refrain.

A magic well with its own ritual and members, a remnant of old pagan worship taken over by the priests as the old pagan feasts were taken over in the early centuries of Christianity. An illicit grave-yard gradually growing round the spot: a chapel built to legalise it: that is the history of such a place. And

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the great cone piercing the skies above, whereon in earlier days grim sacrifices were accomplished with peculiar savage rites, now bears the temple of a gentle Christ and the stations of a meek passion. Dumb cattle-like herds of men and women are impelled to climb those dreary heights as in the earlier days of elemental worship. Tradition urges them from within, priests drive them from without, and through all this compulsion there shines through a something mystical, remote, a reaching after an unknown good, a greater future than those dwellers in thatched cabins beside the wild Atlantic can ever have dimly imaged or divined. Of the primeval days when everything was God, when men saw deity everywhere, Croagh Patrick is a survival. Tracks, circles, stones, rites, enduring to our own day, mark the esteem and consideration bestowed on it by a forgotten people whose thoughts are not our thoughts, but whose race emotions may live yet embedded in our souls, and may prompt such as are apt to be prompted, to respond to the strange impulses which goad us to the surmounting of holy mountains, and of other difficult and awful obstacles, to see into valleys beyond.

The Dramatic Sense

By Gilbert Cannan

THE recent foundation of a Repertory Theatre in London and its achievement make it possible to envisage clearly the state of the drama in England and to diagnose the sickness which is upon it, for within its walls are gathered together the New Drama and the Old Drama, the lion and the lamb. After long enmity they have agreed to lie down together, and lo ! it is the lamb that has eaten up the lion ; it is *Trelawny of the Wells* that holds the boards, while *Misalliance* and *The Madras House* disappear into oblivion. What is presented as light entertainment survives what is presented as serious drama.

If this Repertory Theatre fail, it will fail, not because it is a Repertory Theatre, but because it is conducted by men who are under a misconception as to what is and is not serious drama. A Repertory Theatre can only succeed if the public are convinced that whenever they enter it they will be certain of finding more or less of the pleasure which it is the function of the theatre to provide, and of never being actually bored or offended. In the first four programmes presented by the management of the Repertory Theatre there was offence and there was boredom, because the plays presented as serious were not serious, but intellectual without being imaginative. That is, in fact, an impossibility, for there is no such thing as intellect without imagination, but the champions of the New Drama have taken unto themselves the word "intellectual" and are aided and abetted in their abuse of it by their followers. . . .

Now the most pregnant utterance of recent years on this subject of the serious drama is that of the late J.M. Synge, himself the most serious and most considerable dramatist of our time. In his preface to the *Tinker's Wedding* there occurs this passage :

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"The drama is made serious—in the French sense of the word—not by the degree in which it is taken up with problems that are serious in themselves, but by the degree in which it gives the nourishment, not very easy to define, on which our imagination lives. We should not go to the theatre as we go to a chemist's or a dram-shop, but as we go to a dinner where the food we need is taken with pleasure and excitement. This was nearly always so in Spain and England and France when the drama was at its richest—the infancy and decay of the drama tend to be didactic—but in these days the playhouse is too often stocked with the drugs of many seedy problems, or with the absinthe and vermouth of the latest musical comedy.

"The drama, like the symphony, does not teach or prove anything. Analysts with their problems or teachers with their systems are soon as old-fashioned as the pharmacopœia of Galen—look at Ibsen and the Germans—but the best plays of Ben Jonson and Molière can no more go out of fashion than the blackberries on the hedges. . . .

"Of the things which nourish the imagination humour is one of the most needful, and it is dangerous to limit or destroy it . . . and where a country loses its humour there will be morbidity of mind."

I have underlined the first words of Synge's preface, for they are the touchstone, and when we bring *Misalliance* and *The Madras House* to the test of it—I have chosen them as the most unserious of the dramas presented as serious during the last year or two—we find that they are as a barren field in which no seed will grow. They pretend to be serious plays: they do discuss—though they do not dramatically treat—serious and vital matters, but the imagination is left clamouring for its food and exhausted almost to the point of agony from hunger.

How should that food be in Mr. Shaw's work? It has been his method—perfectly legitimate in the region of the fantastic—to gain his comic effects by denuding his characters of their imagination, and therefore of their most vital elements. The superficial and accidental are left, and it has been very amusing to watch them, until, by a strange fatality that dogged the author, he begat a misconception of his powers and his

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functions. He re-endowed his characters with their most vital elements, but treated those elements also as superficial and accidental, and under these new conditions they cease to be amusing, and instead become monstrous, unnatural, and repulsive—acting according to and obeying neither the laws of this world as it is, nor the laws of the world of Mr. Shaw's fantasy.

It is only the greatest writer who can envisage both worlds and work at will according to both laws. For the most part a writer has to make his choice either to discover the laws of this world, or to beget a world for himself in which he himself is sole legislator and arbiter. Mr. Shaw, apparently, made his choice, and was delightful while he remained in the world of his own creation; but it is a condition of that mode of working and living that the writer shall never once look out upon this world in which we others live. It is a hard condition, but there is no evading it. The *fantaisiste* is never a true dramatist, for he dispenses from the outset with the dramatic sense: he works only with the sense of the theatre. He dispenses with imagination and is busied only with invention. He is never a great writer, for truth is not his affair: he is just a charming liar.

Now Mr. Shaw seems to have a desire to have it both ways, to be both a charming liar and an apostle. An apostle can lie with conviction, but a liar, however charming, cannot tell the truth so as to gain credence. Indeed, he knows it not: he hears it fall from the lips of others, he reads it in the written words of dead apostles—having no faith in the living—but when he speaks it himself it is just a parrot-cry.

In this struggle between the charming liar and the desire to possess an apostolic mission Mr. Shaw seems to have been consumed and broken. His desire is impossible of attainment without renunciation: the world of thought reacts upon the world in which life is lived, there is action and reaction, and unless a fantasy be just a joke, if the fantasy be a serious matter to the creator of it, then he cannot envisage this world, he cannot pronounce upon it without impertinence, and he becomes an artist who has lost his virginity—a Philistine, that is, a person who has lost the capacity for experience.

Now Mr. Barker seems to have looked into this fantastic

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world of Mr. Shaw's—that world where everything, even sex, instinct, and the fundamental emotions are superficial and accidental—and by some strange obliquity of vision to have seen it more beautiful than our world, and having not yet broken with our world to have seized this seeming greater beauty as the candle which shall light him on the way of his apostolic mission.

But the candle is an illusion. And even though it be declared that all is illusion, and that an illusion is real to the victim of it, it is a thousand pities, for the candle is no more than a poor farthing dip that presently must sputter out and leave the misguided and unfortunate apostle in dark and dreadful places. . . .

Already its poor, false light has led him round a wrong corner, and made him who is a responsible official of a great theatrical venture incapable of perceiving the dramatic, incompetent to reach from the stage to the minds and hearts—the hearts are especially important—of his audience and leaves him desperately turning out bricks without straw. A kindly public has looked at those bricks, and then, comparing them with the samples delivered from the Court Theatre in Sloane Square, it has regretfully declined them.

Or to take another trade simile. Suppose that the public were a tailor and had employed Mr. Barker as a trouser-cutter, and suppose then that, falling under a malign enchantment and a strange obsession traceable to the curious sexual ideas of an otherwise benevolent guardian, he insisted on cutting out garments that were half skirt and half trousers. . . . Now, however much he might pretend and declare and swear by all his Gods and his apostolic mission that what he made was better and more useful for the purposes of society than trousers or skirts, the public would have no alternative: it would have to dispense with the unhappy cutter's services. . . .

Let us pray that Mr. Barker will read Shakespeare, Goethe, Heinrich Heine, Turgenev, Bjornson, Euripides, Blake, Shelley and Meredith, and will discern the light that they have cast upon the world, how pale and sickly-smoky it shows the light that he holds in his hand, and know them for men of courage,

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men of light, men of spirit, men of intellect, and all as good revolutionaries and socialists as he could wish.

This bolstering up of intellect divorced from imagination is hurtful. The brain is not an efficient organ by itself: it is a freakish member and with ideas it is like a kitten with a ball of worsted, that it unravels and ends by inextricably enmeshing itself—and in the end the housewife comes with a pair of scissors to cut it free.

Philip Madras in the play has killed his imagination and his sense of humour, and can say, "I hate this farmyard world of sex." There speaks the creature of the fantastic Shaw world endowed only with a sex which is a torment to him, and not that sex which we who have had more fortune know, that sex which by the grace of God, gives us love, liberty, truth, tenderness, warmth, kindness, honesty, chivalry, all the manly and all the womanly virtues. Sex gives us also by the grace of God the dramatic sense. . . . Without sex we should have no drama, and he that from the theatre cries out upon sex does most horribly profane the ground upon which he stands, for it is holy.

And this dramatic sense? It is in all of us so only we preserve our capacity for experience, that is, keep our instinct sharpened and refined for a test to which to bring all that happens to us. It is used unconsciously at moments of crisis, and at such moments brings most of us to a strict economy of words, to restraint, and the fear of being ridiculous—the fear of starting from their lair forces and emotions beyond our control, which by instinct we know to be dangerous, and ruthless in rending from us every shred of honour and glory which we may have taken unto ourselves. It is by the dramatic sense that we perceive, as upon occasion to our great astonishment we do perceive, that other people are human beings like ourselves. It is by the dramatic sense that we have sympathy, and it is the link that binds us all together. In the conflict between the dramatic sense and the conventions is comedy: in the conflict between the dramatic sense and circumstance is tragedy. For instance, when a gentleman in following his dramatic sense is led to the perception of the loveliness of a lady who happens to

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be living apart from her husband, then you have the beginnings of a comedy, which grows in accordance with the degree of respect which the couple have for the social laws and regulations : and when you have so many and such fearful complications that the couple are torn asunder, then you have tragedy—the following of the dramatic sense to no purpose.

It is the business of the true dramatist as of every true artist to give the dramatic sense its proper food, to wake it and set it free, in Synge's phrase " to give the imagination the nourishment by which it lives."

In the making of a dramatist the dramatic sense is the necessary ingredient, but alone it does not suffice. There must also be the sense of the theatre, which suffices for success of the moment but not for enduring fame.

I am afraid he is a rare bird, the true dramatist.

Among successful writers for the stage the effort to acquire the sense of the theatre has most often produced such exhaustion as to leave no room for the dramatic sense, and among the unsuccessful the two senses do so struggle to issue by one small door that they are left locked in inimical embrace upon the threshold, and the fate of the aspirant is too melancholy for description.

By his sense of the theatre the dramatist rouses the curiosity of his audience : by his dramatic sense he satisfies it.

Now in the Old Drama from which Mr. Shaw revolted in the 'nineties the sense of the theatre alone prevailed, very cleverly keeping the curiosity of the audience at stretch until the last fall of the curtain, but in the end sending it empty away. . . . Mr. Shaw very effectively showed the emptiness of the old drama by the simple process of turning it upside down. But then he so much admired his handiwork that he apparently began to think that drama to be true and to be dramatic must be standing on its head. And presently it seemed that the sight of Mr. Shaw's achievement so moved Mr. Barker that it was not enough for him that the drama should be standing on its head, but he set about learning to do it with himself, and accordingly in the *Madras House* we find him doing it.

Mr. Shaw was able to see that the sense of the theatre was

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not enough by itself, but, having no dramatic sense, having gained his hearing he has pretended that it is possible to produce plays in which neither sense appears. He has put upon the boards long dialogues and dialectics, but they are not plays.

The dramatist by his imagination creates certain beings, whom in the persons of his actors he presents upon the stage in such a way as to create in his audience the illusion that they are witnessing actual lives that are being lived, and according as he can satisfy the dramatic sense in his audience does he succeed in creating his illusion.

When the author has no dramatic sense but only the sense of the theatre he does not satisfy, but rather tricks or deludes the dramatic sense in his audience for the time that they are in the theatre, and for that time does provide a certain sort of pleasure—a pleasure legitimate, though of a lower order than that which comes from the direct appeal of the dramatic sense in the author to the dramatic sense in the audience. To give that pleasure is the true end and aim of art, it is permanent, purifying, ennobling, and revealing. . . . Being so great, it is rare.

It is useless to complain that it is rare, but it is permitted to complain that there is so little endeavour to provide it, and when the practitioners of an art deliberately close their eyes to the possibility of giving it, when they pretend to have discovered that it is a poison to be held from humankind, when, having usurped the position of dispensers of dramatic pleasure, they attempt to give stones instead of bread : when they endeavour to persuade the unfortunate semi-educated (the hungriest and therefore the most gullible section of the public) that starvation is better than a full stomach, and out of this same cruel jesting seek to gain money, credit, and fame, then there must be an end of reverence for work done and service afforded, and, being starved we may cry “à la lanterne” and snuff out the silly candle that they hold aloft.

Speaking for myself, when I see farce I like to see good farce, and so of comedy, tragedy, melodrama, operetta ; and when I see the “intellectual” New Drama (which is no more than Old Drama turned upside down, and is therefore not in any way progressive) I like to see good New Drama. Mr. Shaw's later

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plays are inferior New Drama ; the invention of them is laboured ; there is fatigue in the wit ; and the discussions of human relations are pathetically wide of the mark. Over the *Madras House* I was fain to weep tears of disappointment, for its author had been the sign and symbol of what, like so many others, I had taken to be the rousing from slumber of the sleeping giant of the drama in England, asleep these hundreds of years. . . . Alas ! From shouting in the giant's ear, the writer and man of the theatre seems to have come by a love for the sound of his own voice, and now to stand upon the sleeper's chest (a very nightmare for him) and to cry aloud : " I have shouted long. He will not wake. But here am I ! " ; and when a dramatist or an artist of any sort takes to shouting " Here am I "—except in the privacy of his bedroom, where it is lawful—then his sense of humour is away, and that is the key of the casket wherein the dramatic sense is housed.

The Madras House failed simply because it possessed neither sense of the theatre nor dramatic sense. There was not the sense of the theatre to lure the mind into acceptance of it, while from its hollowness and emptiness the heart and the imagination turned sadly away. It created no illusion : it roused no expectation : no interest. Respect for the reputation of the author kept the ears alert, but in the end were only injured sensibilities, offended taste, disappointment, bewilderment that a writer of accepted cleverness should be so lacking in self-criticism as to have presented under his name a piece of work in which were so little of his old qualities which once were admired, a shapeless and amorphous thing in which there was nothing clearly presented, but the disapproval which the young man of the play visited upon certain of the forces with which his Creator had seen fit to endow him. . . .

It seemed that the writer could not perceive the difference between shocking the prejudices of his audience and offending their sense of decency and taste.

The Shavian candle had smoked the *Madras House*, and the atmosphere of it was unclean : but that has not produced so much outcry ; one bad play more or less is no very great matter. What does offend and what does give to mourn is that the

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admirable fantastic talent of Mr. Shaw and the capital powers of observation and skill in recording of Mr. Barker should be vitiated and rendered impotent to please by an unhealthy and unwholesome preoccupation with the sexual relationship of men and women.

This is delicate ground, but it is a territory which these writers have deliberately invaded, and their invasion is a desecration.

Both, by their mockery and disapproval, and by their handling of that relationship in such action as they permit in their discussions, do implicitly accept that this relationship is in itself unclean, and in such acceptance do only argue their ignorance of it, an ignorance which is tolerable and may be a necessary condition for a certain class of fantasy, until the writer begins to claim honour for it and to accredit it to himself as a virtue. These writers make their puppets talk as though it were possible for men and women by the light of reason to choose whether they will be actuated by their sex-impulses or not. . . . They make men and women deliberately and in cold blood pursue the creature of their desire, and the spectacle is unedifying and not entertaining. It offends.

It is impossible to dispose of sex, either by reason or by any other contrivance of the mind. It is possible to abuse sex; but Nature is subtle and unrelenting in her vengeance. And so the sensualists—those who use their sex to feed their appetites and not in response to the call of their instincts—do little by little lose their dramatic sense, their perception, and instinctive knowledge of life, their capacity for experience, and in the end are captives in a prison-house of their own building, miserably alone, melancholy, helpless, tortured with the bitter knowledge of what they have forfeited, enmeshed in the filaments of their own hypocrisy, which ever drives them on to the snatching and stealing of those rights in the world which they have lost . . . and always those rights, those joys elude them: for the truth of themselves is so terrible that they dare not face it, and so the price and penalty of sensuality, of the running away from the duties and responsibilities imposed on men and women by the trust of their sex is that, in the end, they live in their own

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contempt and fearfully watch their faces to see how much of it is revealed to the outer world.

When one comes to think of it there is no other source of misery. . . .

Now it is possible for a human being to be chaste and yet to be sensual mentally. When sex is cramped and given no proper outlet slowly it fastens like some cancerous growth upon the mind, begetting prurience of outlook and that most devastating of all forms of sensuality—mental sensuality. It is that which makes unclean the air of schools both for boys and girls : it is that which destroys art, makes wretched lives, woeful marriages, incompetence, weakness, shiftlessness. . . . It is the natural foe of all dramatic sense, of love, of progress, of all that we live by and for : it makes for sterility and Philistinism, for egoism, for all that is cruel and devastating. Puritanism is the revolt in terror against such sensuality of the small and limited mind that cannot see that not sex but mental sensuality is the Beast in Man of which holy men have ever loved to talk. Puritanism confounds the good and the evil and therefore never understands art, and never sees the world as beautiful : in its confusion of thought it decides that God has made this world awry and instituted it only as a torturing-ground for His creatures by way of preparing them for a better world to come. The voluntary self-torture of the Puritan is only little less hideous and less unproductive than the torment which the wretched sensualist comes by in his weakness. . . . In so far as Mr. Shaw, and, following him, Mr. Barker, have envisaged the world at all they see it with Puritan's eyes. They do not see the wonder of sex : they see only the horror of mental sensuality.

Now Mr. Barker's solution seems to be that sex should be thrust aside and that men and women should shake hands above it in comradeship. Above the relationship of man and woman in perfect mating it is impossible to reach, and below that, except for the sensualists of all kinds, men and women always do, as they have ever done, shake hands in comradeship. The sensualists are beasts of prey and parasites who know nothing either of comradeship or friendship, for without a vision of love these are impossible. For them there can be the pleasant and even

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humorous salute of two egoisms, but that is not comradeship or friendship. . . . It is all written marvellously in the *Woods of Westermain*.

Love meet they who do not shove
Cravings in the van of Love . . .
Here the ancient battle ends
Joining two astonished friends,
Who the kiss can give and take
With more warmth than in the world
Where the tiger claws the snake,
Snake the tiger clasps infurled,
And the issue of their fight,
Peoples lands in snarling plight.

That world of snake and tiger is Philip Madras' farmyard world of sex ; but then gentle Philip had never been to the Woods of Westermain and was therefore not entitled to talk about these things. Meredith had and came back with singing in his soul, and sang :

You must love the light so well
That no darkness will seem fell
Love it so you could accost
Fellowly a livid ghost. . . .
Light to light sees little strange,
Only features heavenly new :
Then you touch the nerve of Change
Then of Earth you have the clue :
Then her two-sexed meanings melt
Through you, wed the thought and felt. . . .

Mr. Barker's solution, having no hint in it of "two-sexed meanings," of courage, of gentleness, is inadequate, and could only have been put forward by a mind blunted and dulled, tricked and twisted, as I think he has been tricked and twisted, by his vision of this world from the confines of the Shaw fantastic world where the drama and its puppets are standing on their heads.

If by standing on our heads we could be rid of mental sensuality I would, directly I perceived the possibility of it, in that instant go over to Mr. Shaw's camp and set lance in rest . . .

As it is I see only that Mr. Shaw has enticed Mr. Barker into a world in which is no love, no emotion, no generous impulse, only cold egoism and panic terror of "earth's two-sexed

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meanings," and fearful sickness of the mind, restlessness, feverish and futile energy, maddening self-consciousness. It is to me a world so uncouth, so repellent, that I can perceive no purpose in its thought, no practical utility in its ideas, which are inimical to imagination and to every human quality by which the theatre lives and should have its being. . . .

The spirit that broods over the Duke of York's Theatre is crepuscular : it fastens upon every shred of art and every spark of feeling that finds its way into the building from the (by comparison) enchanted world of St. Martin's Lane : it sucks them dry : it desiccated and sterilised *Justice* and *Prunella*, it threw over the Meredithian fragment half-lights and the misty veil of half-understanding : *Misalliance* and *The Madras House* were its own direct expressions and so through these two works it is possible to trace the harmful spirit to its source in Mr. Shaw's refusal to accept himself as a *fantaisiste* pure and simple.

The philosophy of a fantastic is valid only for the world which is his own : Mr. Shaw's philosophy does not embrace sex, it starts from and boggles at it, and therefore it is invalid for this great world in which he is not creator and omnipotent, but is only one small man among many small men. In any case explicit philosophy has no place in a work of dramatic art. Mr. Barker's "play" is nothing but undramatic expression of the Shavian fantastic philosophy. Applied to this world it is grotesque and inadequate, and in the expression of it Mr. Barker is suspended in mid-air between the two worlds. If he is to serve the theatre in England he must decide to be one thing or the other—a fantastic *à la* Shaw or an artist of this world, seeing its beauty and revealing his vision according to the code of rules and conventions which govern dramatic art.

If he cannot budge but must remain with his head in a world where people are standing on their heads, and his feet in a world where they are standing on their feet, he cannot then avoid coming to frightful disaster.

By contrast with these non-dramatists Mr. Galsworthy appears as a dramatist fully armed, sprung straight from the head of Jove. I do not think he is yet that. He seems to be a little timid of his dramatic sense, a little too polite perhaps in

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his relation with the persons whom his creative faculty bodies forth, and as though he were afraid of being indiscreet in the exposition of their inward happenings. He seems to consider them too much and his audience too little, to spare their feelings at the expense of the feelings of his audience, to distrust the dramatic sense in his audience even more than he distrusts his own, so that when he should be stirring the hearts of those in the theatre he draws back, fearing to give away the creatures he has begotten, and does almost no more than stir the nerves and perhaps here and there jog a sluggish conscience. It is not maladroitness, but almost a question of breeding, of the imposition of a code and standard of conduct upon the art which Mr. Galsworthy practises so deftly.

Now the dramatic sense knows nothing of and cares nothing for standards of conduct or of codes. It asks nothing but Life : it is itself the original source of all tact and taste, and so it is because of his distrust of the dramatic sense that Mr. Galsworthy also fails to a certain extent to provide the nourishment by which our imagination lives.

But in the woeful plight in which we are, when neither Old Drama nor New Drama will have a word to say to the dramatic sense, he is a writer to be thankful for. He has hidden himself away from this world in no fantasy : nor ever does he look fearfully upon his fellow men, nor ever attempt to slice the world in half. He is tender with the world, as he hopes that the world and all men will be tender with him. . . . No man kicks the world, but in its own good time whatever force begat it sees to it that he is tripped up.

Human nature abhors a vacuum, and it is emptiness of the heart which dramatists and poets and artists of all kinds have the privilege of filling. Automatically the mind is fed from the fulness of the heart. Bad artists fill it with wind and sentimentality or at their very worst with mud : the good artist fills it with warmth and kindness.

I believe that with good and therefore humble artists a Repertory Theatre could be made to succeed. A theatre is a shop for spiritual food, as the churches used to be ; and the taking of the true spiritual food is the keenest and most wonderful

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pleasure that life has to offer. . . . Any theatre that provides it must inevitably succeed, and I think success would attend even the honest attempt to provide it. A theatre which pretends to do so and provides nothing but nauseous draughts of patent medicines cannot gain support. . . .

Nevertheless, whatever fortune attend the Duke of York's Theatre, and whether or no the fantastic philosophy of *Misalliance* and *The Madras House* gain credence for a little while I am not sure but the sleeping giant is after all stirring to his waking hour. . . .

There should be great fun when he arises.

Through the French Salons

By C. F. Keary

THE lamented death of Sir W. Orchardson, which just preceded the flowering season of the picture shows, was an event fitted to set us all looking before and after over the history and tendency of modern art. A visit to the French Salons increases the inducement, especially to any one who, like the present writer, has seen some eighteen consecutive exhibitions "in both kinds" over there. For whatever may be said against French art, no one, I suppose, ever denied it the quality of being more responsive to "movements" and the breath of change than English art has ever been. The reason why I couple the name of Orchardson with this facing-both-ways attitude is that, without probably quite knowing it, Orchardson was himself a kind of Janus, and stood in a curious fashion at the parting of the ways in modern painting. You realise this when you compare Orchardson's work with that of Millais—the greater painter of the two, the more accomplished, alert, vigorous, knowledgeable. Yet over Millais' work there hangs the shadow of old-fashionedness, of early Victorianism (if you like the hackneyed phrase) from which Orchardson quite escapes. That was true of Millais to the end. "*Speak! Speak!*" one of his latest works, was by most reckoned a failure, not because it was ill-achieved, but because we had begun to think in a different way. Had Orchardson painted it the woman's face would have been less beautiful; but the picture would have been more of a picture: the husband would not have been there on one side, the ghost of the wife on the other, one in red-brown, the other all opal, and as pictorially inhabitants of two different worlds as the story demanded that they should be in a moral sense. From the first Orchardson always had the instinct of thinking his picture as a whole; and that is the root of the matter. Napoleon on the *Bellerophon* may be to the public the chief or sole object of interest: pictorially he

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would not exist without the group of marshals in the background. Very likely when he painted, like any other painter of historical genre in those days, Orchardson only thought consciously of his subject. But there is more in it than that; there is the picture as well. In later work the painter grew to be self-conscious of this art of his, yet in these later works the true movement in modern art is beautifully emphasised—in the *Mariage de Convenance*, for instance, and in *Her Mother's Voice*.

The "movement in modern art." It is only a kind of snobbery which will pretend that the latest fashion in any art is the true and final form thereof. But movement, change, are necessary to vitality: and it is natural that the ways in art which are nearest to our own time should have most of our sympathies. I have not tried to give a name to that special "movement" in art, which belongs to our times: almost as much harm as good is done by definitions. Many sorts of phrases have been used to characterise the newer art. It is non-literary, we say; it appreciates values; it is pictorial: in one aspect of it it is impressionist. These are but attempts to characterise what any one who is at all interested in modern painting must be conscious of. He must also feel that it is something more than can be expressed by these terms. If one tried to define it philosophically one would be driven to say something like this: that it means a consideration (before neglected) for all those elements in a picture which cannot be distinctly *named*. The characteristic of the earlier, the Victorian art was that it thought too much in *words*, too little in paint. That gives the root of the matter, to any one who will reflect and can understand. For the "things" which go to make up a picture are only "things" because they happen to have distinct names; and names ("words, words") belong in right to literature, not to art. If dogs had speech, smells would have names and become "things." For the painter atmosphere, values, harmony, shades of colour, these are things, or should be, not less than the tables, chairs, what-not of his scene: only as the painter does his pictorial thinking, not in words, but in works, the phrases by which he expresses his thought and aims are generally inadequate and confusing.

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Since Orchardson became the Janus of the New Movement, the latter has run a very rapid course, branching out into numberless streams and rivulets, very various in the breadth and purity of their channels, but all urged forward by the same force and nearly all making essentially in the same direction. When you go to the shows to-day—but better in the French than the English—you have no difficulty in picking out works which carry you in memory through almost all the phases and fashions that the “movement” has taken up with in the last twenty years or so. Real innovators are rare. The best pictures which you find in any individual exhibition have their parentage written pretty visibly upon their face. All the varieties and forms of the movement are too many to be named. You will find too in the French Salons not a few examples of styles which have now an almost antiquarian interest, so long has all that is most vital abandoned them. For if the Frenchman on one side loves motion and change, he is, on another side of his nature, the most conservative creature beneath the heavens.

Of the French Salons everybody, it is to be presumed, knows at least the two principal shows, which for the public at large represent the year's art—that of the Old Salon (which proclaims this year its 128th exhibition) is titularly the Salon de la Société des Artistes Français, and the other show, which, though twenty years old, is still by comparison the New Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts. (I shall distinguish generally these exhibitions as A.F. and S.N. respectively. For if we are to group our pictures according to any *idea* it is impossible to preserve the mere mechanical distribution of a catalogue.) The newer Salon—this it is to be presumed every one knows—was founded by a secession of what seemed twenty years since almost “all the talents” from the Artistes Français, headed by the imposing name of Meissonier. A certain number of the original seceders—the *Fondateurs*—still exhibit—Dagnan-Bouveret, for instance, and Carolus-Duran, of whom the talent *was* very real. Little of it remains in their work to day.* So that the two exhibi-

* The most tragic instance of decay to be met with in the Société Nationale is Courtois' *Hercule et Omphale* (S.N. 292). Carolus-Duran exhibits three portraits of small merit in the same Salon. For some reason his name is omitted from the Catalogue.

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tions have in point of interest levelled up and down much more than was the case half a dozen years ago. There is now a new secession and a new exhibition, that of the Artistes Indépendents, some five years old. This too I was fortunate enough to see ; for this too has a place, a bizarre one, in the movement. But that exhibition closed soon after the opening of the more important and official Salons, and to the great body of the public it is practically unknown. You may still see specimens of the prehistoric chocolate-box picture, work which looks more early Victorian than our earliest. Yet this genre too in its day reached its apogee, what time it claimed a really fine draughtsman, Bouguereau, as its exponent. It is an art to look at—alas ! Dagnan-Bouveret himself seems to have relapsed to this in his *Ophélie* (S.N. 308) ; and in No. 438 of the same exhibition or in Seignac's *Tentation* (A.F. 1674) you have almost perfect examples—to look at and pass as quickly as may be. Nor need we to stay long with that peculiar child of French art—*uralt* and yet not dead nor dying—the great historical picture or the allegorical *panneau décoratif*, generally “commandé par l'État,” of which the type is scarce known among us. That too, is often prehistoric. Note the wonderful M. Jules Simon proclaiming the Republic in 1870 as painted by M. Delance (S.N. 360). Could any one in life, you ask, flourish his hat so high, stick out his chest so far ? There is another in the same show, symbolical and in subject very much up to date, *Humanité* (by Georges-Bertrand, S.N. 537) navigating, or rather not navigating, a barge, in which are a woman and her babe rescued from the recent floods. Jean Paul Laurens used almost every year to produce something good in this kind. He has now painted a vast one for Baltimore (A.F. 1125). But we must count him too among the decayed.* Yet we cannot reckon this order of work as dead. For the new spirit has often entered it, that new spirit of decoration which is embodied in the work of Puvis de Chavannes. Besnard has in former exhibitions shown good work of this kind. Wherefore as a class these *grandes tartines* must be looked on as transitional,

* Both his sons, on the other hand, have produced good and unpretentious pictures. The *Portrait de Claude*—a boy in a chair with a dog—by Jean Pierre Laurens (N.S. 1127) is particularly attractive.

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not antique. They may be of that "movement" that interests us. In another form this "movement" came in as *movement*, what time a number of artistes were attracted to portray dancers—Spanish dancers generally—and very often bull-fight scenes which had a certain connection with the dancer class. Dégas gave a variety in his ballet-girls. Sargent's *Carmencita* and after him (a good way) Dannat's unending Spanish dancers were most typical of this phase. It ran its course, this fashion, and became rather irritating in the inferior hands; and it subsists. Polaire as she is painted by M. Jean Sale (S.N. 1093) is of this kind, dull, not bad, not good. Portraits too were and are painted in the same fashion, in the *Carmencita* spirit—women just sitting down or getting up, or about to get up, not quite in movement, not in repose. Sargent's work again springs to memory in his *Mrs. Hammersley*. But Sargent has been far outdone in this form of impressionism by Boldini, who for years has sent a series of these rather jumpy portraits to the Société Nationale, pictures noticeable at their worst, and for their technical qualities pleasing to the instructed. Boldini has of late been inclined to parody himself. He seems now (S.N. Nos. 132-4) to give us the grin without the cat. The alert pose, the immensely rapid and brilliant brush-work are there; but the resulting figures are more like manikins than humans. Notable in the same Salon is the *Portrait du Dr. C.*, by Alaux (S.N. 10), where we have a head rendered with some vigour, but arms and hands over which a steam-roller has passed, mere indications, flattened out to a degree incredible. Everywhere something more than mere portraiture is sought, some effect of light to give the "impression." Hardly in the two shows together will you find half a dozen portraits posed and painted in the old "studio light," which sufficed for Millais and still suffices for many of the best portrait-painters "on this side." In the Salon of the Artistes Français there happen to hang in one room a group of portraits by Flemeng (A.F. 762), by Méry (A.F. 1346), by Krausz (A.F. 1074)—French catalogues do not give the names of sitters, and it skills not to repeat *Portrait de Madame W.K.V.*, and so forth—which are all good and varied examples of effects of light, sunlight or artificial light.

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But there is another class of portraits different from these, those of which Whistler is the origin and inspiration, and of which Mr. Lavery is one of the best exponents either here or there. In these the search for atmosphere and values takes us away from the portrait of Millais' time. Mr. Lavery is not ill-represented in the Société Nationale by portraits of his wife and of his daughter, and by one of Madame Ojselle J. (S.N. 752), which last is the best of the three. But it is Mr. Harold Speed who gives us in the same gallery the best "Lavery," in his portrait of Miss Stella Patrick Campbell. A closer adherence to the Whistler tradition has always been that of M. La Gandara, one of the old and distinguished exhibitors in this show, who in the last few years has declined much as Boldini has done. Of his pictures too, this year it must be said that they give us the grin without the cat—the "atmosphere" in this case, but almost wooden figures enclosed therein. Blanche is now a better painter than either; and, though he is too dashing not often to miss the mark, he sometimes hits it with consummate effect, as in his portrait of the Duchess of Rutland (S.N. 120). The Société Nationale has devoted special space to the work of this clever and much-belauded artist, one whole room on the ground floor being occupied by pictures and sketches from his hand.

And there is a third manner of portraiture which has never, I think, been imitated here, though this would seem the proper birth-place for it. I mean that fog-effect which Carrière introduced, and which, though it seemed a half ridiculous freak at first, was justified by success. For no one—to choose one example—can look on Carrière's portrait of Verlaine in the Luxembourg without admiration. Carrière himself is dead. There is at the Artistes Français a genre portrait group or genre picture by Leydet (*Le Gouter*, A.F. 1205) which is the best worth notice among pictures more or less in this style. There are, of course, lots of good portraits which one cannot so easily class. *Mrs. Purcell Fitzgerald and her Sons*, by Mr. Longstaff, the Australian painter (A.F. 1227); *Mrs. G. Bancroft*, by Mr. Hugh Rivière (A.F. 1598); *Mon Amie Marguerite*, by Mlle. Lavrut (A.F. 1143); *M. Richepin* by Marcel Baschet (A.F. 120); A.F. 767, *Portrait*, by Florot; *Portrait de M.S.* by Dawant (A.F. 566). But Mr. Frank

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Craig's portrait of his wife (A.F. 536) is audaciously Whistlerian, a mere stagnant pool of the river, promising nothing for the future. Aman-Jean's soft, fading men and women (S.N. 15, 16) are as they have always been. Leempoel's excellently painted looking-glass picture (S.N. 775) may be included in this category.

One of the most interesting forms of reaction against the heavy oiliness of the old painting (of which so much survives in our Academy pictures) was the rush into extremely light efforts—white beds in white-washed rooms, with perhaps an effect of paling lamp-light in grey dawn. Any one who remembers the Salons sixteen or eighteen years ago must remember the number and variety of these pictures, where a great number were hospital interiors. In the Luxembourg we have a most typical example of this genre, *Le Rêve*, by Richemont; and I hope that this painting (now skied) will never disappear; for it is a landmark such as are few. Specimens of this particular phase of *le mouvement* are to be met with in tolerable frequency in modern shows. Morisset's *Rayon de Soleil* (S.N. 923) is one. Such are A. Pinto's *L'heure heureuse* (A.F. 1521), a portrait by Pouzargues (A.F. 1536). It was in following the same hint of reaction that Puvis de Chavannes came to revolutionise the art of decoration. And he has been followed, but with originality, by Besnard, whose decorative work (in the École de Pharmacie and elsewhere) it is to be hoped every one knows. His picture of this year is worth attention (S.N. 110). In landscape this "light" movement was even more conspicuous and widespread. Are we in truth to reckon it other than an evolution of the *plein-air* painting, which, under Bastien Lepage, reached its apogee in the middle eighties, and which, through the specimens in the French Exhibition of 1889, revolutionised landscape work here (and painting of interiors also), in our Arthur Lemons, Pagetts, Stanhope Forbes, &c., and generally the Newlyn and St. Ives schools? It paid back thus the debt which French landscape-painting owed to Constable. The essential of all this still survives in a vast number of landscapes with effects of light, gentle evening light, sunset or sunrise, which are well worth looking at.

A different class again are the strongly, almost violently,

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sun-lit scenes, a kind of painting which has never been achieved better than by a Spanish school of landscapists and impressionists. The exhibition of Sorolla-y-Bastida's work at the Grafton Gallery a year or two since has made that art familiar here. It was one of the most striking features in the French Exhibition of 1900. Sorolla-y-Bastida does not exhibit in the Salons this year. Laparra, who, we believe, is a Spaniard born in France, has a style of his own, strong enough in effect of light, but rather weird, and as it were symbolic, but well worth looking at (A.F. 1108, *Regard en Arrière*, especially, an old knight about to descend into a black gorge under an evening sun). More simple but almost violent is the effect in Montenard's picture of the aquatic sports at Toulon (S.N. 904), and in Firmin's man coming from the barn followed by his ass (A.F. 762). But for brilliancy L. Deutch's *Barque du Nil* (A.F. 649) outdoes all others. In the same exhibition M. Doigneau has two charming pictures from the Camargue (A.F. 672-3). Ponchin's *Étang de Caronte* (A.F. 1534) is good, and Mlle. Laffitte's *Été* (A.F. 1082)—a child among rocks by the sea—is, taken for all in all, one of the best effects of ordinary sunlight to be met with. With these we may link a number of other landscapes or half-landscapes (as of some manufactory in its surroundings) and city scenes, all notable for their dash. Such are Gillot's *Fours à Cokés* (S.N. 551) and his two Thames scenes (552, 3), Alfred Smith's pictures in the Société Nationale (*Déjeuner sous Bois*, *La Côte d'Azur*, *le Moulin d'Esparnis*, *Verger en Fleurs*, &c), Ferdinand Olivier's at Marigues (S.N. 970-1), Dauphin's *Le Matin: Pêcheurs de Girelles*, *Méditerranée* (S.N. 329), full of light and shimmer. Extremely up-to-date is Roger's *L'Accident* in the Artistes Français (No. 1606). Chabas' *Sous les branches*. *Lac-d'Annecy*, with poor flesh painting, gives that wonderful effect of really liquid water which the artist loves, and it must be said often repeats (A.F. 424). M. Pagos' *Mariniers* (Pont Neuf) is a good but tolerably simple effect (A.F. 1454).

All these pictures seem poles apart from the severer decorative art which came from Puvis, and which in an original form reaches a very high level in Henri Martin. This painter, usually one of the most important exhibitors, does not show this year, and

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the gap is a wide one. One or two pictures we have of lesser merit, such as M. Raymond Glaire's *Le Printemps* (A.F. 867); and this style of work again fades away almost to tapestry in André Dauchez' *Les Peris de Lesconil* (in the Société Nationale, No. 328). Yet Puvis (through Bastien), and therefore the disciples of Puvis, belong by descent as much to the new movement as the most "momentary" artist of the exhibition. Nay, in his style of painting M. Martin must be classed among the *vibristes*. Thus, a stream of tendency which, though its channels were many, seemed single in its direction, appears at last to produce opposing currents. We have the impressionism, the rapid brush-work, the seized moment of sunlight which express movement, and we have the work of the school of Puvis de Chavannes, which is before all things monumental. The very fact that Puvis has found a decorative art which can become part of the building it is applied to, which, instead of being a hole in the wall, seems to have come into being with the architecture, that alone makes his painting monumental; and Puvis contributes to that effect by a "willed" simplicity, descending often to ineffectiveness in drawing. These two opposites may, however, be found combined in certain painters whose work, though essentially decorative and not unmonumental, has yet the shimmer, the vibration, of the new movement. Besnard is of this category when at his best. He is not seen at his best in his picture in the present exhibition of the S.N. Still he is seen. Another painter of the same order, an Englishman, but chiefly French by reputation, is Mr. Bunny, whose picture at the Luxembourg shows these combined qualities, something monumental along with something extremely vivid and vibrating in the colour. He is to be seen in three or four pictures in the Société Nationale (Nos. 197-200), if not at his best; but this is partly from the pictures not being well hung this year. Even in these dignity of pose with vibrating colour are sufficiently shown. In this direction I look in the future for a new art. We cannot go back to the simple lives and naïveté of the Primitives, nor to the homeliness of the Dutch genre painters. But we are not bound to rush forward for ever in the road of mere sensationalism, nor to degrade painting to be no more than a search for "patterns." We may rise out of the

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turmoil to a high dignity which is not obtained by that "shrinking out of the race" which Milton deprecates; and to the alertness and sensitiveness which are implied by the shimmer and the impressionism of the new art we may learn to couple something of an Olympian calm. But if the Salon des Indépendents is taken to represent the newest thing out, we have not yet approached our inheritance. No dignity was to be found there. In the earlier rooms there were pictures which, though they carried the "shimmer" motive almost to an absurdity, yet did produce an effect, were individual without being insane. As you passed farther on you found yourself more and more among complete Bedlam pictures, which, if possible, out-Gauguined Gauguin and out-Van-Gogh'd Van Gogh. Neither Gauguin nor Van Gogh is probably known in England save to a few curious amateurs; therefore, there is no reason to enlarge on their eccentricities. Probably the "Indépendents" on the whole had better be treated as an eccentricity than as foreshadowing anything substantial; and it is a saving grace that this year in the *Hommage a Cézanne* it contained at least one intended parody of its own most characteristic work.

The Women of Shakespeare

By Frank Harris

IN my first article I said enough, I think, about Shakespeare's earliest attempts at picturing women. No great master has ever done worse. In spite of his rich sensual endowment, and his incomparable gift of speech, his first sketches were as bad as bad could be. To say nothing of the atrocious Joan of Arc, it is difficult to understand how a great man at twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age could have been content with a mere fiend like Tamora or a typical lay figure like Queen Margaret, and the talkative princess and her maidens in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and the innumerable duchesses and great ladies of the early historical plays are all just as wooden, mere marionettes.

The portrait of his jealous, scolding wife as Adriana is the first sketch which has any individual life in it. His unhappy marriage overshadows much of his early work. We have traced it in Suffolk's wooing of Margaret in the *First Part of King Henry VI.*; it dominates the whole of *The Comedy of Errors*; it inspires the great scene between Richard and Anne in *Richard III.*; it supplies the theme of *The Taming of the Shrew* and explains the otherwise inexplicable tirade in that play against those wives who are not the mere slavish instruments of their husbands' pleasure. Even the servility of Katharina and the submission of Anne did not satisfy Shakespeare. He will now show us in play after play how girls run after men. I cannot help thinking that the taming of women and the triumphing over them on the one hand and these pictures of girl after girl pursuing the hero, with dog-like devotion on the other were not only a balm to his wounded vanity, but were also probably a result of young Shakespeare's conquests of women in those early years in London.

His success in every field had been astounding. He had

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come to the Bankside at twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, an unknown country youth, and in five or six years he had made himself the first poet of his time, and the master of the theatre. He was not only sensuous, good-looking, and sweet-mannered, but he had about him the halo of supreme genius; he had a good deal of money, too, and could invite ladies to the theatre to see his plays. Love must have been offered to him on every side, and the little soreness of the ancient wound which still twitched in him, made him eager to dwell on his triumphs, and accordingly he pictures them for us in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and in the first sketch of *All's Well that Ends Well*.

His life with his wife had hurt and angered him, but had not educated him; rage and bitterness are poor schoolmasters. His happy pride and self-satisfaction during the early years in London were not more formative; he did not grow much, or learn much through contentment: happiness produces nothing but memories. It was well for Shakespeare and for us that his intense conceit came to a fall. Late in 1596 or early in 1597 he met for the first time the woman who was to change the world for him. We can tell in his works the very moment he saw her. As soon as he met her he tried to paint her and at once began to abandon the lay figures which he had hitherto mistaken for heroines. From this time on his spiritual growth is astounding—a continuous flame-like effort reaching up from height to height. There is nothing in literature so instructive and few things so interesting as the extraordinary growth and development of Shakespeare's soul in the madding fever of passion.

The *Midsummer Night's Dream* I imagine dates from 1594; I like to think of it as written when Shakespeare was just thirty years of age. The play has a romantic individuality of its own. It is a charming fairy tale and the hand of the dramatist begins to show itself in the portraits of the women. At first it is true they are not differentiated as they will be later. In the early scenes Hermia might be Helena, and Helena, Hermia; for they are both desperately in love, and that is about all we know of them. Hermia is happy in Lysander's affection, while Helena grieves because Demetrius scorns her; but these are

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differences of circumstance and not of character. Hermia begins to talk of her modesty and virginity, as all Shakespeare's girl heroines are inclined to talk, in contempt of probability; Helena, too, tells Demetrius of Hermia's flight with Lysander and so brings about a meeting between the man she loves and her rival in defiance of human nature; in all this there is no hint of character-drawing.

But when Hermia and Helena quarrel in the second scene of the third act they are for the moment clearly differenced, and curiously enough Shakespeare tries to distinguish between the two girls by contrasting their figures and tempers. Hermia is shown to us as small, vehement, and plucky, whilst Helena is tall, gentle, and faint-hearted :

HEL. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me : I was never curst ;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness ;
I am a right maid for my cowardice :
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her. . . .

A little later she again recurs to this difference and emphasises the same trait :

HEL. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd !
She was a vixen when she went to school,
But though she be but little, she is fierce.

This is about the only touch of character-drawing that can be found in the play. It is, however, sufficient for its purpose ; the contrasted sketches are in perfect keeping with the charming foolery, and show us besides that Shakespeare is beginning to realise the necessity of painting women as individual beings. For a moment these two love-laden girls, Helena and Hermia, live for us—quarrelling, courting, and kissing—and then we lose sight of them down some green forest glade ; for Titania is passing with her cowslip-pensioners in their golden coats, and we strain to catch a glimpse of Puck in the happy rout, while Bottom, the prince of mummers, roars like a lion, and the fairies flit across the moonlit spaces, hanging the flowers with pearls of dew.

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The slight growth in creative art which displayed itself in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was not sustained. I have now to handle a play which in the depicting of women at least does not mark an advance upon the delightful fairy tale ; but which, on the other hand, calls up Stratford for us again, and shows how intimately the poet's life was interwoven with his art. *King John* is with some certainty dated about 1595-6. It stands between the two sets of histories, between *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.* on the one hand and *Henry IV. and V.* on the other. It was in this year 1596 that Shakespeare visited Stratford for the first time after an absence of eight or nine years ; he was recalled probably by the news that his eldest son Hamnet was very ill. His son's death made a great impression on Shakespeare ; it is responsible I think for the exquisite tenderness, beauty, and pathos with which he has invested the figure of young Arthur, and also for the tragic intensity of the Queen-mother's grief.

Shakespeare took his *King John* from an old play which we still possess, *The Troublesome Reign of King John*. In it Constance is pictured as high-tempered and Arthur as a bold youth of eighteen or nineteen, but Shakespeare turned Arthur into a young boy, a girl-boy, all affection and tenderness, and at the same time hardened Constance into a "bedlam." Constance is presented to us as so bad-tempered, such a raging termagant, that I am forced to believe Shakespeare is again thinking of his own wife. For there is no object in making her such a shrew ; indeed as he paints her afterwards as a mother mourning for her son and evidently wishes to bring out all the pathos of her misery, he would have done better not to have alienated one's sympathy from her at the beginning by making her an intolerable scold. She is as bad as Adriana herself, and that's saying a good deal.

Constance comes on the stage at the beginning of the second act. At first she is merely grateful for the help offered to her by King Philip and Austria and counsels patience and peace. A moment later, she begins to rant and rage ; even her gentle son Arthur has to reprove her :

Good my mother, peace !

I would that I were low laid in my grave :

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

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But nothing can stop Constance's tongue. She raves even worse than Margaret raved, till at last King John pulls her up with :

Bedlam, have done.

She answers him :

I have but this to say . . .

and rages on ; she is indeed as Elinor calls her, an “unadvised scold.” . . . Austria reproves her, and at length King Philip cries :

Peace, lady ! pause, or be more temperate ;

She appears again at the opening of the third act. She has learned from Salisbury that peace has been made between France and England, and her temper comes again to show :

Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !
False blood to false blood join'd ! gone to be friends !
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces ?
It is not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard ; . . .

After holding forth for a page or so in this strain she attacks Salisbury the messenger, for bringing the tidings :

Fellow, be gone : I cannot brook thy sight :
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.
SAL. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?
CONST. Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
ARTH. I do beseech you, madam, be content. . . .

But nothing will content her. She raves on page after page, now against Philip, now against Austria, till one wonders how the princes could have stood it, and when Pandulph enters she asks characteristically for leave to curse :

O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile ! . . .

A raging ranting cursing scold she is, and nothing more !

Suddenly the overloud note is muted : as soon as Arthur is taken prisoner she jumps to the conclusion that he is dead ; long before even the famous scene between Hubert and Arthur takes place, she grieves for her child as lost. The agony of her grief

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is so realised that it carries us all away with it, and turns the furious scold into one of the great tragic figures of literature. At first, however, she does not strike the true note. When Philip counsels patience and comfort she raves :

No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death ; O amiable, lovely death !
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity. . . .

and so on, plainly the poet talking and not yet in the spirit of the part. But as soon as Constance thinks of her son, her voice falls to mournful sadness, and takes on the very accent of regret :

. . . I was Geoffrey's wife ;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
I am not mad : I would to heaven I were !
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonised, cardinal ;

. . . too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

King Philip prays her to bind up her hair, and she goes off again :

Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it ?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud
" O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty ! "
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner. . . .

There is distinct individuality now in the scolding verbosity, which characterises even her grief. But it is when she talks again of the child that she touches the heart :

There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more. . . .

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This seems to me Shakespeare's own emotion. The wonderful first line :

There was not such a gracious creature born
is unmistakable.

And when the grief of Constance swings higher still and reaches the soul of sorrow, to me it is again Shakespeare speaking, Shakespeare lamenting his own loss, at least for the first six lines :

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief ?
Fare you well : had you such a loss as I
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure !

The last seven lines are poor stuff, and the last four words out of place, intolerable : but the first lines are all perfect till the poet tries to think himself into the character of Constance. For this Constance lives in a frenzy as the poet takes care to tell us that she dies in a frenzy too. For years his furious scolding wife simply obsessed Shakespeare ; but the intense emotion which throbs through these pages is Shakespeare's own emotion—his grief, his agony of bereavement—speaking through the scolding mask. How lovable his young boy must have been to have wrung such words from him :

There was not such a gracious creature born.

The sorrow of young Hamnet's loss lived with gentle Shakespeare for the rest of his life. Fourteen or fifteen years later we find it again in *The Winter's Tale* when he describes young Mamillius, who charms every one by telling fairy stories with childish grace and dies through “thoughts too high for one so tender.”

I cannot regard any of the other women characters in *King*

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John as more than historical lay figures: *Elinor* is as wooden as she can be, and *Blanch* is no better.

Like the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is distinguished by its lovelorn maidens and their unblushing pursuit of the men they have chosen. The professors say it was written a little before the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but I can't believe it. Professor Herford says, "striking similarities of phrase and some in situation connect the play with the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as also with *Romeo and Juliet*." So far as the character-drawing of the women is concerned *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is far more closely connected, as we shall see, with *The Merchant of Venice*. The professor goes on to assert that though "far superior in dramatic structure to *Love's Labour's Lost*, it certainly bears a fainter mark of Shakespeare's hand." This is merely echoed nonsense. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is pure Shakespeare from start to finish; young Shakespeare at his most characteristic. I should put the play later than the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the latter part of the last act appears to have been revised as late as 1598.

In its present form it is a far maturer work than the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, at least in characterisation. The construction is puerile in both: as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Hermia* is in love with *Lysander*, and *Helena* with *Demetrius*, so here *Julia* is in love with *Proteus* and *Sylvia* with *Valentine*. The greatest difficulty in this play is to reconcile the childish construction with the maturity of the heroine's characterisation, for whereas *Helena* and *Hermia* at first are mere stage names, and are never profoundly studied, *Julia* is painted with extraordinary realism and decision and lives for us as soon as she appears. Let us study the portrait with all care for in this *Julia* we have probably the first sketch (taken from a distance) of the woman who was the love of Shakespeare's life. The proofs of all this will appear later; here one must be content to remark the extraordinary improvement in character-drawing.

In the second scene of the first act *Julia* comes upon the stage and talks to her maid *Lucetta*, just as *Portia* and *Nerissa* a little later talk about *Portia's* lovers. *Julia* wishes to know her maid's opinion as to which is the worthiest love of the gentlemen:

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That every day with parle encounter me. . . .

Then as they are mentioned one by one she tells them off, till Proteus is named, when she denies not only her love, but her interest in him, evidently with the object of getting Lucetta to assure her of his love and praise him :

JUL. Why he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.

LUC. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

JUL. His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUC. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all. . . .

Shakespeare wishes to persuade his lady that his tongue-tied timidity is the best proof of sincerity. Then comes a touch which we have already noticed as the only realistic touch in the character of Anne in *Richard III.* : Shakespeare has to repeat his little “finds” of character-drawing, because as yet he has not many at his command :

JUL. I would I knew his mind. . . .

Anne says to Gloucester ;

I would I knew thy heart. . . .

Julia then refuses to read the letter of Proteus ; swears, too, by her “modesty,” and behaves as the conventional Shakespearean girl. But no sooner does the maid take her at her word and go away than this Julia changes her tune :

JUL. And yet I would I had o'erlooked the letter ;

It were a shame to call her back again

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What a fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view !

• • •

My penance is to call Lucetta back

And ask remission for my folly past.

What ho ! Lucetta !

With such excellent touches of impatient nature Julia lives for us, as none of Shakespeare's heroines has yet lived, and the dramatist displays considerable ingenuity in inventing scenes in which she may discover new traits of her character. He is evidently studying this girl with love's fine wit. When Lucetta comes back Julia asks her about the dinner, and not about the letter, and

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when after a talk she at length gets the letter, she tears it up and throws the pieces aside, girlishly anxious not to betray her passion to her maid. As soon as Lucetta goes out of the room she picks up the letter, devours it with a glance, and kisses each several piece of paper for amends, and with a conceit which is so natural and pretty that it excuses the suggestiveness, she folds the bits of paper so that the words "poor forlorn Proteus . . . passionate Proteus" may lie on "sweet Julia."

Thus will I fold them one upon another :
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

There is a good deal of passionate human nature in this Julia, who is twin-sister to the immortal Juliet, and who also reminds me of Portia in a dozen traits. When her lover Proteus goes to court, Julia determines to follow him, and now she confesses herself to her maid, as Portia will confess her love for Bassanio to Nerissa. Julia finds a beautiful phrase for it.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love.

That "inly" is to me delightful.

Julia has to be dressed up as a man, of course, as Portia too will have to dress as a man, and Shakespeare pictures this dressing up with more detail. Lucetta says she must cut off her hair : Julia will not allow this ; she will tie it up in "true-love knots." Then she must wear breeches. The maid here is smutty ; but Julia pulls her up at once.

JUL. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou thinkest meet and is most mannerly.

Just in the same way Portia pulls up Gratiano. The whole picture is astonishing, and at least as elaborate as the portrait of Portia, though not thrown on the paper with the same *brio*, the same ease of triumphant mastery.

In the fourth scene of the fourth act, when Julia finds out that her Proteus is in love with Sylvia, she again finds words that move us :

'Tis pity love should be so contrary ;
she sighs, and then immediately contrasts her feelings with those of Proteus, and so paints herself again for us :

Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;
Because I love him, I must pity him.

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Then follows an astonishing scene when the two rivals, Julia and Sylvia meet. Sylvia asks Julia about Julia :

Is she not passing fair ?

and Julia answers :

She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you. . . .

SIL. How tall was she ?

JUL. About my stature ;

When Sylvia goes away, Julia sums her up in soliloquy :

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful !
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much. . . .

And Julia paints herself at the same time :

If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers :
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow ;
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine :
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.

Then she takes up her rival's picture and talks to it, as none of Shakespeare's heroines has talked yet, quite naturally :

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so ; or else, by Jove I vow
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee !

Her character is kept up, even when she is in her boy's dress in the last act, and in spite of the revision. She says to her lover :

Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love ;
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds. . . .

This Julia lives for us from beginning to end of the play—a very careful full-length portrait which recalls that of Portia again and again, so that I am forced to believe that the same

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woman sat for both pictures. The full significance of this similarity will have to be brought out when I handle Portia. Here I can do nothing but draw attention to it, and to the fact that Julia is Shakespeare's first achievement in this field: his first successful portrait of a woman. The portrait belongs, I think, to the later revision unless indeed the whole play is put much later than it is ever put, and later than the first scenes appear to justify.

The painting of Julia is altogether superior to the rest of the play except the last scene, which must also be due entirely to the later revision. Sylvia on the other hand is not individualised: we learn that she is modest, mild, beautiful, and faithful like Helena, and that is all.

We now come to a very peculiar play, *All's Well That Ends Well*. It is the last of the three plays where the heroine follows the hero with her love, and at length wins him, unless indeed we include *Twelfth Night* as another variant on the same theme, which I am not inclined to do. Like *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *All's Well That Ends Well* is an early play which has been greatly revised, but unlike *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* the revision has not been successful, partly I imagine because it is not so thorough-going; partly because it is much later work than the early sketch and so the discrepancies jar into contrasts. When Shakespeare revised Julia in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he made her all of a piece, he had the model before him: but when he revised Helena in *All's Well That Ends Well* he left much of the early sketch with its silly conceits, affected word-wit and rhymed letters, and these peculiarities not only swear at the later touches, but render the portrait utterly unrecognisable. For these and other reasons which will appear later I prefer to put off the criticism of *All's Well That Ends Well* till I can consider the revision in its proper place.

In all that we have as yet read of Shakespeare there is to me nothing superhuman, nothing of that ineffable quality which makes his name sacred beyond all other names. Julia stands out as very honest, careful work; the courtship of Richard is surprising; Titania and Bottom delightful; the grief of Constance unforgettable; young Arthur beautiful exceedingly; but these are all separate scenes and personages, and perhaps

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none of them is beyond the reach of some other poet ; though the width of range is already Shakespeare's alone.

Now in *Romeo and Juliet* for the first time we tread the primrose way into Shakespeare's kingdom. It is difficult even to account for the charm of this play or its singular fascination. I cannot describe it in poltering words : to tell over its beauties one by one would be easy, but to give any idea of it, I should have to transcribe it. It is one of those rare works of art which surprises and satisfies the critical sense.

I always think of *Romeo and Juliet* as of Rembrandt's *Night Watch* ; it is full of minor faults all redeemed by divine virtues. Shakespeare, like Rembrandt, has done other and greater things ; but he has never done anything more delightful of its kind, nothing of a more intimate and communicable charm.

After reading *Romeo and Juliet* through carefully for the thousandth time, I am forced to believe that the picture of Juliet in it, is finer than any woman's portrait ever painted by another poet. The Antigone of Sophocles has been inordinately praised. But after all, what do we know of Antigone ? that she was high-minded and courageous ; that she will bury her brother even though her life pays the penalty, that she faces the angry Creon and death with the same marble resolve. But what else do we know of her ? She is a mere stony outline when looked at side by side with this living, breathing, palpitating Juliet. Even the Gretchen of Goethe is a simple sketch in comparison. Gretchen is loving, yes, and superstitious ; credulous and easily moved by those she likes ; but love is all her character ; its doubt, her pathos ; its loss, her despair. Were it not for the exquisite poetry with which Goethe has clothed her (and higher poetry is not to be found in literature), Gretchen would hardly be worth mentioning, so simple is she, so insignificant. But this Juliet is a living being, infinitely more complex and intelligent, infinitely more interesting therefore than Gretchen or Francesca.

And the Nurse, the feminine counterpart of Falstaff, what shall be said of the ever famous Nurse ? * No play outside

* I look upon Dame Quickly as hardly more than an elaborate copy of the Nurse and Doll Tearsheet is only venality incarnate in a telling name. There is no attempt to paint the soul of either woman.

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Shakespeare can boast of four such characters as Romeo and Juliet, Mercutio and the Nurse. I will not go through the play, scene by scene, and dissect Juliet as I have dissected Julia, and as I am about to dissect Portia and some other fascinating frailties ; for the charm of Juliet does not lie in her character, but in the fact that her character, clear though its outlines are and finely modelled as it is, is fused so to speak, in the furnace of a first passion. Let us now see how Shakespeare came to write this astonishing masterpiece.

The prose version of the story was published by the Italian novelist, Bandello, in 1554. Already in this narrative we have Romeo's mentor, Benvolio, who would throw the cold water of reason on passion, and the nurse ; the chief incidents, too are here ; the love at first sight, the rope-ladder and Juliet's vision of the horrors of the vault.

This story was turned into English verse by Arthur Brooke in 1562 ; a prose translation appeared in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* in 1567. Shakespeare, we are told, was acquainted with both these versions ; but the poem of Brooke was virtually the sole source of his work. Brooke had bettered Bandello ; he had vivified the Italian story by adding a series of homely English realistic traits to the chief characters : he made the poison-seller, the desperate apothecary : Romeo on hearing of his banishment throws himself on the ground and tears his hair : more important still, Brooke gives a vigorous realistic picture of the nurse, in especial he noted her garrulity about Juliet's childhood ; her acceptance of Romeo's gold and her prompt desertion of his cause when he is banished : that is, the nurse lives in Brooke's poem just as Hotspur lived in English history and tradition, and just as the bastard lived in *The Troublesome Reign*. Shakespeare annexed the realistic traits, heightened their effect and shed over them the magic of his divinely simple poetry. But the realistic touches were given to him and not invented by him—all of which bears out and confirms my view of his idealistic poetic temperament. Mercutio, on the other hand, is all his own ; a side or mood of himself indeed ; blood-brother to the quick witty Biron of *Love's Labour's Lost* and to talkative Gratiano of *The Merchant of Venice*.

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But nothing can take our eyes away from Juliet : she holds the centre of the picture, and her figure is more important than Romeo's. In the Italian version of the story she was eighteen years of age, but Brooke made her sixteen, and Shakespeare with his terrible passionate sensuality reduced this sixteen to fourteen. Those who deny his extravagant sensuality will hardly be able to deny that the gravest fault, perhaps indeed, the only grave fault in his character-drawing of Juliet is that he makes her talk far more sensually than a maiden talks :

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties ; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods. . . .

The words sin against human nature in their sensuality and boldness. Girls hardly ever say as much as they think or feel ; but this Juliet is as outspoken as a young man :

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd : so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival. . . .

This passionate abandonment, however, adds intensity to the love-song and deepens the effect of its terror and tragedy. In everything else Juliet is natural enough for the purpose of the poem.

Strange to say, she is not so carefully individualised as Julia in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* though she lives for us more intensely by reason of her passion. The same model served for both pictures ; there is no trait in Juliet which is not marked in Julia ; but Shakespeare was not so intent on giving us the portrait of a living girl in Juliet as in painting once for all the lovely, passionate girl of his ideal.

But how did he get this quality into the picture ? this throbbing passion, this grace, this tenderness, this pride even ; for Juliet is proud in her loyalty ; she condemns the nurse pitilessly as soon as the nurse is false to Romeo. Her contemptuous impatience of life, too, when she is separated from

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the man she loves, redeems to a certain extent her sensuality. I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare got the fascination of this play from the happy chance that just before he wrote it he met the woman who was destined to be the passion of his life. I am compelled to call her Mary Fitton though any other name of a high-born woman would suit me as well. All probabilities seem to be in favour of the assumption that the one star of his idolatry, his "dark lady" of the Sonnets was Mary Fitton, who came to be maid-of-honour to Queen Elizabeth as a girl of sixteen in 1596.* She no doubt visited the theatre; we know that she knew Kemp the clown; for he ventured to dedicate a book to her somewhat familiarly. Shakespeare had probably seen her in 1596 and fallen in love with her at first sight: in 1597 he knew her well. The enchantment of her brought with it an understanding of womanhood, before denied him. He studied her at first from a distance; but with love's insight and delight. The bare impression of her gave life to his sketch of Julia; he painted her again for us in Portia, this time superbly, but still from the outside, the heart of her he did not know. What was it like? At first as we shall soon see she seemed to him careless, proud; for she stood aloof and paid little attention to him. We have her photograph as Rosaline in *Romeo and Juliet*. But the poet could not help believing that her heart was all he desired as her body was, and he painted her soul for us as he imagined it, in tender, proud, passionate Juliet, a child in innocent boldness, a woman in devoted tenderness, and all her qualities are quickened by youth's impatience and love's delight, and death himself has helped to make her immortal; for us as for Romeo:

. . . beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in her lips and in her cheeks.

Shakespeare even found it possible to make us love her sensuality:

. . . trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange. . . .

and as if this were not enough he gets the very words that paint the trembling heart of the girl for ever:

O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

* For proofs of this, one should consult Mr. Tyler's work on the Sonnets and for confirmation my book *The Man Shakespeare*.

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Thanks to his passion for Mary Fitton, thanks to the glamour of his lyric poetry, the mere name of Juliet has already borne for a dozen generations of men the imperishable significance, the freshness and the honeyed sweetness of first love.

It now remains for me to show Juliet's relations to Shakespeare's mistress. The outward presentment of Mary Fitton, the bodily image of her, is not given us in Juliet but in Rosaline.

The first mention of Rosaline is in the first act of *Romeo and Juliet*, where Romeo talks to Benvolio of his love. Here is the passage :

. . . she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit ;
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Not bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold ;
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

The last couplet reminds one both of *Venus and Adonis* and the early sonnets. I find almost every word of this first passage characteristic. It appears that his love, who is likened to the proud huntress Diana, torments Shakespeare-Romeo with cold indifference. He says, “she hath foresworn to love” ; but her aloofness, we learn, has limits :

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair. . . .

In the next talk with Benvolio which occurs a scene or two later we get a little more information. Benvolio says :

At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona :
Go thither ; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

In this “crow” we have the first allusion to Mary Fitton's black hair and eyes. Benvolio says a little later :

Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by . . .

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But it is when Mercutio meets Romeo that we get Rosaline's picture, a snapshot, so to speak :

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg . . .

and so forth. Mercutio completed this first sketch a little later :

Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

and again :

Alas poor Romeo ! he is already dead ; stabbed
with a white wench's black eye. . . .

We get nothing more in this play, but as I have shown elsewhere, this photograph is in itself astonishing. Shakespeare indulges very rarely in this physical portraiture of women or men. We have a phrase or two about Falstaff's appearance, a vague word or two about Hamlet's ; just a word about Julia's yellow hair and " high " forehead, but nothing at all as complete as this snapshot of Shakespeare's " dark lady " with her high forehead, scarlet lips, fine feet, whitely complexion and black eyes. Yet Rosaline, who is pictured with this extraordinary particularity, has nothing to do with the play, never appears in fact upon the stage, and is described by secondary characters. The explanation of these strange facts is that we have here the first realistic portrait of Shakespeare's love, Mary Fitton.

But how, one will ask, did he leave his love Rosaline with a mere passing mention or so to paint Juliet. It seems to me evident that he pictured the outward presentment of Miss Fitton as Rosaline, but when he wrote *Romeo and Juliet* he only knew her slightly, and could still persuade himself that a loving tender soul dwelt in her body. He gave his Juliet the mental qualities he believed existed in Miss Fitton. In no other way can I explain Juliet's extravagant sensuality, which we noticed too in Julia and which from this time on is a quality marked in many of Shakespeare's heroines. Early in their acquaintance he noticed the extraordinary sensuality in Miss Fitton and was attracted by it as we see from Juliet, for he imagined no doubt that it could be held to loyalty for one person. If this guess

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of mine is correct, it will explain Juliet's unbridled sensualism, which, as we shall soon see, was allied with faithlessness in Miss Fitton, as indeed often happens. If we don't accept this conjecture we shall find it difficult to explain the fact that he has not given this excessive sensuality to any other of his earlier creations.

But the evidence of all this which is still to be set forth is a thousand times more convincing than anything that can be drawn from the realistic picture of Rosaline or from the practical identity of the two idealistic portraits of the same woman in Julia and Juliet. All Shakespeare's works from the time he was thirty-two or three to the day of his death bear the marks of his passion for his dark mistress. People seem to think that in saying this I am making his life extraordinarily simple ; but the life of the emotions which is the heart of life to a poet, is always very simple—a little vanity, a little striving, a little love and jealousy and joy—what more is there in life for any of us ?

Shakespeare pictures his love for us as proud, bold, and witty, and photographs her, so to speak, at the same time with high forehead, white skin and black hair and eyes.

At the very outset he notices her cold aloofness perhaps due to pride, perhaps to cunning, and then her wantonness, and at once he gives us two sorts of portraits of her. At first, and when he is happy, we have idealistic portraits such as Julia, Juliet, and Portia ; later, and when her lightness wounds him and makes him jealous, we have realistic true portraits, such as the snapshot of Rosaline in *Romeo and Juliet*, and the superb Rosaline again in *Love's Labour's Lost*. But the same model serves always ; for the idealistic pictures he has only to leave out his mistress' infidelity and lechery, and make her tender, true, and loving ; for the realistic portrait he has only to recall her sensual vagrancy and we have the hard-hearted Rosaline of *Romeo and Juliet* and the more cruel, though far completer portrait of the same Rosaline again in *Love's Labour's Lost* ; but these are all manifestly pictures of the same woman.

Thinking chiefly of sequence in time I should perhaps first study the Rosaline of *Love's Labour's Lost* and then go on to Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind and Viola ; but the sequence in

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passion forces me to put the intenser and more detailed portrait later.

First of all then let us get this Portia into our minds, for this was how Mary Fitton looked to Shakespeare in the early days of their acquaintance, or he would never have painted a mere *replica* of Julia.

Portia is at once a brilliant and a careful study, so careful indeed that it shows the poet was still not quite sure of his own skill in imaginative portraiture, but reproduced every gesture and word of his model. Miss Fitton had evidently come to the theatre, and he had met her ; he had watched her laughing and talking condescendingly to Kemp the clown or jesting wittily with some of the young noblemen. Her pride, and her familiar ways ; her generosity, her high spirits and temper are graven on his heart. But I should weary my readers if I showed in scene after scene that Portia was simply a finer *replica* of the Julia of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The character of Portia is well known, and if in doubt the reader can consult my analysis of Julia.

The important thing to note is that notwithstanding the success of the picture he has not given us in Portia the heart of his mistress : trait after trait he marks but no faults ; the figure casts no shadow and is therefore in so far unreal. We never know Portia as we know, for instance, the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. The truth of course, is that Portia is only half the woman ; Mary Fitton's lecherous, change-loving temperament is not only ignored, but is turned into tenderness, loyalty, and devotion. Portia's humility and her desire to be married are merely usual maiden qualities, and not borrowed from Miss Fitton, consequently the soul-painting is a little unsteady and unsatisfactory.

When next he uses this model in Beatrice * he has become familiar with it and gets closer to it and to life ; he gives Beatrice fewer traits than he accumulated in Portia, but the art is more masterly, the deep-graven features count doubly, and Beatrice—thanks chiefly to her passionate defence of Hero, her bitter condemnation of Claudio, and the spirited high-temper she

* Even Coleridge noticed that Beatrice and Julia were very much alike.

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shows to Benedick—lives for us more clearly, more vitally than Portia herself. Beatrice has Miss Fitton's imperious temper and knowledge of life instead of Portia's humility and her cheap desire to be married, and the realistic traits taken from the great model lend pulsing blood to Beatrice.

So much cannot be said in praise of Rosalind. As Shakespeare created Beatrice from Portia's wit and vivacity with high lights of loyalty and deep shadows of passionate temper (“Kill Claudio” she cries to Benedick)—so he created Rosalind from Portia's love and tenderness with touches of archness; but the too great sweet is inclined to cloy.

I do not think I need develop this view further; those who wish may study the two characters and find out for themselves the qualities common to both heroines. The sum of the matter is that there are no faults at all in Rosalind, and therefore in spite of the fact that her portrait is the more elaborate of the two, Beatrice with her high imperious temper (borrowed from Miss Fitton) is the more convincing creation.

In so far as Viola has any character at all she rather resembles Ophelia in patient resignation. When *Twelfth Night* was written, Shakespeare was beginning to take a more serious view of life. The three comedies we are now considering, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, all belong to the honeyed summer-time of Shakespeare's life when his faculties had reached maturity and yet were exercised with the ease and joy that tell of youthful hope and vigour. They were all written between 1598 and 1600; in the first sweet years of his love for Mary Fitton, when he was still under the spell of her proud, witty, and self-confident beauty and could still persuade himself that at least she loved him better than she loved any one else, and might yet love him to the exclusion of all other men. About this time he says in a sonnet:

For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.

I must now leave these idealistic portraits of Mary Fitton and retrace my steps a year or two in order to study the first great realistic portrait which Shakespeare painted of his mistress.

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The likeness of Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost* is bitten in for us with the acid of jealous passion. Some critics, like Mr. Andrew Lang, have found in this a reason to reject my whole theory. If Shakespeare, they argue, had indeed discovered as early as Christmas 1597 (when *Love's Labour's Lost* was revised) that his love was faithless to him (and we will call her Mistress Mary Fitton to please Mr. Harris' childish need of names), how is it that afterwards in 1598 and 1599 he climbed the heights of joy in the three great comedies, *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*?

The objection only shows where my critics stand. Life appears to be a closed door to nine out of ten of them. They have no experience of passion whatever; no more knowledge of love apparently than if they had no hearts at all.

Mary Fitton changed the world for Shakespeare; gave him golden days of tenderness and divine hours of delight. True, he found out very quickly that she was a wanton; but that did not diminish the sweetness of her kisses to him. Probably it even intensified his passion. But when she was faithless to him he grew wild with rage and jealousy. This alternation of joy and bitterness, idealistic admiration and bitter realistic denigration and contempt, this ebb and flow is the very tide of a supreme passion, its mark and method. In due course we shall find that these alternations gradually waned out in the course of years into an ever-increasing bitterness; but for the moment let me go back and consider the first great realistic photograph of Shakespeare's mistress. She appears in *Love's Labour's Lost* and is again called Rosaline. This Rosaline is described in the comedy with such particularity, we are given so many details both of body and soul, that it is impossible to doubt the sincerity and fidelity of the portrait. I have already pointed out that for fewer and weaker reasons, one is compelled to believe that the picture of Rosaline in *Romeo and Juliet* is a snapshot, so to speak, of Mary Fitton. A dozen peculiarities, such as a white complexion, high forehead and black hair and eyes for the outward, and hardness of heart, word-wit, and a disposition to torture her lover for the spirit, are enough traits when taken together with other peculiar facts, to establish her identity.

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But here we have not a dozen peculiarities as in the case of Rosaline in *Romeo and Juliet*, but a hundred and all astonishing.

I shall make no excuse for carrying these investigations into minute details and repetitions, for this is the heart of my study, and I want to convince the fair-minded reader that on this point doubt is impossible. And even here I must skip almost as many proofs as I shall use.

First of all let us fix the date. *Love's Labour's Lost* was revised and expanded by Shakespeare most carefully for a performance before the Queen at Whitehall which took place as a part of the Christmas festivities in 1597. The figures of Biron and Rosaline were then no doubt redrawn and their relations defined.

Biron, as I have shown elsewhere, is a mere mask of young Shakespeare himself ; but there is very little characterisation in the other personages. The king and his lords are all witty, amorous, and talkative, in fact more or less mouthpieces of the poet. The Princess of France, and her ladies, are not differenced in any way ; they are mere lay figures to show off Shakespeare's wit. The puerility of the character-drawing is extraordinary, except in Biron and Rosaline.

Rosaline is made to praise Biron, before he appears, as a merry man and a most excellent talker ; and when they meet they indulge in a tourney of wit, in which Rosaline more than holds her own, showing indeed astounding self-assurance, spiced with a little contempt of Biron ; Mercutio called her, it will be remembered, “ hard-hearted.” Every word in this first encounter deserves to be weighed.

BIRON. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

ROS. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

BIRON. I know you did.

ROS. How needless was it then to ask the question !

BIRON. You must not be so quick.

ROS. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.

BIRON. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

ROS. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BIRON. What time o' day ?

ROS. The hour that fools should ask.

BIRON. Now fair befall your mask !

ROS. Fair fall the face it covers !

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BIRON. And send you many lovers !

ROS. Amen, so you be none.

BIRON. Nay, then will I be gone.

This is surely the same Rosaline whom Romeo describes for us :

. . . She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit.

The parting of the two is a *replica* of their meeting, and need not be reproduced. Rosaline shows herself as witty as Biron, but while Shakespeare-Biron makes up to her, she scorns him. Biron retires, but before he goes off altogether, he cannot help questioning the French lord Boyet about Rosaline and the three or four points of similarity which we have already noticed are materially increased :

BIRON. What's her name in the cap ?

BOYET. Rosaline, by good hap.

BIRON. Is she wedded or no ?

BOYET. To her will, sir, or so.

Now this " to her will, sir, or so " might have been taken from the sonnets. Sonnet 135 begins :

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus.

Shakespeare's " dark lady " of the sonnets was " rich in will," we know, and the sonnets date from 1597 to 1600 or thereabouts.

Now in the play this touch is extraordinarily significant, for Shakespeare's maids are not usually wedded to their will in any sense, much less in the double sense in which the word " will " is here used, for Shakespeare understands will in the usual sense and also in the sense of desire.

The next time we meet Biron in the play we find that he has written a sonnet to Rosaline which he wishes Costard to take and this is the way he describes her :

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her ; ask for her ;

Shakespeare takes care in fact to explain to us why he has selected this name Rosaline for his love in two different plays. We are told, too, that Biron gives Costard a shilling, a sum

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about equivalent to ten shillings of our money. This Biron was evidently as free-handed as Shakespeare himself.

As soon as Costard goes off after receiving, as he says, “’leven pence farthing better” than what he regards as “remuneration,” Biron indulges in a long characteristic Shakespearean soliloquy :

And I, forsooth in love ! I, that have been love’s whip ;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh ; . . .

and so on for a dozen lines or more : then again he exclaims :

What ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !
A woman, that is like a German clock. . . .

And so on and on.

All this is eminently and peculiarly characteristic of young Shakespeare ; just before this time he was a lord of love, taming shrews and making his heroines run after his vagrant heroes : now the inconstant hero himself is limed hand and foot.

How does he take his servitude ? In this monologue we are told, and told in words so unexpected, so out of keeping with the play that we are compelled to regard them as a deliberate painting by Shakespeare of his mistress at this time, when he is evidently vexed by her coldness or unfaithfulness. Biron says :

Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all ;
And, among three, to love the worst of all ;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard :
And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan :
Some men must love my lady and some Joan.

Shakespeare, as we know, was “perjured” in loving Mary Fitton, for he was already married and he makes the same accusation against himself in sonnet 152, where he calls himself, “perjured.” But the identification of Biron with Shakespeare, is not so astonishing as this description of the “dark lady,” Mary Fitton. First of all among the three maidens of the princess, Biron says he loves “the worst of all.” This brings one

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up with a jerk. We had thought all the ladies good ; besides a man as a rule believes his love is best of all, but Biron describes Rosaline as "the worst of all." This is a blot on the play. It diminishes our interest in Rosaline as a heroine and in Biron and in the play. But Biron not only asserts plainly that his love is a wanton, which a man would hardly confess to himself, but he repeats the charge and blackens it :

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the dead
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard.

All the characteristics of Rosaline in *Romeo and Juliet* are here repeated with emphasis and with completer knowledge. And the spiritual identification is not more complete than the bodily identification.

Mercutio tells us that Rosaline was "a white wench with black eyes" ; Biron describes her here as :

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes.

And soon we shall see from sonnet 127 that Shakespeare describes his dark mistress in the same way :

. . . my mistress' brows are raven black
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem.

As we have already remarked, Shakespeare has not painted any character for us in any play with this photographic exactitude. Such painting, too, is totally out of place in a play. The contrast, moreover, between this detailed bodily description of Rosaline and the other characters is extraordinary. No other character in the play is described at all. They are mere witty, heedless, playful, lay figures, but Biron lives for us, though we don't know what he was like physically, but we know this Rosaline already as if we had met her, as if she were one of our intimates. Among the lifeless masks she fairly startles us by her living breathing reality.

Now all these extraordinary particulars combine to prove that in Biron and Rosaline we have speaking portraits of Shakespeare and his love, Mary Fitton. The effect of each piece of evidence is cumulative and the weight of each piece is enormously

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increased by every peculiarity. I venture to say that the person who can still doubt is incapable of weighing such evidence and the multiple effect of such details.

Another circumstance makes this cruel photograph of Rosaline more interesting still to us. This play was given at Whitehall about Christmas 1597. Mary Fitton would almost certainly be among the ladies of Elizabeth's court who listened to it. Shakespeare and his fellows would be playing in it; perhaps, indeed, Shakespeare himself took the part of Biron and described Mary Fitton to her face so exactly that every one must have recognised her and understood both his love for her and the accusation he brought against her. The only possible explanation is twofold. First of all Shakespeare's passion has already reached the intensity of a sex-duel. His mistress has tormented him so that he delights in calling her “wanton” to her face in public, when one would have expected from the gentle Shakespeare all sorts of high-flown compliments and endearing courtesies. The second part of the explanation is no less certain; in the court at that time the accusation of lightness brought against a maid-of-honour must have been taken very lightly. Shakespeare is so hurt that he cannot help telling the truth about his mistress; * but it will not be regarded as a dishonouring charge, but a charge at which one laughs, much in the same way as one would laugh to-day, if a girl were accused of being overfond of dancing. When Mary Fitton, a little later, bore an illegitimate child to Lord William Herbert the affair was apparently passed over with indifference; she was not dismissed or disgraced, as with our ideas we might have expected. But though in that court an accusation of wantonness would merely cause amusement, Shakespeare used it seriously; he meant to wound with it. Nothing could show the extremity of his passion more clearly.

Now we come almost immediately to another series of proofs. Shakespeare even at thirty was one of the best heads in the world. He knew perfectly well when he had made things

* In sonnet 140 he warns her not to drive him to despair or
... I should grow mad
And in my madness might speak ill of thee.

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clear to us, and when he repeats the same features again and again it is safe to say that he had some personal reason for it. It is not a merit in dramatic art ; but here although he has already painted Rosaline for us with heavy brush-strokes, giving an infatuated young man's opinion of her in the harshest words, he goes on to repeat the strokes again and again, as he never repeats them in any other play. His desire to expose his mistress is so extraordinary that it has the same effect as if he had resolved to tell us that this Rosaline was the one love of his life and she was a harlot.

The next time we meet Rosaline she has a bout of word-fence with the French lord Boyet, just as she has had twice already with Biron, and this time the contest of wits ends suggestively :

ROS. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it.
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.
BOYET. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can. . . .

This merry and suggestive *riposte* no doubt brought down the house, for the suggestion is carried still further in the remainder of the scene. Here we have the explanation of the extraordinary sensuality both of Julia and the child Juliet : Mary Fitton-Rosaline with her bold speech was the model.

The third scene of the fourth act opens with a long soliloquy which is astoundingly sincere and realistic.

The king he is hunting the deer ; I am coursing myself : they have pitched a toil ; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles : defile ! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow ! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool : well proved, wit ! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax ; it kills sheep ; it kills me, I a sheep : well proved again o' my side ! I will not love : if I do, hang me ; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven I do love ; and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy ; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already : the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and lady hath it : sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! . . .

One has only to look at this to see how the touches already given are multiplied. Biron begins with a word-play on “pitch,” plainly taking us back to his “whitely wanton.”

With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes.

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Then this soliloquy with its expression “defile” and “foul word” reminds us of sonnet 148, where he speaks of his mistress’ “foul faults.” This Biron rages against himself as no doubt Shakespeare raged: “I will not love;” but it is her eyes that make him love, those black eyes that he talks of again and again in the very first sonnet (127) addressed to his “dark lady;” the eyes that are like that “full star that ushers in the even.”

In this soliloquy, too, we learn that Biron wrote sonnets to Rosaline and sent them to her, just as Shakespeare no doubt sent his sonnets to Mary Fitton.

Then Biron stands aside while the King and other gentlemen come in without seeing him and avow their love. Biron has a few lines of comment, in which we could swear Falstaff was speaking. The resemblance is so extraordinary that though it is outside my subject for the moment, I must give it; when Longaville reads his sonnet, which by the way is very brother to Biron’s sonnet, Biron says:

This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o’ the way. . . .

A little later on this Biron shows that all the descriptions showered on Rosaline are mere evidence of passion. As soon as Biron’s love is about to be discovered, he avows it boldly, calls his mistress “heavenly Rosaline” and praises her exactly as Shakespeare afterwards in his proper person praises the “dark lady” in the sonnets: he declares that every one must bow their vassal heads before “the heaven of her brow” and talks about her “majesty,” just as in sonnet 150 he talks about her “powerful might.” It was the “strength” of Mary Fitton’s personality which made the deepest impression on him. The next moment Biron gives the best and strongest proof of love. His mistress can stand being seen as she is. He says:

Fie painted rhetoric! O she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller’s praise belongs,
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot. . . .

In sonnet 130, too, we have the same perfect sincerity, the very habit of intense passion:

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My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red :
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head. . . .

The King goes on to describe Rosaline and protests that she is not beautiful ; in sonnet 148 we are told " the world " says she is not fair.

Then they continue :

KING. By Heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
BIRON. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !
O wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack
If that she learn not of her eye to look :
No face is fair that is not full so black.
KING. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the suit of night ;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
BIRON. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;
And therefore is she born to make black fair. . . .

All this is exactly like the sonnets : take the first sonnet to the " dark lady " (127), the first line runs :

In the old age black was not counted fair. . . .

The points of identification are simply numberless and are often of the very soul. There is no quality more clearly marked in Shakespeare, not even his love of music and flowers, than his contempt for women who paint and make themselves up. Mary Fitton was apparently too proud of her youth and too conscious of her beauty to use artifice to improve it. We find the trait for the first time here in Shakespeare-Biron. Biron jibes at the other lords :

Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away. . . .

The King retorts .

'Twere good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell you plain
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

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It is evident that Mary Fitton disdained to paint or do herself up or bother about putting on false “usurping” hair. The trait appealed intensely to Shakespeare, for he recurs to it again and again. In *Hamlet* he naturally handles it frequently and most frankly. Hamlet says to Ophelia :

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough,
God has given you one face and you make yourself another. . .

and again at the end :

Let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come.

In *Measure for Measure* Shakespeare goes a little further :

Your whores, sir, . . . using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery ;

and *Timon* further still : Timon tells Phrynia and Timandra to paint till :

. . . a horse may mire upon your face.

The love of truth and simplicity abode with Shakespeare to the end.

In the time of Elizabeth it was the custom for all poets and courtiers to praise red hair and a fair complexion as flunkey-compliments to the Queen ; but covered by the cloak of anonymity, Shakespeare will prove to us that he thinks his mistress' black hair more beautiful than red. This passage is intensely significant to those who understand Shakespeare's snobbishness. Biron says :

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now ;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise ;
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow. . . .

There can be no lingering doubt in any fair mind that in this Rosaline of *Romeo and Juliet* and of *Love's Labour's Lost*, Shakespeare is describing his mistress, the “dark lady” of the second sonnet-series and describing her against his custom in play-writing, even more exactly than he described her in the lyrics. Strange to say her bodily peculiarities are given far more

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precisely in *Love's Labour's Lost* than they are given in the sonnets, though in the play such bodily description is wholly out of place, whereas it adds intimacy and veracity to the lyric poems. The explanation of the artistic blunder is simple: *Love's Labour's Lost* is earlier than the sonnets. When Shakespeare first met Miss Fitton he could not help describing her even in the plays: she had taken all his senses captive.

We know this Rosaline sufficiently, one would imagine in these first four acts, through the passion of Biron and the descriptions given by him and by the king and by the other gentlemen, but we are to have still another *replica* of her portrait, this time by the ladies of the Princess. Rosaline banters Katharine and Katharine answers her:

. . . had she been light, like you
Of such a merry, nimble stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.
Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
КАТН. A light condition in a beauty dark. . .

And as if this "lightness of character" had not been drummed into us often enough it is repeated again:

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still I' the dark.
КАТН. So do not you, for you are a light wench. . .

Now this Rosaline tells us a little more about Biron: he has praised her, she says, as if she were the fairest goddess:

I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
PRIN. Anything like?
Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise. . .

It is as if Shakespeare, speaking through Rosaline, had gone out of his way to assure us that what he as Biron has said of Rosaline is exactly true, but indeed in this scene alone there are a hundred proofs of the similitude of his portrait.

Rosaline declares that men are fools to purchase mocking as Biron does and she goes on:

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go;
How I would make him fawn and beg and seek,

“THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE”

And wait the season and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests ! . . .

Surely it is true his love made Shakespeare beg and fawn and spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes, and surely he was “proud to make her proud.” The whole description is astonishing in its cruel veracity.

The princess says :

None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd
As wit turn'd fool. . .

And Rosaline answers her :

The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Now here is one more indubitable proof that Shakespeare when writing about Biron's passion is really writing about his own. Biron is pictured as young again and again in the play ; he has never been distinguished for “gravity” but for talkativeness and wit. The princess calls him “quick Biron.” The two lines are surely Shakespeare criticising himself. When he revised this play at thirty-three he thought himself old. Just as he calls himself old in the magnificent sonnet which begins :

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold
Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

When he wrote this sonnet at thirty-three or thirty-four he did seem old no doubt in comparison to Mary Fitton who was only nineteen. That's what he is thinking of when he makes Rosaline talk out of character of Biron's love as “gravity's revolt to wantonness.”

There are still more proofs in this play that Shakespeare has painted himself and his love for us under the names of Biron and Rosaline. A little later Biron tells her that he will do anything for her : and Rosaline, by way of answer to this declaration, calls for music, for no earthly reason save that all

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Shakespeare's favourite characters call for music. When the "dark lady" played to him he called her "my music."

Again and again Biron declares his devotion while Rosaline mocks him :

BIRON. O, I am yours, and all that I possess !

Ros. All the fool mine ?

At length he drops all affectation and humour and jesting and comes to plain words :

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas and honest kersey noes :

And, to begin, wench—so God help me, la !—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw,

Ros. Sans sans I pray you.

Biron replies out of Shakespeare's very soul :

. . . Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage : bear with me, I am sick ;

I'll leave it by degrees

Shakespeare-Biron is speaking here more truly than he knows. Shakespeare is about to leave his gay comedies and his light witty speech, his rhymes and his conceits for simple prose and terrible tragedies. His "dark lady" is soon to cure him of all affectation and lightness of speech and even of gaiety and hope. This is the note of profound irony in the Sophoclean sense that adds tragic significance to the whole end of this play. A little later Biron says in words that are prophetic : "Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief." The talk at the end is altogether too earnest for the play : Rosaline even proclaims finally that if after twelve months she finds Biron free of flout and jest she will be "right joyful of his reformation."

Whether it was a reformation or not, she certainly wrought a complete change in Shakespeare's life and art. It was his love for her, the gipsy-wanton which brought him to knowledge of life, and turned him as I have said elsewhere from "a light-hearted writer of comedies and histories into the author of the greatest tragedies that have ever been conceived." Shakespeare owes the greater part of his renown to Mary Fitton. How she must have tortured him before he wrote that wonderful sonnet :

“THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE”

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbeckes foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win !
What wretched errors have my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
In the distraction of this madding fever ?

The “madding fever,” as we shall see, was not even then
at its height.

(To be continued)

The New Machiavelli

By H. G. Wells

CHAPTER THE FOURTH *

ADOLESCENCE

§ 1. I find it very difficult to trace how form was added to form and interpretation followed interpretation in my ever-spreading, ever-deepening, ever-multiplying and enriching vision of this world into which I had been born. Every day added its impressions, its hints, its subtle explications to the growing understanding. Day after day, the living interlacing threads of a mind weave together. Every morning now for three weeks and more (for to-day is Thursday and I started on a Tuesday) I have been trying to convey some idea of the factors and early influences by which my particular scrap of subjective tapestry was shaped, to show the child playing on the nursery floor, the son perplexed by his mother, gazing aghast at his dead father, exploring interminable suburbs, touched by first intimations of the sexual mystery, coming in with a sort of confused avidity towards the centres of the life of London. It is only by such an effort to write it down that one realises how marvellously crowded, how marvellously analytical and synthetic those years must be. One begins with the little child to whom the sky is a roof of blue, the world a screen of opaque and disconnected facts, the home a thing eternal, and "being good" just simple obedience to unquestioned authority; and one comes at last to the vast world of one's adult perception, pierced by flaring searchlights of partial understanding, here masked by mists, here refracted and distorted through half-translucent veils, here showing broad prospects and limitless vistas, and here impenetrably dark.

I recall phases of deep speculation, doubts and even prayers by night, and strange occasions when by a sort of hypnotic contemplation of nothingness I sought to pierce the web of appearances about me. It is hard to measure these things in receding perspective, and now I cannot trace, so closely has mood succeeded and overlaid and obliterated mood, the phases by which an utter horror of death was replaced by the growing realisation of its necessity and dignity. Difficulty of the imagination with infinite space, infinite time, entangled my mind; and moral distress for the pain and suffering of bygone ages that made all thought of reformation in the future seem but the grimmest irony upon now irreparable wrongs. Many an intricate perplexity of these broadening years did not so much get settled as cease to matter. Life crowded me away from it.

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I have confessed myself a temerarious theologian and in that passage from boyhood to manhood I ranged widely in my search for some permanently satisfying Truth. That, too, ceased after a time to be urgently interesting. I came at last into a phase that endures to this day, of absolute tranquillity, of absolute confidence in whatever that Incomprehensible Comprehensive which must needs be the substratum of all things, may be. *Feeling of it, feeling by it*, I cannot feel afraid of it. I think I had got quite clearly and finally to that adjustment long before my Cambridge days were done. I am sure that the evil in life is transitory and finite like an accident or distress in the nursery ; that God is my Father and that I may trust him, even though life hurts so that one must needs cry out at it, even though it shows no consequence but failure, no promise but pain. . . .

But while I was fearless of theology I must confess it was comparatively late before I faced and dared to probe the secrecies of sex. I was afraid of sex. I had an instinctive perception that it would be a large and difficult thing in my life, but my early training was all in the direction of regarding it as an irrelevant thing, as something disconnected from all the broad significances of life, as hostile and disgraceful in its quality. The world was never so emasculated in thought, I suppose, as it was in the Victorian time. . . .

I was afraid to think either of sex or (what I have always found inseparable from a kind of sexual emotion) beauty. Even as a boy I knew the thing as a haunting and alluring mystery that I tried to keep away from. Its dim presence obsessed me none the less for all the extravagant decency, the stimulating silences of my upbringing. . . .

The plaster Venuses and Apollos that used to adorn the vast aisle and huge grey terraces of the Crystal Palace were the first intimations of the beauty of the body that ever came into my life. As I write of it I feel again the shameful attraction of those gracious forms. I used to look at them not simply, but curiously and askance. Once at least in my later days at Penge, I spent a shilling in admission chiefly for the sake of them. . . .

The strangest thing of all my odd and solitary upbringing seems to me now that swathing up of all the splendours of the flesh, that strange combination of fanatical terrorism and shyness that fenced me about with prohibitions. It caused me to grow up, I will not say blankly ignorant, but with an ignorance blurred and dishonoured by shame, by enigmatical warnings, by cultivated aversions, an ignorance in which a fascinated curiosity and desire struggled like a thing in a net. I knew so little and I felt so much. There was, indeed, no Aphrodite at all in my youthful Pantheon, but instead there was a mysterious and minatory gap. I have told how at last a new Venus was born in my imagination out of gas-lamps and the twilight, a Venus with a cockney accent and dark eyes shining out of the dusk, a Venus who was a warm, passion-stirring atmosphere rather than incarnate in a body. And I have told too how I bought a picture.

All this was a thing apart from the rest of my life, a locked avoided chamber. . . .

It was not until my last year at Trinity that I really broke down the barriers of this unwholesome silence and brought my secret broodings to the light of day. Then a little set of us plunged suddenly into what we called at first sociological discussion. I can still recall even the physical

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feeling of those first tentative talks. I remember them mostly as occurring in the rooms of Ted Hatherleigh, who kept at the corner by the Trinity great gate, but we also used to talk a good deal at a man's in King's, a man named, if I remember rightly, Redmayne. The atmosphere of Hatherleigh's rooms was a haze of tobacco smoke against a background brown and deep. He professed himself a socialist with anarchistic leanings—he had suffered the martyrdom of ducking for it—and a huge French May-Day poster displaying a splendid proletarian in red and black on a barricade against a flaring orange sky, dominated his decorations. Hatherleigh affected a fine untidiness, and all the place, even the floor, was littered with books, for the most part open and face downward; deeper darknesses were supplied by a discarded gown and our caps, all conscientiously battered, Hatherleigh's flopped like an elephant's ear and inserted quill pens supported the corners of mine; the high lights of the picture came chiefly as reflections from his chequered blue mugs full of audit ale. We sat on oak chairs, except the four or five who crowded on a capacious settle, we drank a lot of beer and were often fuddled and occasionally quite drunk, and we all smoked reckless-looking pipes—there was a transient fashion among us for corn cobs for which Mark Twain, I think, was responsible. Our little excesses with liquor were due far more to conscience than appetite, indicated chiefly a resolve to break away from restraints that we suspected were keeping us off the instructive knife-edges of life. Hatherleigh was a good Englishman of the premature type with a red face, a lot of hair, a deep voice and an explosive plunging manner, and it was he who said one evening—Heaven knows how we got to it—"Look here, you know, it's all Rot this Shutting Up about Women. We *Ought* to talk about them. What are we going to do about them? It's got to come. We're all festering inside about it. Let's out with it. There's too much Decency altogether about this Infernal University."

We rose to his challenge a little awkwardly and our first talk was clumsy, there were flushed faces and red ears, and I remember Hatherleigh broke out into a monologue on decency. "Modesty and decency," said Hatherleigh, "are Oriental vices. The Jews brought them to Europe. They're Semitic, just like our monasticism here and the seclusion of women and mutilating the dead on a battlefield. And all that sort of thing."

Hatherleigh's mind progressed by huge leaps, leaps that were usually wildly inaccurate, and for a time we engaged hotly upon the topic of those alleged mutilations and the Semitic responsibility for decency. Hatherleigh tried hard to saddle the Semitic race with the less elegant war customs of the Soudan and the north-west frontier of India, and quoted Doughty, at that time a little-known author, and Cunningham Graham to show that the Arab was worse than a country-town spinster in his regard for respectability. But his case was too preposterous, and Esmeer with his shrill, penetrating voice and his way of pointing with all four long fingers flat together carried the point against him. He quoted Cato and Roman law and the monasteries of Thibet.

"Well, anyway," said Hatherleigh escaping from our hands like an intellectual frog, "Semitic or not, I've got no use for decency."

We argued points and Hatherleigh professed an unusually balanced and tolerating attitude. "I don't mind a certain refinement and dignity," he admitted generously. "What I object to is this spreading out of

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decency until it darkens the whole sky, until it makes a man's father afraid to speak of the most important things, until it makes a man afraid to look a frank book in the face or think—even think; until it leads to our coming to—to the business at last with nothing but a few prohibitions, a few hints, a lot of dirty jokes and, and—" he waved a hand and seemed to seek and catch his image in the air—" oh, a confounded buttered slide of sentiment to guide us. I tell you I'm going to think about it and talk about it until I see a little more daylight than I do at present. I'm twenty-two. Things might happen to me anywhen. You men can go out into the world if you like, to sin like fools and marry like fools, not knowing what you are doing and ashamed to ask. You'll take the consequences too, I expect, pretty meekly, sniggering a bit, sentimentalising a bit, like—like Cambridge humorists . . . I mean to know what I'm doing."

He paused to drink, and I think I cut in with ideas of my own. But one is apt to forget one's own share in a talk, I find, more than one does the clear-cut objectivity of other people's, and I do not know how far I contributed to this discussion that followed. I am, however, pretty certain that it was then that ideal that we were pleased to call aristocracy and which soon became the common property of our set was developed. It was Esmeer, I know, who laid down and maintained the proposition that so far as minds went there were really only two sorts of man in the world, the aristocrat and the man who subdues his mind to other people's.

"I couldn't *think* of it, sir," said Esmeer in his elucidatory tones; "that's what a servant says. His mind even is broken in to run between fences and he admits it. *We've* got to be able to think of anything. And 'such things aren't for the Likes of Us!' That's another servant's saying. Well, everything *is* for the Likes of Us. If we see fit, that is."

A small fresh-coloured man in grey objected.

"Well," exploded Hatherleigh, "if that isn't so what the deuce are we up here for? Instead of working in mines? If some things aren't to be thought about ever! We've got the privilege of all these extra years for getting things straight in our heads, and then we won't use 'em. Good God! What do you think a university's for? . . ."

Esmeer's idea came with an effect of real emancipation to several of us. We were not going to be afraid of ideas any longer, we were going to throw down every barrier of prohibition and take them in and see what came of it. We became for a time even intemperately experimental, and one of us the bare suggestion of an eminent psychic investigator took hashish and very nearly died of it within a fortnight of our great elucidation.

The chief matter of our interchanges was, of course, the discussion of sex. Once the theme had been opened it became a sore place in our intercourse; none of us seemed able to keep away from it. Our imaginations got astir with it. We made up for lost time and went round it and through it and over it exhaustively. I recall prolonged discussion of polygamy on the way to Royston, muddy November tramps to Madingley, when amidst much profanity from Hatherleigh at the serious treatment of so obsolete a matter, we weighed the reasons, if any, for the institution of marriage. The fine dim night-time spaces of the Great Court are bound up with the inconclusive finales of mighty hot-eared wrangles; the narrows of Trinity Street and Petty Cury and Market Hill have their particular associations for me with that spate of confession and free speech, that

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almost painful gaol-delivery of long pent and cramped and sometime crippled ideas.

And we went on a reading party that Easter to a place called Pulborough, in Sussex, where there is a fishing inn and a river that goes under a bridge. It was a late Easter and a blazing one, and we boated and bathed and talked of being Hellenic and the beauty of the body until at moments it seemed to us that we were destined to restore the Golden Age by the simple abolition of tailors and outfitters.

Those undergraduate talks! how rich and glorious they seemed, how splendidly new the ideas that grew and multiplied in our seething minds! We made long afternoon and evening raids over the Downs towards Arundel, and would come tramping back through the still keen moonlight singing and shouting. We formed romantic friendships with one another, and grieved more or less convincingly that there were no splendid women fit to be our companions in the world. But Hatherleigh, it seemed, had once known a girl whose hair was gloriously red. "My God!" said Hatherleigh to convey the quality of her; just simply and with projectile violence: "My God!"

Denton had heard of a woman who lived with a man refusing to be married to him—we thought that splendid beyond measure, I cannot now imagine why. She was "like a tender goddess," Denton said. A sort of shame came upon us in the dark in spite of our liberal intentions when Denton committed himself to that. And after such talk we would fall upon great pauses of emotional dreaming, and if by chance we passed a girl in a governess-cart or some farmer's daughter walking to the station, we became alertly silent or obstreperously indifferent to her. For might she not be just that one exception to the banal decency, the sickly pointless conventionality, the sham modesty of the times in which we lived?

We felt we stood for a new movement, not realising how perennially this same emancipation returns to those ancient courts beside the Cam. We were the anti-decency party, we discovered a catch phrase that we flourished about in the Union and made our watch-word, namely: "Stark fact." We hung nude pictures in our rooms much as if they had been flags, to the earnest concern of our bedders, and I disinterred my long-kept engraving and had it framed in fumed oak, and found for it a completer and less restrained companion, a companion I never cared for in the slightest degree. . . .

This efflorescence did not prevent, I think indeed it rather helped, our more formal university work, for most of us took Firsts, and three of us got Fellowships in one year or another. There was Denton who had a Research Fellowship and went to Tübingen, there was Esmeer and myself who both became Residential Fellows. I had taken the Mental and Moral Science Tripos (as it was then) and three years later I got a lectureship in political science. In those days it was disguised in the cloak of Political Economy.

§ 2. It was our affectation to be a little detached from the main stream of undergraduate life. We worked pretty hard, but by virtue of our beer, our socialism, and suchlike heterodoxy, held ourselves to be differentiated from the swatting reading man. None of us, except Baxter who was a rowing blue, a rather abnormal blue with an appetite for ideas, took games seriously enough to train, and on the other hand we intimated contempt

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for the rather mediocre, deliberately humorous, consciously gentlemanly and consciously wild undergraduate men who made up the mass of Cambridge life. After the manner of youth we were altogether too hard on our contemporaries. We battered our caps and tore our gowns lest they should seem new, and we despised those others extremely for doing exactly the same things; we had an idea of ourselves and resented beyond measure a similar weakness in these our brothers.

There was a type, or at least there seemed to us to be a type—I'm a little doubtful at times now whether after all we didn't create it—for which Hatherleigh invented the nickname the "Pinky Dinkys," intending thereby both contempt and abhorrence in almost equal measure. The Pinky Dinky summarised all that we particularly did not want to be, and also I now perceive much of what we were and all that we secretly dreaded becoming.

But it is hard to convey the Pinky Dinky idea, for all that it meant so much to us. We spent one evening at least during that reading-party upon the Pinky Dinky; we sat about our one fire after a walk in the rain—it was our only wet day—smoked our excessively virile pipes and elaborated the natural history of the Pinky Dinky. We improvised a sort of Pinky Dinky litany, and Hatherleigh supplied deep notes for the responses.

"The Pinky Dinky extracts a good deal of amusement from life," said some one.

"Damned prig!" said Hatherleigh.

"The Pinky Dinky arises in the Union and treats the question with a light gay touch. He makes the weird ones mad. But sometimes he cannot go on because of the amusement he extracts."

"I want to shy books at the giggling swine," said Hatherleigh.

"The Pinky Dinky says suddenly while he is making the tea, 'We're all being frightfully funny. It's time for *you* to say something now!'"

"The Pinky Dinky shakes his head and says: 'I'm afraid I shall never be a responsible being.' And he really *is* frivolous."

"Frivolous but not vulgar," said Esmeer.

"Pinky Dinkys are chaps who've had their buds nipped," said Hatherleigh. "They're Plebs and they know it. They haven't the Guts to get hold of things. And so they worry up all those silly little jokes of theirs to carry it off." . . .

We tried bad ones for a time, viciously flavoured.

"Pinky Dinkys are due to over-production of the type that ought to keep outfitter's shops. Pinky Dinkys would like to keep outfitter's shops with whimsy 'scriptions on the boxes and make your bill out funny, and not be snobs to customers, no!—not even if they had titles."

"Every Pinky Dinky's people are rather good people, and better than most Pinky Dinky's people. But he does not put on side."

"Pinky Dinky's become playful at the sight of women."

"'Croquet's my game,' said the Pinky Dinky, and felt a man condescended."

"But what the devil do they think they're up to anyhow?" roared old Hatherleigh, suddenly dropping plump into bottomless despair.

We felt we had still failed to get at the core of the mystery of the Pinky Dinky.

We tried over things about his religion. "The Pinky Dinky goes to

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King's Chapel, and sits and feels in the dusk. Solemn things ! Oh, *hush !* He wouldn't tell you——"

"He *couldn't* tell you."

"Religion is so sacred to him he never talks about it, never reads about it, never thinks about it. Just feels !"

"But in his heart of hearts, oh ! ever so deep, the Pinky Dinky has a doubt——"

Some one protested.

"Not a vulgar doubt," Esmeer went on, "but a kind of hesitation whether the Ancient of Days is really exactly what one would call good form. . . . There's a lot of horrid coarseness got into the world somehow. *Somebody* put it there. . . . And anyhow there's no particular reason why a man should be seen about with Him. He's jolly Awful of course, and all that——"

"The Pinky Dinky for all his fun and levity has a clean mind."

"A thoroughly clean mind. Not like Esmeer's—the Pig !"

"If once he began to think about sex, how could he be comfortable at croquet ?"

"It's their Damned Modesty," said Hatherleigh suddenly, "that's what the matter with the Pinky Dinky. It's Mental Cowardice dressed up as a virtue and taking the poor dears in. Cambridge is soaked with it ; it's some confounded local bacillus. Like the thing that gives a flavour to Havana cigars. He comes up here to be made into a man and a ruler of the people, and he thinks it shows a nice disposition not to take on the job ! How the devil is a great Empire to be run with men like him ?"

"All his little jokes and things," said Esmeer regarding his feet on the fender, "it's just a nervous sniggering—because he's afraid. . . . Oxford's no better."

"What's he afraid of ?" said I.

"God knows !" exploded Hatherleigh and stared at the fire.

"*Life !*" said Esmeer. "And so in a way are we," he added and made a thoughtful silence for a time.

"I say," began Carter, who was doing the Natural Science Tripos, "what is the adult form of the Pinky Dinky ?"

But there we were checked by our ignorance of the world.

"What is the adult form of any of us ?" asked Denton, voicing the thought that had arrested our flow.

§ 3. I do not remember that we ever lifted our criticism to the dons and the organisation of the University. I think we took them for granted. When I look back at my youth I am always astonished by the multitude of things that we took for granted. It seemed to us that Cambridge was in the order of things, for all the world like having eyebrows or a vermiform appendix. Now with the larger scepticism of middle age I can entertain very fundamental doubts about these old universities. Indeed, I had a scheme——

I do not see what harm I can do now by laying bare the purpose of the political combinations I was trying to effect.

My educational scheme was, indeed, the starting-point of all the big project of conscious public reconstruction at which I aimed. I wanted to build up a new educational machine altogether for the governing class out

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of a consolidated system of special public service schools. I meant to get to work upon this whatever office I was given in the new government. I could have begun my plan from the Admiralty or the War Office quite as easily as from the Education Office. I am firmly convinced it is hopeless to think of reforming the old public schools and universities to meet the needs of a modern State, they send their roots too deep and far, the cost would exceed any good that could possibly be effected, and so I have sought a way round this invincible obstacle. I do think it would be quite practicable to side-track, as the Americans say, the whole system by creating hard-working, hard-living, modern and scientific boys' schools, first for the Royal Navy and then for the public service generally, and as they grew, opening them to the public without any absolute obligation to subsequent service. Simultaneously with this it would not be impossible to develop a new college system with strong faculties in modern philosophy, modern history, European literature and criticism, physical and biological science, education and sociology.

We could, in fact, create a new liberal education in this way and cut the umbilicus of the classical languages for good and all. I should have set this going, and trusted it to correct or kill the old public schools and the Oxford and Cambridge tradition altogether. I had men in my mind to begin the work and I should have found others. I should have aimed at making a hard trained, capable, intellectually active, proud type of man. Everything else would have been made subservient to that. I should have kept my grip on the men through their vacation, and somehow or other I would have contrived a young woman to match them. I think I could have seen to it effectually enough that they didn't get at croquet and tennis with the vicarage daughters and discover sex in the Peeping Tom fashion I did, and that they realised quite early in life that it isn't really virile to reek of tobacco. I should have had military manœuvres, training ships, aeroplane work, mountaineering and so forth in the place of the solemn trivialities of games, and I should have fed and housed my men clean and very hard—where there wasn't any audit ale, no credit tradesmen, and plenty of high-pressure douches. . . .

I have revisited Cambridge and Oxford time after time since I came down, and so far as the Empire goes, I want to get clear of those two places. . . .

Always I renew my old feelings, a physical oppression, a sense of lowness and dampness almost exactly like the feeling of an underground room where paper moulders and leaves the wall, a feeling of ineradicable contagion in the Gothic buildings, in the narrow ditch-like rivers, in those roads and roads of stuffy little villas. Those little villas have destroyed all the good of the old monastic system and none of its evil. . . .

Some of the most charming people in the world live in them, but their collective effect is below the quality of any individual among them. Cambridge is a world of subdued tones, of excessively subtle humours, of prim conduct and free thinking ; it fears the parent but it has no fear of God ; it offers amidst surroundings that vary between dinginess and antiquarian charm the inflammation of literature's purple draught ; one hears there a peculiar thin scandal like no other scandal in the world—a covetous scandal—so that I am always reminded of Ibsen in Cambridge. In Cambridge and the plays of Ibsen alone does it seem appropriate for the

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heroine before the great crises of life to "enter, take off her overshoes, and put her wet umbrella upon the writing-desk." . . .

We have to make a new Academic mind for modern needs and the last thing to make it out of, I am convinced, is the old Academic mind. One might as soon try to fake the old *Victory* at Portsmouth into a line of battleship again. Besides which the old Academic mind—like those old bathless, damp, Gothic colleges—is much too delightful in its peculiar and distinctive way to damage by futile patching.

My heart warms to a sense of affectionate absurdity as I recall dear old Codger, surely the most "unleaderly" of men. No more than from the old Schoolmen, his kindred, could one get from him a School for Princes. Yet apart from his teaching he was as curious and adorable as a good Netsuke. Until quite recently he was a power in Cambridge, he could make and bar and destroy, and in a way he has become the quintessence of Cambridge in my thoughts.

I see him on his way to the morning's lecture, with his plump childish face, his round innocent eyes, his absurdly non-prehensile fat hand carrying his cap, his grey trousers braced up much too high, his feet a trifle inturned and going across the great court with a queer tripping pace that seemed cultivated even to my naïve undergraduate eye. Or I see him lecturing. He lectured walking up and down between the desks, talking in a fluting rapid voice, and with the utmost lucidity. If he could not walk up and down he could not lecture. His mind and voice had precisely the fluid quality of some clear subtle liquid; one felt it could flow round anything and overcome nothing. And its nimble eddies were wonderful! Or again I recall him drinking port with little muscular movements in his neck and cheek and chin and his brow knit—very judicial, very concentrated, preparing to say the apt just thing; it was the last thing he would have told a lie about.

When I think of Codger I am reminded of an inscription I saw on some occasion in Regent's Park above two eyes scarcely more limpidly innocent than his: "Born in the Menagerie." Never once since Codger began to display the early promise of scholarship at the age of eight or more, had he been outside the bars. His utmost travel had been to lecture here and lecture there. His student phase had culminated in papers of quite exceptional brilliance, and he had gone on to lecture with a cheerful combination of wit and mannerism that had made him a success from the beginning. He has lectured ever since. He lectures still. Year by year he has become plumper, more rubicund and more and more of an item for the intelligent visitor to see. Even in my time he was pointed out to people as part of our innumerable enrichments, and obviously, he knew it. He has become now almost the leading Character in a little donnish world of much too intensely appreciated Characters.

He boasted he took no exercise, and also of his knowledge of port wine. Of other wines he confessed quite frankly he had no "special knowledge."

Beyond these things he had little pride except that he claimed to have read every novel by a woman writer that had ever entered the Union Library. This, however, he held to be remarkable rather than ennobling, and such boasts as he made of it were tinged with playfulness. Certainly he had a scholar's knowledge of the works of Miss Marie Corelli, Miss Braddon, Miss Elizabeth Glyn and Madame Sarah Grand that would have

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astonished and flattered those ladies enormously, and he loved nothing so much in his hours of relaxation as to propound and answer difficult questions upon their books. Tusher of King's was his ineffectual rival in this field, their bouts were memorable and rarely other than glorious for Codger; but then Tusher spread himself too much, he also undertook to rehearse whole pages out of Bradshaw, and tell you with all the changes how to get from any station to any station in Great Britain by the nearest and cheapest routes. . . .

Codger lodged with a little deaf innocent old lady, Mrs. Araminta Mergle, who was understood to be herself a very redoubtable Character in the Gyp-Bedder class; about her he related quietly absurd anecdotes. He displayed a marvellous invention in ascribing to her plausible expressions of opinion entirely identical in import with those of the Oxford and Harvard Pragmatists, against whom he waged a fierce obscure war. . . .

It was Codger's function to teach me philosophy, philosophy! the intimate Wisdom of things. He dealt in a variety of Hegelian stuff like nothing else in the world, but marvellously consistent with itself. It was a wonderful web he spun out of that queer, big, active, childish brain that had never lusted nor hated nor grieved nor feared nor passionately loved—a web of iridescent threads. He had luminous final theories about Love and Death and Immortality, odd matters they seemed for him to think about! and all his woven thoughts lay across my perception of the realities of things, as flimsy and irrelevant and clever and beautiful, oh!—as a dew-wet spider's web slung in the morning sunshine across the black mouth of a gun. . . .

§ 4. All through those years of development I perceive now there must have been growing in me, slowly, irregularly, assimilating to itself all the phrases and forms of patriotism, diverting my religious impulses, utilising my æsthetic tendencies, my dominating idea, the statesman's idea, that idea of social service which is the protagonist of my story, that real though complex passion for Making, making widely and greatly, cities, national order, civilisation, whose interplay with all those other factors in life I have set out to present. It was growing in me—as one's bones grow, no man intending it.

I have tried to show how, quite early in my life, the fact of disorderliness, the conception of social life as being a multitudinous confusion out of hand, came to me. One always, of course, simplifies these things in the telling, but I do not think I ever saw the world at large in any other terms. I never at any stage entertained the idea which sustained my mother, and which sustains so many people in the world—the idea that the universe, whatever superficial discords it may present, is as a matter of fact all right, is being steered to definite ends by a serene and unquestionable God. My mother thought that Order prevailed and that disorder was just incidental and foredoomed rebellion; I feel and have always felt that order rebels against and struggles against disorder; that order has an up-hill job in gardens, experiments, suburbs, everything alike, from the very beginnings of my experience I discovered hostility to order, a constant escaping from control.

The current of living and contemporary ideas in which my mind was presently swimming made all in the same direction; in place of my mother's

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attentive, meticulous but occasionally extremely irascible Providence, the talk was all of the Struggle for Existence and the survival not of the best—that was nonsense, but of the fittest to survive.

The attempts to rehabilitate Faith in the form of the Individualist's *laissez faire* never won upon me. I disliked Herbert Spencer all my life until I read his autobiography, and then I laughed a little and loved him. I remember as early as the City Merchants' days how Britten and I scoffed at that pompous question-begging word "Evolution," having, so to speak, found it out. Evolution, some illuminating talker had remarked at the Britten lunch table, had led not only to man but to the liver-fluke and skunk, obviously it might lead anywhere; order came into things only through the struggling mind of man. That lit things wonderfully for us. When I went up to Cambridge I was perfectly clear that life was a various and splendid disorder of forces that the spirit of man sets itself to tame. I have never since fallen away from that persuasion.

I do not think I was exceptionally precocious in reaching these conclusions and a sort of religious finality for myself by eighteen or nineteen. I know men and women vary very much in these matters, just as children do in learning to talk. Some will chatter at eighteen months and some will hardly speak until three, and the thing has very little to do with their subsequent mental quality. So it is with young people; some will begin their religious, their social, their sexual interests at fourteen, some not until far on in the twenties. I and Britten belonged to one of the precocious types and Cossington very probably to another. It wasn't that there was anything priggish about any of us; we should have been prigs to have concealed our spontaneous interests and ape the theoretical boy.

The world of man centred for my imagination in London: it still centres there; the real and present world that is to say, as distinguished from the wonderlands of atomic and microscopic science and the stars and future time. I had travelled scarcely at all, I had never crossed the Channel, but I had read copiously and I had formed a very good working idea of this round globe with its mountains and wildernesses and forests and all the sorts and conditions of human life that were scattered over its surface. It was all alive, I felt, and changing every day; how it was changing, and the changes men might bring about, fascinated my mind beyond measure.

I used to find a charm in old maps that showed the World as Known to the Ancients, and I wish I could now, without any suspicion of self-deception, write down compactly the world as it was known to me at nineteen. So far as extension went it was, I fancy, very like the world I know now at forty-two; I had practically all the mountains and seas, boundaries and races, products and possibilities that I have now. But its intension was very different. All the interval has been increasing and deepening my social knowledge, replacing crude and second-hand impressions by felt and realised distinctions.

In 1895—that was my last year with Britten, for I went up to Cambridge in September—my vision of the world had much the same relation to the vision I have to-day that an ill-drawn daub of a mask has to the direct vision of a human face. Britten and I looked at our world and saw—what did we see? Forms and colours side by side that we had no suspicion were interdependent. We had no conception of the roots of things

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nor of the reactions of things. It did not seem to us, for example, that business had anything to do with government or that money and means affected the heroic issues of war. There were no waggons in our war game, and where there were guns, there it was assumed the ammunition was gathered together. Finance again was a sealed book to us ; we did not so much connect it with the broad aspects of human affairs as regard it as a sort of intrusive nuisance to be earnestly ignored by all right-minded men. We had no conception of the quality of politics, nor how "interests" came into such affairs ; we believed men were swayed by purely intellectual convictions and were either right or wrong, honest or dishonest (in which case they deserved to be shot), good or bad. We knew nothing of mental inertia, and could imagine the opinion of a whole nation changed by one lucid and convincing exposition. We were capable of the most incongruous transfers from the scroll of history to our own times, we could suppose Brixton ravaged and Hampstead burnt in civil wars for the succession to the throne, or Cheapside a lane of death and the front of the Mansion House set about with guillotines in the course of an accurately transposed French Revolution. We rebuilt London by Act of Parliament, and once in a mood of hygienic enterprise we transferred its population *en masse* to the North Downs by an order of the Local Government Board. We thought nothing of throwing religious organisations out of employment or superseding all the newspapers by freely distributed bulletins. We could contemplate the possibility of laws abolishing whole classes ; we were equal to such a dream as the peaceful and orderly proclamation of Communism from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, after the passing of a simply worded Bill—a close and not unnaturally an exciting division carrying the third reading. I remember quite distinctly evolving that vision. We were then fully fifteen and we were perfectly serious about it. We were not fools ; it was simply that as yet we had gathered no experience at all of the limits and powers of legislation and conscious collective intention. . . .

I think this statement does my boyhood justice, and yet I have my doubts. It is so hard now to say what one understood and what one did not understand. It isn't only that every day changed one's general outlook, but also that a boy fluctuates between phases of quite adult understanding and phases of tawdriily magnificent puerility. Sometimes I myself was in those tumbrils that went along Cheapside to the Mansion House, a Sydney Cartonesque figure, a white defeated Mirabeau ; sometimes it was I who sat judging and condemning and ruling (sleeping in my clothes and feeding very simply) the soul and autocrat of the Provisional Government which occupied, of all inconvenient places ! the General Post Office at St. Martin's le Grand ! . . .

I cannot trace the development of my ideas at Cambridge, but I believe the mere physical fact of going two hours' journey away from London gave that place for the first time an effect of unity in my imagination. I got outside London. It became tangible instead of being a frame almost as universal as sea and sky.

At Cambridge my ideas ceased to live in a duologue ; in exchange for Britten, with whom however I corresponded lengthily, stylishly, and self-consciously for some years, I had now a set of congenial friends. I got talk with some of the younger dons, I learnt to speak in the Union, and in my

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little set we were all pretty busily sharpening each other's wits and correcting each other's interpretations. Cambridge made politics personal and actual. At City Merchants' we had had no sense of effective contact ; we boasted, it is true, an under-secretary and a colonial governor among our old boys, but they were never real to us ; such distinguished sons as returned to visit the old school were allusive and pleasant in the best Pinky Dinky style, and pretended to be in earnest about nothing but our football and cricket, to mourn the abolition of " water " and find a shuddering personal interest in the ancient swishing block. At Cambridge I felt for the first time that I touched the thing that was going on. Real living statesmen came down to debate in the Union, the older dons had been their college intimates, their sons and nephews expounded them to us and made them real to us. They invited us to entertain ideas ; I found myself for the first time in my life expected to read and think and discuss, my secret vice had become a virtue.

That combination-room world is at least larger and more populous and various than the world of schoolmasters. The Shoemiths and Naylor who had been the aristocracy of City Merchants' fell into their place in my mind ; they became an undistinguished mass on the more athletic side of Pinky Dinkyism, and their hostility to ideas and to the expression of ideas ceased to limit and trouble me. The brighter men of each generation stay up ; these others go down to propagate their tradition as the fathers of families, as mediocre professional men, as assistant masters in schools. Cambridge which perfects them is by the nature of things least oppressed by them—except when it comes to a vote in Convocation.

We were still in those days under the shadow of the great Victorians. I never saw Gladstone (as I never set eyes on the old Queen) but he had resigned office only a year before I went up to Trinity and the Combination Rooms were full of personal gossip about him and Disraeli and the other big figures of the gladiatorial stage of Parliamentary history, talk that leaked copiously into such sets as mine. The ceiling of our guest chamber at Trinity was glorious with the arms of Sir William Harcourt, whose Death Duties had seemed at first like a socialist dawn. Mr. Evesham we asked to come to the Union every year, Masters, Chamberlain, and the old Duke of Devonshire ; they did not come indeed, but their polite refusals brought us all as it were within personal touch of them. One heard of cabinet councils and meetings at country houses. Some of us, pursuing such interests, went so far as to read political memoirs and the novels of Disraeli and Mrs. Humphry Ward. From gossip, example, and the illustrated newspapers one learnt something of the way in which parties were split, coalitions formed, how permanent officials worked and controlled their ministers, how measures were brought forward and projects modified.

And while I was getting the great leading figures on the political stage, who had been presented to me in my schooldays not so much as men as the pantomimic monsters of political caricature, while I was getting them reduced in my imagination to the stature of humanity, and their motives to the quality of impulses like my own, I was also acquiring in my Tripos work a constantly developing and enriching conception of the world of men as a complex of economic, intellectual, and moral processes. . . .

§ 4. Socialism is an intellectual Proteus, but to the men of my generation

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it came as the revolt of the workers. Rodbertus we never heard of and the Fabian Society we did not understand ; Marx and Morris, the Chicago Anarchists, *Justice* and Social Democratic Federation (as it was then) presented socialism to our minds. Hatherleigh was the leading exponent of the new doctrines in Trinity, and the figure upon his wall of a huge muscled, black-haired toiler swaggering sledge-hammer in hand across a revolutionary barricade, seemed the quintessence of what he had to expound. Landlord and capitalist had robbed and enslaved the workers and were driving them quite automatically to inevitable insurrection. They would arise and the capitalist system would flee and vanish like the mists before the morning, like the dews before the sunrise, giving place in the most simple and obvious manner to an era of Right and Justice and Virtue and Well-Being, and in short a Perfectly Splendid Time.

I had already discussed this sort of socialism under the guidance of Britten, before I went up to Cambridge. It was all mixed up with ideas about freedom and natural virtue and a great scorn for kings, titles, wealth, and officials, and it was symbolised by the red ties we wore. Our simple verdict on existing arrangements was that they were "all wrong." The rich were robbers and knew it, kings and princes were usurpers and knew it, religious teachers were impostors in league with power, the economic system was an elaborate plot on the part of the few to expropriate the many. We went about feeling scornful of all the current forms of life, forms that esteemed themselves solid, that were we knew, no more than shapes painted on a curtain that was presently to be torn aside. . . .

It was Hatherleigh's poster and his capacity for overstating things, I think, that first qualified my simple revolutionary enthusiasm. Perhaps also I had met with Fabian publications, but if I did I forget the circumstances. And no doubt my innate constructiveness, with its practical corollary of an analytical treatment of the material supplied, was bound to push me on beyond this melodramatic interpretation of human affairs.

I compared that Working Man of the poster with any sort of working man I knew. I perceived that the latter was not going to change, and indeed could not under any stimulus whatever be expected to change into the former. It crept into my mind as slowly and surely as the dawn creeps into a room that the former was not as I had at first rather glibly assumed, an "ideal," but a complete misrepresentation of the quality and possibilities of things.

I do not know now whether it was during my school-days or at Cambridge that I first began not merely to see the world as a great contrast of rich and poor but to feel the massive effect of that multitudinous majority of people who toil continually, who are for ever anxious about ways and means, who are restricted, ill-clothed, ill-fed and ill-housed, who have limited outlooks and continually suffer misadventures, hardships, and distresses through the want of money. My lot had fallen upon the fringe of the possessing minority ; if I did not know the want of necessities I knew shabbiness, and the world that let me go on to a university education intimated very plainly that there was not a thing beyond the primary needs that my stimulated imagination might demand that it would not be an effort for me to secure. A certain aggressive radicalism against the ruling and propertied classes followed almost naturally from my circumstances. It did not at first connect itself at all with the perception of a

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planless disorder in human affairs that had been forced upon me by the atmosphere of my upbringing, nor did it link me in sympathy with any of the profounder realities of poverty. It was a personal independent thing. The dingier people one saw in the back streets and lower quarters of Bromstead and Penge, the drift of dirty children, ragged old women, street loafers, grimy workers, that made the social background of London, the stories one heard of privation and sweating, only joined up very slowly with the general propositions I was making about life. We could become splendidly eloquent about the social revolution and the triumph of the Proletariat after the class war, and it was only by a sort of inspiration that it came to me that my Bedder, a garrulous old thing with a dusty black bonnet over one eye and an ostentatiously clean apron outside the dark mysteries that clothed her, or the cheeky little ruffians who yelled papers about the streets, were really material to such questions.

Directly any of us young socialists of Trinity found ourselves in immediate contact with servants or cadgers or gyps or bedders or plumbers or navvies or cabmen or railway porters we became unconsciously and unthinkingly aristocrats. Our voices altered, our gestures altered. We behaved just as all the other men, rich or poor, swatters or sportsmen or Pinky Dinkys, behaved, and exactly as we were expected to behave. On the whole it is a population of poor quality round about Cambridge, rather stunted and spiritless and very difficult to idealise. That theoretical Working Man of ours!—if we felt the clash at all we explained it I suppose by assuming that he came from another part of the country; Esmeer, I remember, who lived somewhere in the Fens, was very eloquent about the Cornish fishermen, and Hatherleigh, who was a Hampshire man, assured us we ought to know the Scottish miner. My private fancy was for the Lancashire operative because of his co-operative societies, and because what Lancashire thinks to-day England thinks to-morrow. . . . And also I had never been in Lancashire.

By little increments of realisation it was that the profounder verities of the problem of socialism came to me. It helped me very much that I had to go down to the Potteries several times to discuss my future with my uncle and guardian; I walked about and saw Bursley Wakes and much of the human aspects of organised industrialism at close quarters for the first time. The picture of a splendid Working Man cheated out of his innate glorious possibilities and presently to arise and dash this scoundrelly and scandalous system of private ownership to fragments, began to give place to a limitless spectacle of inefficiency, to a conception of millions of people not organised as they should be, not educated as they should be, not simply prevented from but incapable of nearly every sort of beauty, mostly kindly and well meaning, mostly incompetent, mostly obstinate and easily humbugged and easily diverted. Even the tragic and inspiring idea of Marx that the poor were nearing a limit of painful experience, and awakening to a sense of intolerable wrongs began to develop into the more appalling conception that the poor were simply in a witless uncomfortable inconclusive way—"muddling along"; that they wanted nothing very definitely nor very urgently, that mean fears enslaved them and mean satisfactions decoyed them, that they took the very gift of life itself with a spiritless lassitude, hoarding it, being rather anxious not to lose it than to use it in any way whatever.

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The complete development of that realisation was the work of many years. I had only the first intimations at Cambridge. But I did have intimations. Most acutely do I remember the doubts that followed the visit of Chris Robinson. Chris Robinson was heralded by such heroic anticipations, and he was so entirely what we had not anticipated.

Hatherleigh got him to come, arranged a sort of meeting for him at Redmayne's rooms in King's, and was very proud and proprietorial. It failed to stir Cambridge at all profoundly. Beyond a futile attempt to screw up Hatherleigh, made by some inexperienced duffers who used nails instead of screws and gimlets, there was no attempt to rag. Next day Chris Robinson went and spoke at Bennett Hall in Newnham College, and left Cambridge in the evening amidst the cheers of twenty men or so. Socialism was at such a low ebb politically in those days that it didn't even rouse men to opposition.

And there sat Chris under that flamboyant and heroic Worker of the poster, a little wrinkled grey-bearded apologetic man in ready-made clothes, with watchful innocent brown eyes and a persistent and invincible air of being out of his element. He sat with his stout boots tucked up under his chair, and clung to a tea-cup and saucer and looked away from us into the fire, and we all sat about on tables and chair arms and window-sills and boxes and anywhere except upon chairs after the manner of young men. The only other chair whose seat was occupied was the one containing his knitted woollen comforter and his picturesque old beach-photographer's hat. We were all shy and didn't know how to take hold of him now we had got him, and, which was disconcertingly unanticipated, he was manifestly having the same difficulty with us. We had expected to be gripped.

"I'll not be knowing what to say to these chaps," he repeated with a north-country quality in his speech.

We made reassuring noises.

The Ambassador of the Workers stirred his tea earnestly through an uncomfortable pause.

"I'd best tell 'em something of how things are in Lancashire, what with the new machines and all that," he speculated at last with red reflections in his thoughtful eyes.

We had an inexcusable dread that perhaps he would make a mess of the meeting.

But when he was no longer in the unaccustomed meshes of refined conversation but speaking with an audience before him, he became a different man. He declared he would explain to us just exactly what socialism was, and went on at once to an impassioned contrast of social conditions. "You young men," he said, "come from homes of luxury; every need you feel is supplied——"

We sat and stood and sprawled about him, occupying every inch of Redmayne's floor space except the hearthrug-platform, and we listened to him and thought him over. He was the voice of wrongs that made us indignant and eager. We forgot for a time that he had been shy and seemed not a little incompetent, his provincial accent became a beauty of his earnest speech, we were carried away by his indignations. We looked with shining eyes at one another and at the various dons who had dropped in and were striving to maintain a front of judicious severity. We felt more and more that social injustice must cease and cease forthwith. We felt we could not

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sleep upon it. At the end we clapped and murmured our applause and wanted badly to cheer.

Then like a lancet stuck into a bladder, came the heckling. Denson, that indolent, liberal-minded sceptic, did most of the questioning. He lay contorted in a chair with his ugly head very low, his legs crossed and his left boot very high, and he pointed his remarks with a long thin hand and occasionally adjusted the unstable glasses that hid his watery eyes. "I don't want to carp," he began. "The present system, I admit, stands condemned. Every present system always *has* stood condemned in the minds of intelligent men. But where it seems to me you get thin, is just where everybody has been thin, and that's when you come to the remedy."

"Socialism," said Chris Robinson as if it answered everything, and Hatherleigh said, "Hear! hear!" very resolutely.

"I suppose I *ought* to take that as an answer," said Denson, getting his shoulder blades well down to the seat of his chair; "but I don't. I don't, you know. It's rather a shame to cross-examine you after this fine address of yours"—Chris Robinson on the hearthrug made acquiescent and inviting noises—"but the real question remains how exactly are you going to end all these wrongs? There are the administrative questions. If you abolish the private owner I admit you abolish a very complex and clumsy way of getting businesses run, land controlled and things in general administered, but you don't get rid of the need of administration, you know."

"Democracy," said Chris Robinson.

"Organised somehow," said Denson. "And it's just the How perplexes me. I can quite easily imagine a socialist State administered in a sort of scrambling tumult that would be worse than anything we have got now."

"Nothing could be worse than things are now," said Chris Robinson. "I have seen little children——"

"I submit life on an ill-provisioned raft, for example, could easily be worse—or life in a beleagured town."

Murmurs.

They wrangled for some time, and it had the effect upon me of coming out from the glow of a good *matinée* performance into the cold daylight of late afternoon. Chris Robinson did not shine in conflict with Denson; he was an orator and not a dialectician and he missed Denson's points and displayed a disposition to plunge into untimely pathos and indignation. And Denson hit me curiously hard with one of his shafts. "Suppose," he said, "you found yourself prime minister——"

I looked at Chris Robinson, bright-eyed and his hair a little ruffled and his whole being rhetorical, and measured him against the huge machine of government muddled and mysterious. Oh! but I was perplexed!

And then we took him back to Hatherleigh's rooms and drank beer and smoked about him while he nursed his knee with hairy-wristed hands that protruded from his flannel shirt, and drank lemonade under the cartoon of that emancipated Worker, and we had a great discursive talk with him.

"Eh! you should see our big meetings up north!" he said.

Denson had ruffled him and worried him a good deal, and ever and again he came back to that discussion. "It's all very easy for your learned men to sit and pick holes," he said, "while the children suffer and die. They don't pick holes up north. They mean business."

He talked, and that was the most interesting part of it all, of his going to

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work in a factory when he was twelve—"when you chaps were all with your mummies"—and how he had educated himself of nights until he would fall asleep at his reading.

"It's made many of us keen for all our lives," he remarked, "all that clemming for education. Why! I longed all through one winter to read a bit of Darwin. I must know about this Darwin if I die for it, I said. And I couldno' get the book."

Hatherleigh made an enthusiastic noise and drank beer at him with round eyes over the mug.

"Well, anyhow I wasted no time on Greek and Latin," said Chris Robinson. "And one learns to go straight at a thing without splitting straws. One gets hold of the Elementals."

(Well, did they? That was the gist of my perplexity.)

"One doesn't quibble," he said, returning to his rankling memory of Denson, "while men decay and starve."

"But suppose," I said suddenly dropping into opposition, "the alternative is to risk a worse disaster—or do something patently futile."

"I don't follow that," said Chris Robinson. "We don't propose anything futile, so far as I can see."

§ 5. The prevailing force in my undergraduate days was not Socialism but Kiplingism. Our set was quite exceptional in its socialistic professions. And we were all, you must understand, very distinctly Imperialists also, and professed a vivid sense of the "White Man's Burden."

It is a little difficult now to get back to the feelings of that period; Kipling has since been so mercilessly and exhaustively mocked, criticised and torn to shreds;—never was a man so violently exalted and then, himself assisting, so relentlessly called down. But in the middle nineties this spectacled and moustached little figure with its heavy chin and its general effect of vehement gesticulation, its wild shouts of boyish enthusiasm for effective force, its lyric delight in the sounds and colours, in the very odours of empire, its wonderful discovery of machinery and cotton-waste and the under officer and the engineer, and "shop" as a poetic dialect became almost a national symbol. He got hold of us wonderfully, he filled us with tinkling and haunting quotations, he stirred Britten and myself to futile imitations, he coloured the very idiom of our conversation. He rose to his climax with his "Recessional," while I was still an undergraduate.

What did he give me exactly?

He helped to broaden my geographical sense immensely, and he provided phrases for just that desire for discipline and devotion and organised effort the Socialism of our time failed to express, that the current socialist movement still fails, I think, to express. The sort of thing that follows for example, tore something out of my inmost nature and gave it a shape, and I took it back from him shaped and let much of the rest of him, the tumult and the bullying, the hysteria and the impatience, the incoherence and inconsistency, go uncriticised for the sake of it—

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!

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And then again ; and for all our later criticism, this sticks in my mind, sticks there now as quintessential wisdom :

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood and stone ;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own ;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful : 'e leaves 'em all about,
An' then comes up the regiment an' pokes the 'eathen out.

All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,
All along of abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-ho,
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so !

It is after all a secondary matter that Kipling, not having been born and brought up in Bromstead and Penge, and the war in South Africa being yet in the womb of time, could quite honestly entertain the now remarkable delusion that England had her side arms at that time kept anything but "awful." He learnt better and we all learnt with him in the dark years of exasperating and humiliating struggle that followed, and I do not see that we fellow learners are justified in turning resentfully upon him for a common ignorance and assumption. . . .

South Africa seems always painted on the back-cloth of my Cambridge memories. How immense those disasters seemed at the time, disasters our facile English world has long since contrived in any edifying or profitable sense to forget ! How we thrilled to the shouting newspaper sellers as the first false flush of victory gave place to the realisation of defeat. Far away there our army showed itself human, mortal and human in the sight of all the world ; the pleasant officers we had imagined would change to wonderful heroes at the first crackling of rifles, remained the pleasant, rather incompetent men they had always been, failing to imagine, failing to plan and co-operate, failing to grip. And the common soldiers too, they were just what our streets and country-side had made them, no sudden magic me out of the war bugles for them. Neither splendid nor disgraceful were they—just ill-trained and fairly plucky and wonderfully good-tempered men—paying for it. And how it lowered our vitality all that first winter to hear of Nicholson's Nek, and then presently close upon one another to realise the bloody waste of Magersfontein, the shattering retreat from Stormberg, Colenso—Colenso, that blundering battle, with White as it seemed in Ladysmith near the point of surrender ! and so through the long unfolding catalogue of bleak disillusionments, of aching, unconcealed anxiety lest worse should follow. To advance upon your enemy singing about his lack of cleanliness and method went out of fashion altogether ! The dirty retrogressive Boer vanished from our scheme of illusion.

All through my middle Cambridge period, the guns boomed and the rifles cracked away there on the veldt, and the horsemen rode and the tale of accidents and blundering went on. Men, mules, horses, stores, and money poured into South Africa, and the convalescent wounded streamed home. I see it in my memory as if I had looked at it all through a window instead of through the pages of the illustrated papers ; I recall as if I had been there the wide open spaces, the ragged hill-sides, the open order

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attacks of helmeted men in khaki, the scarce visible smoke of the guns, the wrecked trains in great lonely places, the burnt isolated farms, and at last the blockhouses and the fences of barbed wire uncoiling and spreading for endless miles across the desert, netting the elusive enemy until at last, though he broke the meshes again and again, we had him in the toils. If one's attention strayed in the lecture-room it wandered to those battle-fields.

And that imagined panorama of war unfolds to an accompaniment of yelling newsboys in the narrow old Cambridge streets, of the flicker of papers hastily bought and torn open in the twilight, of the doubtful reception of doubtful victories and the insensate rejoicings at last that seemed to some of us more shameful than defeats. . . .

§ 6. A book that stands out among these memories, that stimulated me immensely so that I forced it upon my companions, half in the spirit of propaganda and half to test it by their comments, was Meredith's *One of Our Conquerors*. It is one of the books that have made me. In that I got a supplement and corrective of Kipling. It was the first detached and adverse criticism of the Englishman I had ever encountered. It must have been published already nine or ten years when I read it. The country had paid no heed to it, had gone on to the expensive lessons of the War because of the dull aversion our people feel for all such intimations, and so I could read it as a book justified. The war endorsed its every word for me, underlined each warning indication of the gigantic dangers that gathered against our system across the narrow seas. It discovered Europe to me, as watching and critical.

But while I could respond to all its criticisms of my country's intellectual indolence, of my country's want of training and discipline and moral courage, I remember that the idea that on the Continent there were other peoples going ahead of us, mentally alert while we fumbled, disciplined while we slouched, aggressive and preparing to bring our Imperial pride to a reckoning, was extremely novel and distasteful to me. It set me worrying of nights. It put all my projects for social and political reconstruction upon a new uncomfortable footing. It made them no longer merely desirable but urgent. Instead of pride and the love of making one might own to a baser motive. Under Kipling's sway I had a little forgotten the Continent of Europe, treated it as a mere envious echo to our own world-wide display. I began now to have a disturbing sense as it were of busy searchlights over the horizon. . . .

One consequence of the patriotic chagrin Meredith produced in me, was an attempt to belittle his merit. "It isn't a good novel anyhow," I said.

The charge I brought against it was, I remember, a lack of unity. It professed to be a study of the English situation in the early nineties, but it was all deflected, I said, and all the interest was confused by the story of Victor Radnor's fight with society to vindicate the woman he had loved and never married. Now in the retrospect and with a mind full of bitter enlightenment, I can do Meredith justice, and admit the conflict was not only essential but cardinal in his picture, that the terrible inflexibility of the rich aunts and the still more terrible claim of Mrs. Burman Radnor, the "infernal punctilio," and Dudley Sowerby's limitations, were the

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central substance of that inalertness the book set itself to assail. So many things have been brought together in my mind that were once remotely separated. A people that will not valiantly face and understand and admit love and passion can understand nothing whatever. But in these days what is now just obvious truth to me was altogether outside my range of comprehension. . . .

§ 7. As I seek to recapitulate the interlacing growth of my apprehension of the world, as I flounder among the half-remembered developments that found me a crude schoolboy and left me a man, there comes out as if it stood for all the rest, my first holiday abroad. That did not happen until I was twenty-two. I was a fellow of Trinity, and the Peace of Vereeniging had just been signed.

I went with a man named Willersley, a man some years senior to myself, who had just missed a fellowship and the higher division of the Civil Service, and who had become an enthusiastic member of the London School Board, upon which the cumulative vote and the support of the "advanced" people had placed him. He had, like myself, a small independent income that relieved him of any necessity to earn a living, and he had a kindred craving for social theorising and some form of social service. He had sought my acquaintance after reading a paper of mine (begotten by the visit of Chris Robinson) on the limits of pure democracy. It had marched with some thought of his own.

We went by train to Spiez on the Lake of Thun, then up the Gemmi and thence with one or two halts and digressions and a little modest climbing we crossed over by the Antrona pass (on which we were benighted) into Italy, and by way of Domo D'ossola and the Santa Maria Maggiore Valley to Cannobio, and thence up the lake of Locarno (where, as I shall tell, we stayed some eventful days) and so up the Val Maggia and over to Airolo and home.

As I write of that long tramp of ours, something of its freshness and enlargement returns to me. I feel again the faint pleasant excitement of the boat train, the trampling procession of people with hand baggage and laden porters along the platform of the Folkestone pier, the scarcely perceptible swaying of the moored boat beneath our feet. Then, very obvious and simple, the little emotion of standing out from the homeland and seeing the long white Kentish cliffs recede. One walked about the boat doing one's best not to feel absurdly adventurous, and presently a movement of people directed one's attention to a white lighthouse on a cliff to the east of us, coming up suddenly; and then one turned to scan the little different French coast villages, and then, sliding by in a pale sunshine came a long wooden pier with oddly dressed children upon it, and the clustering town of Boulogne.

One took it all with the outward calm that became a young man of nearly three and twenty, but one was alive to one's finger-tips with pleasing little stimulations. The custom house examination excited one, the strangeness of babble in a foreign tongue; one found the French of City Merchants' and Cambridge a shy and viscous flow, and then one was standing in the train as it went slowly through the rail-laid street to Boulogne Ville, and one looked out at the world in French, porters in blouses, workmen in enormous purple trousers, police officers in peaked caps instead of helmets and romantically cloaked, big carts all on two wheels instead of

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four, casements instead of sash windows, and great numbers of neatly dressed women in economical mourning.

"Oh! there's a priest!" one said, and was betrayed into suchlike artless cries.

It was a real other world, with different government and different methods, and in the night one was roused from uneasy slumbers and sat blinking and surly, wrapped up in one's *couverture* and with one's *oreiller* all awry, to encounter a new social phenomenon, the German official, so different in manner from the British; and when one woke again after that one had come to Bâle, and out one tumbled to get coffee in Switzerland. . .

I have been over that route dozens of times since, but it still revives a certain lingering youthfulness, a certain sense of cheerful release in me.

I remember that I and Willersley became very sociological as we ran on to Spiez, and made all sorts of generalisations from the steeply sloping fields on the hill-sides, and from the people we saw on platforms and from little differences in the way things were done.

The clean prosperity of Bâle and Switzerland, the big clean stations, filled me with patriotic misgivings as I thought of the vast dirtiness of London, the mean dirtiness of Cambridgeshire. It came to me that perhaps my scheme of international values was all wrong, that quite stupendous possibilities and challenges for us and our empire might be developing here—and I recalled Meredith's Skepsey in France with a new understanding.

Willersley had dressed himself in a world-worn Norfolk suit of greenish grey tweeds that ended unfamiliarly at his rather impending, spectacled, intellectual visage. I didn't, I remember, like the contrast of him with the drilled Swiss and Germans about us. Convict coloured stockings and vast hobnail boots finished him below, and all his luggage was a borrowed rucksack that he had tied askew. He did not want to shave in the train, but I made him at one of the Swiss stations—I dislike these Oxford slovenlinesses—and then, confound him! he cut himself and bled. . .

Next morning we were breathing a thin exhilarating air that seemed to have washed our very veins to an incredible cleanliness, and eating hard-boiled eggs in a vast clear space of rime-edged rocks, snow-mottled, above a blue-gashed glacier. All about us the monstrous rock surfaces rose towards the shining peaks above, and there were winding moraines from which the ice had receded, and then dark clustering fir-trees far below.

I had an extraordinary feeling of having come out of things, of being outside.

"But this is the round world!" I said, with a sense of never having perceived it before; "this is the round world!"

§ 8. That holiday was full of big comprehensive effects; the first view of the Rhone Valley and the distant Valaisian Alps for example, which we saw from the shoulder of the mountain above the Gemmi, and the early summer dawn breaking over Italy as we moved from our night's crouching and munched bread and chocolate and stretched our stiff limbs among the tumbled and precipitous rocks that hung over Lake Cingolo, and surveyed the winding tiring rocky track going down and down to Antrona-piano.

And our thoughts were as comprehensive as our impressions. Willersley's mind abounded in historical matter; he had an inaccurate abundant habit of topographical reference; he made me see and trace and see again

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the Roman Empire sweep up these winding valleys and the coming of the first great Peace among the warring tribes of men. . . .

In the retrospect each of us seems to have been talking about our outlook almost continually. Each of us, you see, was full of the same question, very near and altogether predominant to us, the question: "What am I going to do with my life?" He saw it almost as importantly as I, but from a different angle, because his choice was largely made and mine still hung in the balance.

"I feel we might do so many things," I said, "and everything that calls one, calls one away from something else."

Willersley agreed without any modest disavowals.

"We have got to think out," he said, "just what we are and what we are up to. We've got to do that now. And then—it's one of those questions it is inadvisable to reopen subsequently."

He beamed at me through his glasses. The sententious use of long words was a playful habit with him, that and a slight deliberate humour, habits occasional Extension Lecturing was doing very much to intensify.

"You've made your decision?"

He nodded with a peculiar forward movement of his head.

"How would you put it?"

"Social Service—education. Whatever else matters or doesn't matter, it seems to me there is one thing we *must* have and increase, and that is the number of people who can think a little—and have—" he beamed again—"an adequate sense of causation."

"You're sure it's worth while?"

"For me—certainly. I don't discuss that any more."

"I don't limit myself too narrowly," he added. "After all, the work is all one. We who know, we who feel, are building the great modern State, joining wall to wall and way to way, the new great England rising out of the decaying old . . . we are the real statesmen—I like that use of 'statesmen' . . ."

"Yes," I said with many doubts. "Yes, of course. . . ."

Willersley is middle-aged now, with silver in his hair and a deepening benevolence in his always amiable face, and he has very fairly kept his word. He has lived for social service and to do vast masses of useful, undistinguished, fertilising work. Think of the days of arid administrative plodding and of contention still more arid and unrewarded, that he must have spent! His little affectations of gesture and manner, imitative affectations for the most part, have increased, and the humorous beam and the humorous intonations have become a thing he puts on every morning like an old coat. His devotion is mingled with a considerable whimsicality, and they say he is easily flattered by subordinates and easily offended into opposition by colleagues; he has made mistakes at times and followed wrong courses; still there he is, a flat contradiction to all the ordinary doctrine of motives, a man who has foregone any chances of wealth and profit, foregone any easier paths to distinction, foregone marriage and parentage, in order to serve the community. He does it without any fee or reward except his personal self-satisfaction in doing this work, and he does it without any hope of future joys and punishments, for he is an implacable Rationalist. No doubt he idealises himself a little, and dreams of recognition. No doubt he gets his pleasure from a sense of power, from the spending and husbanding of large sums of public money, and from the inevitable proprietorship

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he must feel in the fair, fine, well-ordered schools he has done so much to develop. "But for me," he can say, "there would have been a job about those diagrams, and that subject or this would have been less ably taught." . . .

The fact remains that for him the rewards have been adequate, if not to content, at any rate to keep him working. Of course he covets the notice of the world he has served, as a lover covets the notice of his mistress. Of course he thinks somewhere, somewhen, he will get credit. Only last year I heard some men talking of him, and they were noting, with little mean smiles, how he had shown himself self-conscious while there was talk of some honorary degree-giving or other; it would, I have no doubt, please him greatly if his work were to flower into a crimson gown in some Academic *parterre*. Why shouldn't it? But that is incidental vanity at the worst; he goes on, anyhow. Most men don't.

But we had our walk twenty years and more ago now. He was oldish even then as a young man, just as he is oldish still in middle age. Long may his industrious elderliness flourish for the good of the world! He lectured a little in conversation then; he lectures more now and listens less, toilsomely disentangling what you already understand, giving you in detail the data you know; these are things like callosities that come from a man's work.

Our long three weeks' talk comes back to me as a memory of ideas and determinations slowly growing, all mixed up with a smell of wood smoke and pine woods and huge precipices and remote gleams of snow-fields and the sound of cascading torrents rushing through deep gorges far below. It is mixed too with gossips with waitresses and fellow travellers, with my first essays in colloquial German and Italian, with disputes about the way to take, and other things that I will tell of in another section. But the white passion of human service was our dominant theme. Not simply perhaps nor altogether unselfishly, but quite honestly, and with at least a frequent self-forgetfulness did we want to do fine and noble things, to help in their developing, to lessen misery, to broaden and exalt life. It is very hard—perhaps it is impossible—to present in a page or two the substance and quality of nearly a month's conversation, conversation that is casual and discursive in form, that ranges carelessly from triviality to immensity, and yet is constantly resuming a constructive process, as workmen on a wall loiter and jest and go and come back, and all the while build.

We got it more and more definite that the core of our purpose beneath all its varied aspects must needs be order and discipline. "Muddle," said I, "is the enemy." That remains my belief to this day. Clearness and order, light and foresight, these things I know for Good. It was muddle had just given us all the still freshly painful disasters and humiliations of the war, muddle that gives us the visibly sprawling disorder of our cities and industrial countryside, muddle that gives us the waste of life, the limitations, wretchedness and unemployment of the poor. Muddle! I remember myself quoting Kipling:

All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less.

"We build the State," we said over and over again. "That is what we are for—servants of the new reorganisation!"

We planned half in earnest and half Utopianising, a League of Social Service.

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We talked of the splendid world of men that might grow out of such unpaid and ill-paid work as we were setting our faces to do. We spoke of the intricate difficulties, the monstrous passive resistances, the hostilities to such a development as we conceived our work subserved, and we spoke with that underlying confidence in the invincibility of the causes we adopted that is natural to young and scarcely tried men.

We talked much of the detailed life of politics so far as it was known to us, and there Willersley was more experienced and far better informed than I; we discussed possible combinations and possible developments, and the chances of some great constructive movement coming from the heart-searchings the Boer War had occasioned. We would sink to gossip—even at the Suetonius level. Willersley would decline towards illuminating anecdotes that I capped more or less loosely from my private reading. We were particularly wise, I remember, upon the management of newspapers, because about that we knew nothing whatever. We perceived that great things were to be done through newspapers. We talked of swaying opinion and moving great classes to massive action.

Men are egotistical even in devotion. All our splendid projects were thickset with the first personal pronoun. We both could write, and all that we said in general terms was reflected in the particular in our minds; it was ourselves we saw and no others writing and speaking that moving word. He had already produced manuscript and passed the initiations of proof reading; I had been a frequent speaker in the Union and Willersley was an active man on the School Board. Our feet were already on the lower rungs that led up and up. He was six and twenty and I twenty-two. We intimated our individual careers in terms of bold expectation. I had prophetic glimpses of walls and hoardings clamorous with "Vote for Remington" and Willersley no doubt saw himself chairman of this committee and that, and saying a few slightly ironical words after the declaration of the poll, and then sitting friendly beside me on the government benches. There was nothing impossible in such dreams. Why not the Board of Education for him? My preference at that time wavered between the Local Government Board—I had great ideas about town-planning, about revisions of municipal areas and reorganised internal transit—and the War Office. I swayed strongly towards the latter as the journey progressed. My educational ambitions came later.

Odd to think of all the swelling ambitions that have tramped over Alpine passes! How many of them, like mine, have come almost within sight of realisation before they failed?

There were times when we posed like young gods (of unassuming exterior) and times when we were full of the absurdest little solicitudes about our prospects. There were times when one surveyed the whole world of men as if it was a little thing at one's feet, and by way of contrast I remember once lying in bed—it must have been during this holiday, though I cannot for the life of me fix where—and speculating whether perhaps someday I might not be a K.C.B., Sir Richard Remington, K.C.B., M.P.

But the big style prevailed. . . .

We could not tell from minute to minute whether we were planning for a world of solid reality or telling ourselves fairy tales about this prospect of life. So much seemed possible, and everything we could think of, so improbable. There were lapses when it seemed to me I could never be

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anything but just the entirely unimportant and undistinguished young man I was for ever and ever. I couldn't even think of myself as five and thirty.

Once I remember Willersley going over a list of failures, and why they had failed—but young men in the twenties do not know much about failures.

§ 9. Willersley and I professed ourselves Socialists, but by this time I knew my Rodbertus as well as my Marx, and there was much in our socialism that would have shocked Chris Robinson as much as anything in life could have shocked him. Socialism as a simple democratic cry we had done with for ever. We were socialists because Individualism for us meant muddle, meant a crowd of separated, undisciplined little people all obstinately and ignorantly doing things jarringly, each one in his own way. "Each," I said, quoting words of my father's that rose apt in my memory, "snarling from his own little bit of property, like a dog tied to a cart's tail."

"Essentially," said Willersley, "essentially we're for conscription, in peace and war alike. The man who owns property is a public official and has to behave as such. That's the gist of socialism as I understand it."

"Or be dismissed from his post," I said, "and replaced by some better sort of official. A man's none the less an official because he's irresponsible. What he does with his property affects people just the same. Private! No one is really private but an outlaw. . . ."

Order and devotion were the very essence of our socialism, and a splendid collective vigour and happiness its end. We projected an ideal state, an organised state as confident and powerful as modern science, as balanced and beautiful as a body, as beneficent as sunshine, the organised state that should end muddle for ever; it ruled all our ideas and gave form to all our ambitions.

Every man was to be definitely related to that, to have his predominant duty to that. Such was the England renewed we had in mind, and how to serve that end, to subdue undisciplined worker and undisciplined wealth to it and make the Scientific Commonweal King, was the continuing substance of our intercourse.

§ 10. Every day the wine of the mountains was the stronger in our blood, and the flush of our youth the deeper. We would go in the morning sunlight along some narrow Alpine mule path shouting large suggestions for national reorganisation, and weighing considerations as lightly as though the world was wax in our hands. "Great England," we said in effect, over and over again, "and we will be among the makers! England renewed! The country has been warned, it has learnt its lesson. The disasters and anxieties of the war have sunk in, England has become serious. . . . Oh! there are big things before us to do; big enduring things!"

One evening we walked up to the loggia of a little pilgrimage church, I forget its name, that stands out on a conical hill at the head of a winding stair above the town of Locarno. Down below the houses clustered amidst a confusion of heat-bitten greenery. I had been sitting silently on the parapet looking across to the purple mountain masses where Switzerland passes into Italy, and the drift of our talk seemed suddenly to gather to a head.

I broke into speech, giving form to the thoughts that had been

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accumulating. My words have long since passed out of my memory, the phrases of familiar expression have altered for me, but the substance remains as clear as ever. I said how we were in our measure emperors and kings, men undriven, free to do as we pleased with life, we classed among the happy ones, our bread and common necessities were given us for nothing, we had abilities—it wasn't modesty but cowardice to behave as if we hadn't—and Fortune watched us to see what we might do with opportunity and the world.

"There are so many things to do, you see," began Willersley, in his judicial lecturer's voice.

"So many things we may do," I interrupted, "with all these years before us. . . . We're exceptional men. It's our place, our duty, to do things.

"Here anyhow," I said, answering the faint amusement of his face, "I've got no modesty. Everything conspires to set me up. Why should I run about like all those grubby little beasts down there, seeking nothing but mean little vanities and indulgences—and then take credit for modesty? I *know* I am capable. I *know* I have imagination. Modesty! I know if I don't attempt the very biggest things in life I'm a damned shirk. The very biggest! Somebody has to attempt them. I feel like a loaded gun that is only a little perplexed because it has to find out just where to aim itself. . . ."

The lake and the frontier villages, a white puff of steam on the distant railway to Luino, the busy boats and steamers trailing triangular wakes of foam, the long vista eastward towards battlemented Bellinzona, the vast mountain distances, now tinged with sunset light, behind this nearer landscape, and the southward waters with remote coast towns shining dimly, waters that merged at last in a luminous golden haze, made a broad panoramic spectacle. It was as if one surveyed the world—and it was like the games I used to set out upon my nursery floor. I was exalted by it: I felt larger than men. So kings should feel.

That sense of largeness came to me then and it has come to me since, again and again, a splendid intimation or a splendid vanity. Once, I remember, when I looked at Genoa from the mountain crest behind the town and saw that multitudinous place in all its beauty of width and abundance and clustering human effort, and once as I came steaming past the brown low hills of Staten Island towards the towering vigour and clamorous vitality of New York City, that mood rose to its quintessence. And once it came to me, as I shall tell, on Dover Cliffs. And a hundred times when I have thought of England as our country might be, with no wretched poor, no wretched rich, a nation armed and ordered, trained and purposeful amidst its vales and rivers, that emotion of collective ends and collective purposes has returned to me. I felt as great as humanity. For a brief moment I was humanity, looking at the world I had made and had still to make. . . .

§ 11. And mingled with these dreams of power and patriotic service there was another series of a different quality and a different colour, like the antagonistic colour of a shot silk. The white life and the red life contrasted and interchanged, passing swiftly at a turn from one to another, and refusing ever to mingle peacefully one with the other. I was asking myself openly and distinctly: what are you going to do for the world? What are

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you going to do with yourself? And with an increasing strength and persistence Nature in spite of my averted attention was asking me in penetrating undertones: what are you going to do about this other fundamental matter, the beauty of girls and women and your desire for them?

I have told of my sisterless youth and the narrow circumstances of my upbringing. It made all womenkind mysterious to me. If it had not been for my Staffordshire cousins I do not think I should have known any girls at all until I was twenty. Of Staffordshire I will tell a little later. But I can remember still how through all those ripening years, the thought of women's beauty, their magic presence in the world beside me and the unknown, untried reactions of their intercourse, grew upon me and grew, as a strange presence grows in a room when one is occupied by other things. I busied myself and pretended to be wholly occupied, and there the woman stood, full half of life neglected, and it seemed to my averted mind sometimes that she was there clad and dignified and divine, and sometimes Aphrodite shining and commanding, and sometimes that Venus who stoops and allures.

This travel abroad seemed to have released a multitude of things in my mind; the clear air, the beauty of the sunshine, the very blue of the glaciers made me feel my body and quickened all those disregarded dreams. I saw the sheathed beauty of women's forms all about me, in the cheerful waitresses at the inns, in the pedestrians one encountered in the tracks, in the chance fellow travellers at the hotel tables. "Confound it!" said I, and talked all the more zealously of that greater England that was calling us.

I remember that we passed two Germans, an old man and a tall fair girl, father and daughter, who were walking down from Saas. She came swinging and shining towards us, easy and strong. I worshipped her as she approached.

"Gut Tag!" said Willersley, removing his hat.

"Morgen!" said the old man, saluting.

I stared stockishly at the girl, who passed with an indifferent face.

That sticks in my mind as a picture remains in a room, it has kept there bright and fresh as a thing seen yesterday, for twenty years. . . .

I flirted hesitatingly once or twice with comely serving-girls, and was a little ashamed lest Willersley should detect the keen interest I took in them, and then as we came over the pass from Santa Maria Maggiore to Cannobio, my secret preoccupation took me by surprise and flooded me and broke down my pretences.

The women in that valley are very beautiful—women vary from valley to valley in the Alps and are plain and squat here and divinities five miles away—and as we came down we passed a group of five or six of them resting by the wayside. Their burthens were beside them and one like Ceres held a reaping hook in her brown hand. She watched us approaching and smiled faintly, her eyes at mine.

There was some greeting, and two of them laughed together.

We passed.

"Glorious girls they were," said Willersley, and suddenly an immense sense of boredom enveloped me. I saw myself striding on down that winding road, talking of politics and parties and Bills of Parliament and all sorts of desiccated things. That road seemed to me to wind on for ever down to dust and infinite dreariness. I knew it for a way of death. Reality was behind us.

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Willersley set himself to draw a sociological moral. "I'm not so sure," he said in a voice of intense discriminations, "after all, that agricultural work isn't good for women."

"Damn agricultural work!" I said, and broke out into a vigorous cursing of all I held dear. "Fettered things we are!" I cried. "I wonder why I stand it!"

"Stand what?"

"Why don't I go back and make love to those girls and let the world and you and everything go hang? Deep breasts and rounded limbs—and we poor emasculated devils go tramping by with the blood of youth in us! . . ."

"I'm not quite sure, Remington," said Willersley looking at me with a deliberately quaint expression over his glasses, "that picturesque scenery is altogether good for your morals."

§ 12. That fever was still in my blood when we came to Locarno.

Along the hot and dusty lower road between the Orrido of Traffume and Canobbio Willersley had developed his first blister. And partly because of that and partly because there was a bag at the station that gave us the refreshment of clean linen and partly because of the lazy lower air into which we had come, we decided upon three or four days' sojourn in the Empress Hotel.

We dined that night at a *table-d'hôte*, and I found myself next to an Englishwoman who began a conversation that was resumed in the hotel lounge. She was a woman of perhaps thirty-three or thirty-four, slenderly built, with a warm reddish skin and very abundant fair golden hair, the wife of a petulant looking heavy-faced man of perhaps fifty-three who smoked a cigar and dozed over his coffee and presently went to bed. "He always goes to bed like that," she confided startlingly. "He sleeps after all his meals. I never knew such a man to sleep."

Then she returned to our talk, whatever it was.

We had begun at the dinner-table with itineraries and the usual topographical talk, and she had envied our pedestrian travel. "My husband doesn't walk," she said. "His heart is weak and he cannot manage the hills."

There was something friendly and adventurous in her manner; she conveyed she liked me, and when presently Willersley drifted off to write letters our talk sank at once to easy confidential undertones. I felt enterprising, and indeed it is easy to be daring with people one has never seen before and may never see again. I said I loved beautiful scenery and all beautiful things, and the pointing note in my voice made her laugh. She told me I had bold eyes, and so far as I can remember I said she made them bold. "Blue they are," she remarked, smiling archly. "I like blue eyes." Then I think we compared ages, and she said she was the Woman of Thirty, "George Moore's Woman of Thirty."

I had not read George Moore at the time, but I pretended to understand.

That I think was our limit that evening. She went to bed, smiling good-night quite prettily down the big staircase, and I and Willersley went out to smoke in the garden. My head was full of her and I found it necessary to talk about her. So I made her a problem in sociology. "Who the deuce are these people?" I said, "and how do they get a living? They

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seem to have plenty of money. He strikes me as being— Willersley, what is a drysalter? I think he's a retired drysalter."

Willersley theorised while I thought of the woman and that provocative quality of dash she had displayed. The next day at lunch she and I met like old friends. A huge mass of private thinking during the interval had been added to our effect upon one another. We talked for a time of insignificant things.

"What do you do," she asked rather quickly, "after lunch? Take a siesta?"

"Sometimes," I said and hung for a moment eye to eye.

We hadn't a doubt of each other, but my heart was beating like a steamer propeller when it lifts out of the water.

"Do you get a view from your room?" she asked after a pause.

"It's on the third floor, Number seventeen, near the staircase. My friend's next door."

She began to talk of books. She was interested in Christian Science she said, and spoke of a book. I forget altogether what that book was called though I remember to this day with the utmost exactness the purplish magenta of its cover. She said she would lend it to me and hesitated.

Willersley wanted to go for an expedition across the lake that afternoon, but I refused. He made some other proposals that I rejected abruptly. "I shall write in my room," I said.

"Why not write down here?"

"I shall write in my room." I snarled like a thwarted animal and he looked at me curiously. "Very well," he said; "then I'll make some notes and think about that order of ours out under the magnolias."

I hovered about the lounge for a time buying postcards and feverishly restless, watching the movements of the other people. Finally I went up to my room and sat down by the window staring out. There came a little tap at the unlocked door and in an instant, like the go of a taut bow-string, I was up and had it open.

"Here is that book," she said, and we hesitated.

"Come in!" I whispered, trembling from head to foot.

"You're just a boy," she said in a low tone.

I did not feel a bit like a lover, I felt like a burglar with the safe-door nearly open. "Come in," I said almost impatiently, for any one might be in the passage, and I gripped her wrist and drew her towards me.

"What do you mean?" she answered with a faint smile on her lips, and awkward and yielding.

I shut the door behind her, still holding her with one hand, then turned upon her—she was laughing nervously—and without a word drew her to me and kissed her. And I remember that as I kissed her she made a little noise almost like the purring miaow with which a cat will greet one, and her face, close to mine, became solemn and tender.

She was suddenly a different being from the discontented wife who had tapped a moment since on my door, a woman transfigured.

That evening I came down to dinner a monster of pride, for behold! I was a man. I felt myself the most wonderful and unprecedented of adventurers. It was hard to believe that any one in the world before had done as much. My mistress and I met smiling, we carried things off admirably, and it seemed to me that Willersley was the dullest old dog in the world. I wanted to give him advice, I wanted to give him derisive

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pokes. After dinner and coffee in the lounge I was too excited and hilarious to go to bed, I made him come with me down to the *café* under the arches by the pier, and there drank beer and talked extravagant nonsense about everything under the sun, in order not to talk about the happenings of the afternoon. All the time something shouted within me: "I am a man! I am a man!" . . .

"What shall we do to-morrow?" said he.

"I'm for loafing," I said. "Let's row in the morning and spend to-morrow afternoon just as we did to-day."

"They say the church behind the town is worth seeing."

"We'll go up about sunset; that's the best time for it. We can start about five."

We heard music, and went further along the arcade to discover a place where girls in operatic Swiss peasant costume were singing and dancing on a creaking, protesting little stage. I eyed their generous display of pink neck and arm with the seasoned eye of a man who has lived in the world. Life was perfectly simple and easy, I felt, if one took it the right way.

Next day Willersley wanted to go on, but I delayed. Altogether I kept him back four days. Then abruptly my mood changed and we decided to start early the next day. I remember, though a little indistinctly, the feeling of my last talk with that woman whose surname, odd as it may seem, either I never learnt, or I have forgotten. (Her christian name was Milly.) She was tired and rather low-spirited, and disposed to be sentimental, and for the first time in our intercourse I found myself liking her for the sake of her own personality. There was something kindly and generous appearing behind the veil of naïve and uncontrolled sensuality she had worn. There was a curious quality of motherliness in her attitude to me that something in my nature answered and approved. She didn't pretend to keep it up that she had yielded to my initiative. "I've done you no harm," she said, a little doubtfully, an odd note for a man's victim! And, "we've had a good time. You have liked me, haven't you?"

She interested me in her lonely dissatisfied life; she was childless and had no hope of children, and her husband was the only son of a rich meat salesman, very mean, a mighty smoker, "he reeks of it," she said, "always," and interested in nothing but golf, billiards (which he played very badly), pigeon-shooting, convivial Free Masonry and Stock Exchange punting. Mostly they drifted about the Riviera. Her mother had contrived her marriage when she was eighteen. They were the first samples I ever encountered of the great multitude of functionless property-owners which encumbers modern civilisation—but at the time I didn't think much of that aspect of them. . . .

I tell all this business as it happened without comment, because I have no comment to make. It was all strange to me, strange rather than wonderful, and, it may be, some dream of beauty died for ever in those furtive meetings; it happened to me, and I could scarcely have been more irresponsible in the matter or controlled events less if I had been suddenly pushed over a cliff into water. I swam of course—finding myself in it. Things tested me, and I reacted, as I have told. The bloom of my innocence, if ever there had been such a thing, was gone. And here is the remarkable thing about it; at the time and for some days I was overweeningly proud, I have never been so proud before or since; I felt I had been promoted to virility; I was unable to conceal my exultation from

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Willersley. It was a mood of shining shameless ungracious self-approval. As he and I went along in the cool morning sunshine by the rice-fields in the throat of the Val Maggia a silence fell between us.

"You know?" I said abruptly—"about that woman?"

Willersley did not answer for a moment. He looked at me over the corner of his spectacles.

"Things went pretty far?" he asked.

"Oh! all the way!" and I had a twinge of fatuous pride in my unpremeditated achievement.

"She came to your room?"

I nodded.

"I heard her. I heard her whispering. . . . The whispering and rustling and so on. I was in my room yesterday. . . . Any one might have heard you. . . ."

I went on with my head in the air.

"You might have been caught, and that would have meant endless trouble. You might have incurred all sorts of consequences. What did you know about her? . . . We have wasted four days in that hot close place. When we found that League of Social Service we were talking about," he said with a determined eye upon me, "chastity will be first among the virtues prescribed."

"I shall form a rival league," I said a little damped. "I'm hanged if I give up a single desire in me until I know why."

He lifted his chin and stared before him through his glasses at nothing. "There are some things," he said, "that a man who means to work—to do great public services, *must* turn his back upon. I'm not discussing the rights or wrongs of this sort of thing. It happens to be the conditions we work under. It will probably always be so. If you want to experiment in that way, if you want even to discuss it—out you go from political life. You must know that's so. . . . You're a strange man, Remington, with a kind of kink in you. You've a sort of force. You might happen to do immense things. . . . Only——"

He stopped. He had said all that he had forced himself to say.

"I mean to take myself as I am," I said. "I'm going to get experience for humanity out of all my talents—and bury nothing."

Willersley twisted his face to its humorous expression. "I doubt if sexual proclivities," he said drily, "come within the scope of the parable."

I let that go for a little while. Then I broke out. "Sex!" said I, "is a fundamental thing in life. We went through all this at Trinity. I'm going to look at it, experience it, think about it—and get it square with the rest of life. Career and Politics must take their chances of that. It's part of the general English slackness that they won't look this in the face. Gods! what a muffled time we're coming out of! Sex means breeding, and breeding is a necessary function in a nation. The Romans broke up upon that. The Americans fade out amidst their successes. Eugenics——"

"*That* wasn't Eugenics," said Willersley.

"It was a woman," I said after a little interval, feeling oddly that I had failed altogether to answer him and yet had a strong dumb case against him.

(To be continued)

“The Apostle”

By George Moore

PREFATORY NOTE

THE publication of a Scenario, that is to say the working notes that a writer has made to help him to write a play, is so unusual that it seems to me a few words of explanation are necessary.

The story of “The Apostle” is one of those striking stories that one is tempted to relate to amuse one’s friends after dinner, and I have related it sufficiently often to invite collaboration—I have in my mind a very generous letter which came a few days ago from a friend whose honour is above suspicion. But though one’s friends may be trustworthy, our friends have their friends, and a story wanders far like thistle-down, and somebody hearing it and mistaking it for thistle-down, or folk-lore (which is the same thing), might unexpectedly feel himself called upon to write it. “Very far-fetched suspicions” somebody mutters, raising his eyebrows, and, hearing that mutter, I answer that in the dramatic world all things are possible, and I make ready to pour into his ear the story of what happened to a comedy which I used to chatter about some few years ago.

A friend delighted in the subject so much that I was besought to sketch it out to a shorthand writer, and the sketch pleased so much that I was persuaded to allow the friend to finish it. The method of collaboration adopted by my friend was to take it to a manager and to ask him what alterations he would like to have made. The manager was so caught by the comedy that he ordered it to be written according to his idea, and in a little while I found myself forced to choose between never seeing the play either acted or printed, or to agree to the production of the manager’s version which I had never seen. All sight of it was forbidden me; I was not to have a voice in the rehearsing of the play. But if I sat quiet in the stalls no objection would be made to my presence. In return for my submission the manager agreed to allow me to print my own version of the comedy a year after the first performance. All this sounds like a fairy-tale, but there can be no disputing the facts; for they are all written out in long agreements which lie at my solicitor’s office. It was only the accident that the play the manager was then performing ran a little longer than he expected which prevented him from carrying out a project which I think is without parallel in literary history. He paid a forfeit of £200, and I found myself at liberty to write my play, which I did, sending it when finished to a fashionable London manager, who a few days after wrote to me saying that he had read it with great interest, and that it seemed to him delightful—I should have to look up his letter to find his adjectives—I am sure he used “dainty” and “refined.” He “funked” how-

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ever putting it into the evening bill, but asked me if I would allow him to keep it, promising to produce it on the first favourable occasion. To this I consented, and in the late autumn he produced a comedy, the plot of which, and some of the characters, were extraordinarily like mine, written by a fashionable dramatic author, whose ideas in all his previous work are so different from mine that I have ever since been trying to find out how it was that our ideas should have been so entirely fused together in the unhappy comedy whose history I am now telling.

The first thought that came into my mind was of course "a case of literary coincidence;" that is to say, different authors who had never spoken to each other, and between whom there had been no communication, direct or indirect, unwittingly thinking of the same plot and the same characters. It appears certain that such things have happened, and this much at least can be said in favour of the theory of literary coincidence, that commonplace people often think they have hit on an original plot, when what they have discovered is no more than a memory of some commonplace story they have either read or heard. A writer, therefore, is averse from explanation by "literary coincidence"; and he is weary of the *a che la morte* of the dramatic organ; and, led by his vanity, perhaps, prefers to believe that he gossiped about the play he hoped to write, and that it drifted down the wind to a dramatic author, suggesting a comedy to him just as some event read in the newspaper or something heard in conversation might do, and that the comedy was sent to a manager without suspicion that another author had sent to the same manager a plot on the same subject with similar characters.

If second thoughts are subtler than first, third thoughts are subtler than second, and though my third thinking will only appeal to a minority of readers I am not disposed to relinquish as altogether untenable the explanation that as the manager sat reading my comedy, admiring its dialogue, he began to wonder if there was anybody alive in London who could write it better; and that at the same moment a fashionable dramatic author was sitting alone in his study, his mind at pause. Who shall say that it is impossible that my story and my characters were suddenly precipitated into the empty mind ready to receive them, as a flower is to receive the pollen that the winds waft. The failure of the dramatic author's comedy to please seems to favour the belief that it was begotten of pollen too far removed in kind to produce anything except a hybrid that lived but a few days.

Thought transference is, as everybody knows, irregular in its operations; and it does not follow that because I have not been able to get into communication with the manager and remind him that he should have written to explain the likeness between the produced and the unproduced, he did not unwittingly, as he pondered my comedy, get into communication with the dramatic author whose mind was at pause. The science of telepathy is still in its infancy, and, no doubt, some future scientist will be able to explain everything. For the present, however, the case of my comedy must remain obscure, and I shall go on nourishing the hope that the manager will put it to the test of a performance.* In the world tele-

* Since writing these lines I have heard through a mutual friend that the fashionable manager still hopes to produce my comedy. Well, as I have said: "All things are possible in the world dramatic."

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pathic, as in the world dramatic, all things are possible. But, beset as we are by dangers—telepathy, literary coincidence, and our natural tendency to gossip—it seems to me well to publish my sketch for the “Apostle” and avoid all possible misunderstandings.

SCENARIO OF ACT I

SCENE: *A large hall with windows at back overlooking distant hills turning blue in the twilight. The River Jordan glitters in the distance. We are in an Essene monastery situated among the Palestinian hills.*

It was the practice among the Essenes that an elder monk should read the Scripture and interpret obscure or difficult passages. We gather from the talk between two monks, Manaham and Sadduc, who enter, that they have left their brethren still engaged in discussing whether they may regard the passages in Scripture in which God is described with human attributes as allegorical. It would seem from Sadduc's expostulations that the interpreter, Matthias, has carried his interpretation further than some of his brethren like, and is suspected of being tainted with Greek philosophy. Manaham answers that some explanation is necessary, for there are many passages in Scripture which conflict with the beliefs of the Essenes.

“Every one of us holds that Deity is the cause of all good, the world is certainly not all good, therefore the world has been created by good and bad angels.”

“Granted, granted,” cries Sadduc, “but the garden of Eden cannot be understood as a mere allegory. What didst thou tell us?”

Sadduc reproves Matthias, who when speaking of the passage in Genesis telling that Adam sought to hide himself from God among the trees in the garden, argued that the garden meant the mind of man as an individual, and that he who is escaping from God flees from himself, for there are only two principles which can exercise power over our life, the mind of the universe which is God and the separate mind of the individual. Manaham has been much impressed by this method of interpreting the Scripture, for it seems to him impossible to believe that God has hands and feet, that God is angry, revengeful, or that God should repent of having created man. Were this view accepted, God would be finite rather than an infinite Being; He would be the God of the Hebrews—

“Yes, of his chosen people; we must hold by that. But all the world, and all the stars, and all the eye sees and the ear hears are the works of God.”

Manaham cites Scripture to this effect. “That God is not as man:” Numbers xxxiii. 19. And then Sadduc cites the passage Deuteronomy i. 51, “That God is as man.” Whereupon Manaham declares that the second is introduced for the instruction of the mass of mankind, and not because God is such in his real nature; in other words, when Scripture speaks of God as if he were man and attributes to him the acts and motives of men it is by way of accommodation to the wants of those who are intellectually and morally at a low stage of culture; but for those who have got beyond this stage, whose intelligence is not limited to their imagination, and whose will is not governed by selfish fears and hopes, there is another lesson.

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They can rise to the consciousness of God as the absolute Being, to whom none of the attributes of finite things or beings can belong, not even those of humanity. Of this Being we know only that He is and not what He is ; and this is what is meant when God is spoken of by the name “ I am that I am.”

Eleazar, stopping on the threshold, overhears the last part of Manahem's speech, and he comes forward saying that he agrees with Manahem inasmuch as that it would not only be against the word of Scripture, but against all tradition to accept God as being no more than the absolute substance which strictly taken would exclude all difference and relation, even the difference and relation of subject and object in self-consciousness. He holds to the idea of an absolute God, pure, simple, and self-subsistent ; “ yet on the other hand ” breaks in Manahem, “ it is impossible to conceive of God except as a principle of being and well-being in the universe who binds all things to each other in binding them to himself.” Sadduc interjects : “ Then there are two Gods and not one God.” Manahem says : “ Not two Gods but two aspects.” “ Which must be reduced to unity,” Sadduc answers.

Enter Joazer who begins at once by the declaration that Matthias has been misunderstood. “ There is God and there is the word of God, logos.” Then enters the Prior, Ananus, who on hearing the word logos says that all they have been saying and listening to is un-Hebraic. “ There is only one God who watches over his people, Jehovah, and he has chosen them, and all the other nations of the earth.” One of the monks interposes : “ And he loves them too.” The Prior says : “ So far I am with thee ; but it is through the Hebrew people, and through them to all mankind on condition of their obedience to his revealed will.” One of the monks interposes an objection, and he answers : “ Who art thou, oh man, that dost argue against thy God ? ”

The words of the prior have caused the monks to cease chattering (the stage is already filled with twelve or thirteen monks) and their attention is turned to a lay brother who has just come in carrying a basket on his arm. Without noticing the assembled monks he walks to the windows, and without noticing the silence speaks.

“ How beautiful is the evening light revealing as it dies every crest ! The outlines of the hills are evident now, evident as the will of God.”

“ Hear ye all,” Matthias cries. “ This lay brother expresses in his dream, unconscious, the very point that I laboured to explain to you. You have heard him. Evident as the will of God he says.”

“ The world is God's will ; we must separate God's will from His nature ; so far do we go with you.”

“ By the aid of angels, therefore, God created the world, and evil angels were among the good.”

“ Leave the angels, good and evil, for a moment, so that we may consider that beauty which even now ravishes the soul of the brother ; a humble hewer of wood, a drawer of water, a server of the community. But what has my brother in his basket ? ”

“ Crumbs fallen from the table, and I must go out and feed my birds. Behold them assembled, waiting. We have fed and it behoves us to feed them,” and he passes out into the open air. The doves flutter round him, lighting on his shoulder and he stands feeding them. Then Joazer begins

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the discussion again, saying : " But if I understand thee rightly, Matthias, thou sayest that when the Scripture says the Heavens were created before the earth, it means that intelligence is prior to sense."

" The earth then is sensibility and heaven is intelligence. After all the other creatures, man, as Moses said, was made in the image and likeness of God, and he says well, for nothing born on earth has more resemblance to God than man, not indeed in the characteristics of his body, for God has no outward form, but in the intelligence which has supremacy in his soul. For the intelligence which exists in each individual is made after the pattern of the intelligence of the universe as its archetype, being in some sort the God of the body, which carries it about like an image in a shrine. Thus the intelligence occupies the same place in man, as the Great Governor occupies in the universe—being itself invisible while it sees everything, and having its own essence hidden while it penetrates to the essences of all other things. Also by its arts and sciences, it makes for itself open roads through all the earth and the seas, and searches out everything that is contained in them. And then again it rises on wings and looking down upon the air and all its commotions, it is borne upwards to the sky and the revolving heavens, and accompanies the choral dance of the planets and fixed stars according to the laws of music. And being led by love, the guide of wisdom, it proceeds still onwards, till it transcends all that is capable of being apprehended by the senses and rises to that which is perceptible only by the intellect. And there, seeing in their surpassing beauty the original ideas and archetypes of all the things which sense finds beautiful, it becomes possessed by a sober intoxication, like the Corybantian revellers, and is filled with a still stronger longing, which bears it up to the highest summit of the intelligible world till it seems to approach to the great King of the intelligible world Himself. And, while it is eagerly seeking to behold Him in all His glory, rays of divine light are poured forth upon it, which by their exceeding brilliance dazzle the eyes of the intelligence."

At the end of this speech the lay brother enters, followed by the birds, and he has some difficulty in preventing them from following him into the room. Matthias regrets that the lay brother went to feed the birds while Joazer was speaking on the intelligence of man, telling how near it may approach to the great King of the intelligible world Himself. The lay brother answers that he is sure that Joazer has spoken well for his own edification, and for the edification of others who desire to rise as if on wings and understand the things which are not those of this world ; but there are other means perhaps more efficient than the understanding. The Prior urges the lay brother to speak, for he would retire from the culture which he is surrounded by. He tells, however, how in the morning he was washing clothes in the Jordan and how all consciousness of his work faded from him and how he seemed merely by looking at the glory of the sky, the sunrise behind the mountains, to understand all the secrets of the earth and the heavens. " Only as I awoke the knowledge acquired in the vision faded away from me ; but I was happy all the morning as I continued my washing of the clothes which the brethren of our Order wear and which it is my duty to purify for them while they are engaged in learned disputation."

Then the Prior asks him to tell of his afternoon's work and that of the brothers who went with him. " *Some* of us," the lay brother answers,

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“went to reap corn in the fields, others and I amongst them went to watch the flocks and herds feeding, and all the day went by changing them from pasture to pasture.” The fulfilment of the simple duties of life the lay brother seems to think as fulfilling all the obligations of the law.

When asked if the time passed slowly or quickly, or if he has seen any human being during the hours of the day, he tells of a preacher whom he has seen exhorting an unwilling multitude. At that moment fear seems to come over the face of the lay brother.

“Would’st thou say it is not well for men to preach ?”

“I would say nothing, giving no orders to other men, for the divine order is implanted in the heart, and every man knoweth what is best for him to do.”

“To go forth at dawn to thy work and to take joy in it, and to forget thy work in the beauty of the sunrise and to remember it and to continue it in remembrance of the light that dawneth for all men.”

“Even so, brother ; so our days go by and we should be content with them.”

The lay brother passes away from the Prior, finding excuse that the work of the day is not done, that the wood-shed is unfilled with faggots. The discussion begins again among the monks and the Prior silences them. They obey him as children might and pass away, leaving the stage by different sides. They go out singing. As soon as the stage is empty Manahem and Sadduc begin again to discuss some theological point remembered suddenly by one of them. The lay brother enters with faggots, and he builds up a fire for them after mentioning that after sunset the nights are cold. As soon as this is done he excuses himself for again interrupting their talk, but he would wish to know if the hour has come for barring the door of the monastery. It is not likely that any traveller will ask for shelter that night. But if one should come there will be a bed in that corner to offer him. The monks themselves would prefer the place by the fire. The lay brother does not argue the point but bars the door of the monastery and returns to the fire to look to it. When this is done he lays himself down in an obscure corner of the room.

A moment after a knock is heard at the door and the lay brother gets up at once to open it. There enters a thick-set man of rugged appearance, hairy in the face and with a belly ; he staggers into the room, asking if he may have food and shelter for the night. The brethren tell him that he may, and they tell the lay brother to fetch him food ; and having done this they continue their theological talk, which, notwithstanding the traveller’s great fatigue, begins to interest him and he listens, telling them that he has been preaching in Jerusalem whither he has come for the last time. They ask him what doctrine he preaches and he tells them : “That of the Resurrection.” They ask him whose resurrection ? And he answers : “Christ’s.” “You have not heard of me ?” They have not, and he answers : “I am Paul of Tarsus, and have preached now for twenty years. Twenty years since I met Christ on the road to Damascus, while on my way to persecute the saints.” The lay brother comes in at that moment interrupting the conversation, bringing with him a basin of water, sponges and towels and a change of garment, and he asks Paul if he will allow him to bathe his feet ; he will sleep the better for the bathing, for he is dusty and travel-stained. Paul consents, and the lay brother bathes Paul’s feet and wipes them, and meanwhile Paul asks him : “And thou too, hast thou

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not heard of the Christ Risen ? ” The lay brother answers that he has not. “ But thou art abroad, following thy flock and tending the vineyards, and thou hast not heard that all men of all nations now are following Christ.” The lay brother says that he knows nought of these things. Paul looks him in the face, and asks where he has seen him. It seems to Paul as if he had seen the lay brother before ; “ And yet that is not possible,” Paul cries, falling back, too weary to talk any more. The lay brother goes to fetch food and drink, leaving Paul with Manahem and Sadduc.

“ But we thought,” one of them says, “ that thou wert Hebrew like ourselves.” And Paul answers : “ Even so as yourselves.” “ Why then tell us that thou art preaching the Resurrection, and that all men have turned from Jehovah to follow Christ ? Who is this Christ that thou preachest.” “ Christ the son of God risen from the dead,” and speaking together the brethren say : “ By the son of God he means doubtless, logos. But risen from the dead ! How are we to understand his words ? ” and they look towards Paul who has fallen back with fatigue. “ Risen from the dead, out of the written word which the eye reads but which the mind understandeth not.”

Seeing Paul waking from his doze, one asks him if it is not as So-and-So said—that by the Son of God he means the word logos, to express the rational principle which is imminent in man and the universe, the second divine principle which connects the absolute Divine Power with the world ; the God who reveals is contrasted with the God who hides himself, the principle through which God creates and governs the universe, through which he binds all parts of the finite world to each other and unites it as a whole to himself. In fact we find concentrated in the idea of logos all God’s revelation as opposed to his absolute essence. The word or logos is the son of God, the first born, the highest archangel, the oldest of the angels ; in the latter aspect he may be looked upon as the man who is the immediate image of God, the idea or prototype in whose image all other men are created.

To all this Paul answers harshly that they misunderstand him, and that they waste their time in subtle argument, for what use is argument now that Christ is risen from the dead ? And those are saved who believe that the promised redemption of mankind has been fulfilled. The lay brother brings in the wood and lays it before Paul, and relieves him of his garment, gives him a pure linen gown to wear, and then leads him to the couch where he is to eat, and Paul eats, saying that to-morrow he will tell them again how Christ has risen from the dead.

SCENARIO OF ACT II

SCENE : *The same hall.*

Soon after daybreak, Manahem and Sadduc enter and look round, seeking their guest.

“ We left him sleeping.”

“ That was an hour ago,” Sadduc replies, “ and he may have left us. Travellers like him do not tarry, but make good their journey while the day is fresh. Yet it would be lacking in courtesy for him to leave us thus abruptly, without leave-taking.”

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“Yet there his bed is empty,” Manahem answers, “our lay brother has led him to the river’s brink for purification [*Going to the window*]. Yes that is so. Yonder they come, our guest walking in front, our brother walking behind, carrying the drying linen and the sponges of ablutions.”

“He being a Jew, like ourselves, would not start on his journey without purification. But he is a Jew. Remember his words last night.” [*Enter Paul and the lay brother, Manahem and Paul are left alone.*] Manahem tells Paul of the simple life of the brothers, strictly regulated; each one having his own work during the week, some looking after the fields, the garden, the cattle, or working at manual labour to satisfy their simple needs. Those who have the ability to act as soothsayers and wonder-healers are permitted to visit the people who desire their help or their counsel. Their life is communal, no brother retaining any property and all money going into the common stock. The Prior joins them, and he continues to tell Paul about the Essene brotherhood, especially about their beliefs; the love of God demanded the purity of the whole life, including the physical; also freedom from all deception. We consider an oath as bad as perjury or falsehood. The love of God demands particularly the belief in the beneficent providence of God as the cause of all good and nothing evil. This conversation will drift easily into theological argument between Paul and the Prior, Paul declaring himself to be a Jew as much as the Prior, and as much vowed to the law, he believing in the continuation of the law which some maintain to be heresy. Then he speaks at once of the Resurrection about which the Prior knows nothing, telling how for the Redemption of the world God became man and was crucified and rose three days after from the dead.

“Whence came this man?”

“From Nazareth,” Paul answers.

“A Jew like ourselves?”

“How could it be otherwise?” Paul replies, “and of the line of David as predicted in the Scriptures, and all the oracles of God have been fulfilled.”

“One amongst us also came from Nazareth, and he, too, was condemned by Pilate. Pilate was his judge, was he not?” Manahem asks, turning to the Prior.

“Once a man enters here his past is really past, and the name of the Governor that condemned him matters not.”

“Condemned by Pilate! He who sat in judgment on the living God . . . but Pilate condemned many men. Yet I would fain see this man.”

“As I have said,” the Prior answers, “there is no past beyond our threshold, and Manahem was wrong in speaking to thee of this thing—if it be as he saith.”

Paul is pacified by the Prior’s answer and begins again to preach his doctrine of the Resurrection. He wishes to preach to the monks, but the Prior does not encourage him. And Paul breaks out into a denunciation of the Jews, telling that he has suffered more from the Jews than from the Gentiles; and as the monks and the lay brother come on the stage he exhorts them, to the annoyance of the Prior, and he bids his guest away. Paul tells of his persecutions, how the Jews have tried to avail themselves of the power of the Gentiles to stop his preaching, but how

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in this convent of Holy Jews he thought he would find liberty to tell them of the Lord God whom he met on the road to Damascus, but here as elsewhere the Jews instead of proving themselves the Chosen People seem to have less care for God than for the will of the Lord.

The Prior turns to Matthias, saying: "Yesterday we talked of these things, and thou heldest that the Jews were the Chosen People, now thou seest whither lead such departures from the text of the Lord of our fathers, given to our fathers by Moses." Then, turning to Paul: "Wilt thou go when thou hast rested, and leave us in the peace of our consciences." Turning back again, he says; "Thou speakest of the Resurrection and thou speakest of Christ, but what knowest thou of Him of whom thou speakest?"

"That the stone was rolled away and the Sepulchre found empty, that certain women, Martha and Mary, found it so——"

"Stories of women."

"And Peter and Barnabas and James—have I not spoken with them."

"And what did they tell thee?"

"That the heathen could only be admitted as circumcised. I told them—what did I tell them? Thoughts slip away from me——"

"Thy thoughts hurry faster than thy words, Paul."

"That circumcision profiteth if they keep the law, if they break the law their circumcision is made uncircumcision."

"So thou didst dispute with this man's brethren even as thou disputest with me, raising up trouble and turbulence and disorder. Forth, Paul, firebrand thou art, and knowest nothing of which thou preachest except some tales of women."

"Hear me! I had a vision on the road to Damascus, whither I went to persecute the saints. Then it was that I heard his name, Jesus of Nazareth."

The lay brother stops suddenly on hearing the words Jesus of Nazareth. The Prior bids Paul God-speed; Paul goes out. He returns immediately afterwards to the lay brother to thank him for his kindness in washing his feet the night before, and bringing him to the bath in the morning, and for the linen that he provided him with, and the many other kindnesses, and the food. And he is sorry for the perplexity he has caused them. "Because I spoke of Jesus of Nazareth who was raised. But thou, too, hast not heard of the Resurrection. Whilst washing my feet for me, didst thou not say that thou hadst not heard of it?"

"And I said truly, and of what good would it be to me to hear of any Resurrection, since every man dieth every day and is born again, and he has but to do the simple duties which his heart tells him to be righteous. Of what good to hear of any Resurrection?"

"The Greeks seek a reason, but we Jews need a miracle."

"Nature's miracle is about us—our lives, the earth and the sky? What greater miracle? But thou speakest continually of this Resurrection: tell me of him of whom thou speakest."

"Among the simple and the ignorant are my listeners, and many are my conversions amongst these; while the learned stand aloof. Know then that for the redemption of the world God's son became as common flesh and was crucified and died upon the cross and was raised from the dead."

“THE APOSTLE”

“This thou hast said many times. But who was he who died upon the cross ?”

“Jesus of Nazareth, as I heard in my vision on the road to Damascus.”

“But I am he.”

“Thou Jesus of Nazareth ! Blasphemer ! Jesus thy name may be, and thou comest from Nazareth for all I know——”

“And hung upon a cross on Calvary.”

Taking Jesus’ hands he looks at them and finds the marks of the nails, and looking upon his brow he finds traces of where the crown of thorns had been planted ; so he is taken by a great fear and raves incoherently and dashes about and seems to lose his senses and would strike Christ down, but at that moment falls on to a seat overcome. Waking from his swoon he gives an account of his journeys, how he wandered from city to city preaching, how he was turned out of every synagogue and stoned at Lystra. He tells of his conversion, how he endured sufferings of every kind, all the while making his living as a tent-maker, preaching the gospel of Christ risen from the dead, baptizing ; but that was not his mission. His mission was to minister the Spirit to all and to teach that the just shall live by faith.

“But thou knowest nothing of Jesus of Nazareth except that he rose from the dead—a story which thou heardest from Martha and Mary——”

“Those were the women who went to the Sepulchre.”

“So much thou knowest of the man’s story, and no more. Didst thou care to inquire out ? Wast thou satisfied with the vision that appeared on the road to Damascus.”

“Satisfied enough, for was I not led blinded into the city to receive my commands.”

“And for twenty years thou hast wandered the earth preaching in the name of this man whose words thou hast never cared to learn ? Are my words forgotten ? I had forgotten them myself ; but Paul, thou hast brought back all that time to me again, and the words I spake to my disciples whom thou knowest, Peter and Barnabas and my brother James : did they tell thee of me ?”

“Of Barnabas I know nothing, and Peter and James, the brother of the Lord, still hold by the law, and that only those who are circumcised according to the law shall be saved.”

“And thou didst dispute with them, Paul, without ever caring to learn the words of Him whose name thou invokest in vain.”

“‘Invokest’ ! Thou blasphemer, who declarest thyself to be the Son of God, risen from the dead.”

“Behold the hands that were nailed to the cross and the brow that was crowned with thorns. Wouldst thou put thy hand into the side which was pierced by the lance ?”

“Men and women have gone to the lions rather than deny thee and thy Resurrection, and wouldst thou have me go forth now and declare all to be a lie . . . even if thou liest not unto me——”

“Even if I lie not unto thee it still behoves thee to lie.”

“After twenty years of strife and suffering . . . No, thou art not Jesus of Nazareth, and that I will prove unto thee, so that thou mayest repent thy sin.”

“And how mayest thou do this ?”

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"I will go in search of witnesses, of those who went unto the sepulchre where Jesus was lain, and to Martha and Mary, and to others who knew thee, who knew Christ the Son of God, that came into flesh for the redemption of man, and who rose from the dead three days after he was laid in the tomb. I will go hence and find them." He goes out. As he goes out the Prior enters and finds Jesus overcome. He asks him of what he has been speaking with the stranger, and Jesus tells him that Paul has asked him if he were Jesus of Nazareth, and he answers that he it was who was crucified on Calvary. "And he has gone to fetch witnesses to prove to myself that I am but a blasphemer, and that Christ who rose from the dead now sitteth on the right hand of God the Father which is in heaven. He will return speedily and I shall be taken forth again and laid upon a cross and crowned with thorns. Once I begged our Father which is in heaven to let this trial pass from me, but it was not decreed that it should pass, and I suffered. But let me not suffer again; after these twenty years of peace, peace, and even forgetfulness, for the past had become but a shadow. It seems to me even more than I did bear, and, having borne my burden once to Calvary, is not that enough?"

"But, my son, we shall keep thee here, and none shall come to take thee away from us. Fear nothing; fear nothing." [*Exit Prior and Jesus.*]

SCENARIO OF ACT III

SCENE: *The same hall. Dusk before daybreak.*

Jesus rises from his bed, and, leaning over Manahem, says that he sleeps, that troubles have not touched him; he came to this monastery when he was young, and would live there till he was old in that peace which Jesus is going to be robbed of. He goes to Sadduc and speaks of him whom he will never see any more, nor this monastery where he has been for so long. Now the agitation of the world begins for him again, the agitation from which he thought he had separated himself.

While he is making these reflections Sadduc starts from his couch, calls to Jesus who is already on the threshold and hastens after him. Then follows a scene between Jesus, Manahem, and Sadduc. The monks want to know whither Jesus is going, the hour for work has not yet come—why should he start before daybreak? They have a presentiment that Jesus wishes to leave them. He does not contradict them, and they restrain him, saying that they would speak with him. He beseeches them to let him go, and the scene is interrupted by the arrival of the Prior who appears in the doorway, having been awakened from his sleep by a dream. The day is now beginning to show behind the mountains, and the Prior after some words with Jesus and the monks bids the monks away. When they have gone he questions Jesus of his going and the reason of it. Jesus is in great agony of mind and he confesses his soul to the Prior—how it has become clear to him that his duty is to go forth to confute Paul who is teaching a religion which is based upon a lie to all men. The Prior argues with him that, though the fact of the Resurrection may be a lie, still the teaching of Paul does not seem to him to be false teaching, for that "He is a Jew, and he has said that he holds by the law. True that he thinks that the law was not complete in the Bible, but it is completed now——"

“THE APOSTLE”

“By my Resurrection,” Jesus answers, and he tells how during the night all the cowardice of the day has been taken from him and how he feels as he felt before that he must suffer again, for so it has been decreed. He tells of his agony in the garden among his disciples, things which the Prior knows nothing of, the scourging at the Pillar on the way to Calvary; he has prayed all night, as he prayed before that the cup might pass from him, that he might be spared the agony of death upon the cross, for if he goes to Jerusalem the Scribes will again persecute him. “They are relentless, these priests, and have persecuted Paul; they had him stoned at Lystra, and he would join with them in persecuting me. All the world is but persecution.”

The Prior tries to convince him that he must stay; they can hide him, but he says there can be no hiding now, for Paul has gone to Jerusalem and will find testimony against him.

They go to the windows. The day is breaking beautifully over the landscape. “It is all so peaceful;” and Jesus wonders why there should be such peace in the earth and the heavens, and so much trouble in the human heart. He begs of the Prior to watch by the windows, for Paul will arrive at daybreak with witnesses. Of this he is sure, and he goes to a corner to pray. He has not prayed long before the Prior announces that he sees Paul hastening across the waste, but he is alone.

“He has not found testimony. Twenty years have passed since Calvary, and a great deal of the testimony must have been obliterated; but there must be many still who knew me—Peter, James, and the others.”

Paul comes in saying that he can find nobody, that Joseph of Arimathea is dead, and that Martha is dead. Jesus asks after his disciples. “They are away,” Paul answers, and he beseeches Jesus to admit that he has lied, and that he is not Jesus of Nazareth who died on Mount Calvary. Jesus cannot admit this, and a little later the Prior who has gone again to the door way sees a woman hurrying across the waste. This woman is the Magdalen. She has heard of Paul’s visit to Jerusalem, and his search for Joseph of Arimathea, and explains that a vision in the night compelled her to come hither. She falls at Jesus’s feet, recognising him as the man who suffered upon Calvary between two thieves, and whose body she helped to lift down from the cross. She tells how always there was a legend that he was not dead, that herself had seen him after they had believed him dead, in the garden as a gardener, and others had seen him after they believed him to be laid in the tomb. And then Jesus tells her how when he was brought to the tomb by Joseph he had awakened from the swoon into which he had fallen, and had been taken to Joseph’s house, and had lived there till he was cured of his wounds. He tells that three hours on the cross had deprived him partially of his reason, and it was not until he met this man Paul who had come the night before asking for shelter and board, and told him that he was preaching the Resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth, that the shock of hearing these things had restored him to his memories. At first he was weak and dreaded another agony on the cross, and would have shrunk from it and avoided it, for the flesh is always weak; but in the night strength had been given to him and he must go forth to tell that Paul’s teaching in one respect is a lie, though in all others it may be excellent. Here Paul intervenes to beseech Christ not to leave the monastery, and he asks the Prior if he may speak alone with Jesus.

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The Prior leaves them, and Jesus tells Paul that he can no longer doubt that he is Jesus of Nazareth. "Paul, Paul, why persecutest thou me? Hast thou not seen my hands and my feet, wouldst thou see my side pierced by the spear? No, not even that would give thee faith in me."

"Faith, faith, who has had faith like mine?"

"It is faith in thyself, Paul, that prevents thee from believing in me."

Jesus takes the Magdalen and asks her to tell them if the Sepulchre was not empty, and the Magdalen says: "Yes, the sepulchre was empty and the stone rolled away." Jesus then bids the Magdalen farewell, tells her to return to Jerusalem and keep this meeting a secret. Having preached the miracle of the Resurrection for twenty years, and the doctrine that Christ died on the cross to redeem man from the curse of the law, Paul cannot relinquish his faith in the resurrection, though overwhelmed by the testimony of the Magdalen that the Essene is none other than He who died on Mount Calvary. Even so it must be that the truth survives and has been passed on to him, Paul. The words of Christ on the Cross are taken by him to mean that divinity emptied itself from the body on the cross. There has been an essential resurrection. Christ has risen in him, Paul. Himself is the resurrection.

"Having begun in the Spirit, am I now to renounce it for the flesh?"

In the scene that follows, Paul appeals to Jesus, telling him of the suffering it will cause many if a monk should come out of the Essene monastery and declare that it was he who had died on the cross and that the Resurrection was a fable preached by Paul.

"But into this fable," Jesus replies, "other fables will be interwoven, and better that thy friends should suffer than that the whole world should suffer ever afterwards."

Then Paul loses control of himself and upon Christ saying that the moment has come for him to go to Jerusalem and to declare that the Resurrection preached is a falsehood Paul throws himself between Jesus and the doorway, and strikes him down. Jesus dies, and Paul lifts him from the ground, lamenting his rash blow, saying that he must go to Rome where he will meet death. If this man hath spoken a lie he has merited death, and by his death Christianity is saved. Thereupon Paul goes away and the Prior comes back, and finding Jesus dead attributes it to some sudden mental shock rather than to any blow given by Paul, for who could strike one so truly good as this Jesus of Nazareth? Some monks are called, they carry away the body, and the Prior follows them.